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CHINA HUNTING AT DAISY FARM.

# THE CHINA HUNTERS CLUB

917

BY

THE YOUNGEST MEMBER

[ Trumbull ]

NEW YORK
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# INTRODUCTORY.

It was a charming idea to make a book like this, in which the romance of domestic potteries in New England homes serves to illustrate the history of Ceramic Art in connection with the early use of its products in America.

I have been requested to introduce the volume with testimony to the genuine character of the specimens illustrated and described, and the trustworthy nature of the information given in connection with them. It is a sincere pleasure to comply with this request; for the little book contains a large amount of valuable information not to be found elsewhere, and which lovers of old pottery and its associations, like myself, have in vain sought heretofore to obtain. What kinds of china and pottery our grandmothers used, how far the short but wonderful history of Ceramic Art in England is exemplified in American houses, these and kindred questions have great interest. The China Hunters Club has done much toward answering them.

I have had opportunities from time to time, during the past two years, of seeing each of the specimens here illustrated and many of those described. Some are in the possession of private families, sanctified by such associations that no collector, however enthusiastic, would dream of adding them to his cabinet. Others are in various collections. One or two are my own. I have heard from their owners the histories of many of the pieces as here related. The book (while the author has concealed names and places) may be relied

on as a record of veritable discoveries, chiefly in New England, with veritable histories attached. The section which is devoted to American History illustrated in pottery could not have been completed in its present valuable form without the combined work of a number of collectors. Its importance will be appreciated by students of history, as well as lovers of old pottery.

Few persons not familiar with collections of pottery and porcelain know how short a time it is since our ancestors ate their meals from wooden trenchers or pewter dishes. The bright and sparkling services on our breakfast, dinner, and tea tables are so familiar to us, that we fail to realize that such table-services are things of modern days. Few families in America had even crockery dishes in the first half of the last century. Nor was England in advance of America in this respect. The "finds" of The China Hunters Club in New England illustrate the origin and advance of the general use of decorated pottery as one of the embellishments of advancing civilization in both the Old World and New.

The entire history includes less than two hundred years. It begins in England with Dwight's gray stone-wares, made at Fulham about 1680, and the improvements in forms and relief decorations made by the Elers Brothers at Bradwell between 1688 and 1700. Other English potters were making coarse, heavy wares, which they now began to produce in white, with rude color decorations, mostly blue, in imitation of the products of Delft in Holland. From 1700 to 1750 the chief advances made were in improving pastes, chiefly stone-wares, making thinner and stronger wares, and adopting for table furniture patterns from silver services of the Queen Anne period. Color decorations made slight progress. "Tortoise-shell" and "combed" wares were, perhaps, the best-looking table potteries of the time. Cauliflower, black glazed, and melon wares were favorites toward the middle of the century.

Then came Josiah Wedgwood, beginning to work for himself in 1752, and a new age commenced in the history of Ceramic Art in England and all Eu-

rope. Pastes, forms, colors, decorations, every department of the art, sprang forward under his swift lead. Twenty years worked an almost miraculous change in the art, and, consequently, in the homes in which the art had become an established resident. Thenceforth to be a successful potter was to make artistic wares, and rival Wedgwood in the markets.

In 1756 transfer-printing on pottery, invented by Sadler at Liverpool, gave a new impetus to the decoration and sale of wares, and introduced abundance of cheap beauty into home life.

Chinese porcelain had been imported for the wealthy, and now porcelain began to be made in England: at Bow, about 1744; at Chelsea, about 1745; at Derby, in 1751; and at Worcester in the same year. Potteries rivalled porcelains in beauty and popular favor till the end of the century; and the superior strength of porcelain led to the invention of numerous new stone-ware pastes which have been triumphs of British art in the union of utility, beauty, and cheapness.

The rise and progress of the art in England appear in this volume, illustrated for the first time, by the domestic potteries of the American Colonies and States. Nowhere else can be found any information on this subject. Jugs like those of Dwight came here, as we now know from the specimen illustrated at page 61, which, though later than Dwight, is apparently Fulham-ware. The Peasant's Dance mug, at page 179, is another interesting example of salt-glazed stone-ware. Delft plates, from Holland or England, were the earliest American crockeries, used by our ancestors when they gave up wooden trenchers. Then came tortoise-shell plates, and cauliflower wares, like the beautiful teapot at page 115, and black Jackfield teapots, such as the one shown at page 127. These were made all along from 1713 to 1780. Other teapots, of various forms, with pretty reliefs and bright bits of color decoration, came out as the use of the beverage spread; for tea was not used in America before 1710. The Bristol pottery teapot, at page 127, is a good specimen of a favorite style. Wedgwood's wares seldom came here, so far

as we can judge from family relics; but occasional examples are found, and American houses abound in illustrations of his influence on other potters. Porcelain, either English or Chinese, was uncommon here till after the Revolution. Rare specimens, like the plates at pages 75 and 151, serve to show, by their rarity, how exceptional was wealth and luxury among the fathers.

Transfer-printing has abundant illustration in old specimens, exhibiting the art in the last century. Later on, as our country began to have a history, the Ceramic Art began to do, what it has done in all ages and all civilized countries, illustrate in permanent pictures the events of history. With whatever disdain the collector of Dresden and Sèvres may now look down on the blue-printed crockeries of Clews and Wood and Ridgway, the day will come when Ceramic specimens showing our first steamships, our first railways, the portraits of our distinguished statesmen, soldiers, and sailors, the openings of our canals, the various events of our wars, and our triumphs in peace, will rank in historical collections with the vases of Greece. And whatever then be the estimate of the art they exemplify, men will say, "These show the tastes, these illustrate the home-life, of the men and women who were the founders and rulers of the American Republic."

W. C. PRIME.

Lonesome Lake Cabin, *June* 1, 1878.

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# THE CHINA HUNTERS CLUB.

## I.

### HOW THE CLUB BEGAN.

What should we do that winter? We were so tired of Lady Washington tea-parties, old folk's concerts, historical tableaux, exhibitions of Revolutionary relics, and such reminders of ancient days and our illustrious forefathers. What should Littleville do now?

This was no trifling question, no petty inquiry. Littleville was not a commonplace, humdrum town; its inhabitants were no ordinary, every-day kind of people. Littleville had aspirations; some of these had been already satisfied. It desired to be called —it had been called—a Centre of Thought (with capitals, you know), a modern Athens, an "arena where brave souls grapple fearlessly with the daring views of advanced thinkers and wrest the truth from nature and revelation" (I copy that from an editorial of the *Littleville Herald*, and it is so nice). Kettle-drums, sewing societies, sociables, dances, receptions, dinners, and such ordinary recreations were not for the Littlevilleans. With us everything must have an object, a direct intellectual aim. We indulged in Shakspearean readings, with oysters and coffee, in

Goethe clubs, with tea and sandwiches; we had Herbert Spencer dinners and evolution Germans, Kant skating parties, and Hume picnics. We mingled Greek roots with our salads, sprinkled our strawberries with Hebrew vowel-points, and flavored our ice-cream with Sanscrit and Arabic. What should we do that winter? Many and varied were the suggestions offered. Schliemann evenings, Owen Jones coasting parties, Cesnola charades, and even a Joseph Cook whist club, had all been discussed and rejected, when the presentation of Miss Meteyard's "Life of Wedgwood" to Lizzie Banks—her uncle Richard sent it to her from Boston as a New-Year's gift—gave us a new and brilliant idea. We would have a Ceramic Club!

Never was project hailed more rapturously, entered upon more promptly and enthusiastically. The book arrived on December 31st. That very evening, as a half-dozen young people gathered around the wood fire in Mrs. Banks's dining-room to say farewell to the old year, some one—we could never afterward recall just who it was—proposed the plan. All seized it, and before the year was an hour old the club was a fixed fact. A lively discussion arose as to the name of the association. Lizzie Banks, who thought that to her New-Year's gift the club owed its existence, proposed that it should bear the name of Wedgwood.

"Do you know," said Mary Dillingham, "I am almost ashamed to confess it, but I never knew until a few months ago that Wedgwood was the name of a *man;* I always thought it was a material. When I was a child we had two mortars for pounding spices; one was 'the boxwood mortar,' the other 'the Wedgwood mortar,' and I thought the terms similar. When I saw a picture last summer of Josiah Wedgwood and heard all about him and his work, I was astounded."

"Well, do tell me," said Sophy Graves, eagerly, in her quick, breathless way: "is Spode a place or a kind of ware? I de-

clare I will never attend another party, or even speak to a respectable person, till I know."

"Spode, my dear Sophia!" replied Mrs. Leavitt, in her patronizing, but delightful manner, which we all like and no one resents, "Spode is neither the name of a place nor a material, but of a potter. Josiah Spode made earthen-ware at Stoke-upon-Trent from 1770 to 1797. He was succeeded by his son Josiah, who introduced the manufacture of porcelain, mixing bones in the paste, which added to its transparency and beauty."

"Then it's too late," cried Sophy, "and I have already disgraced myself, for when Dr. Lamb was here the other day, and spoke of visiting Dresden, Sèvres, and other places where they make china, I asked him if he passed through Spode. I thought he looked oddly, but he did not correct me."

"Never mind, Miss Sophy, you know all about it now," said Charley Baker; "Spode is the man who mixed bones. You had never 'regarded him in that bony light,' had you?" (Charley quotes Dickens both in and out of season.)

"Why not call our club the Keramic Coterie?" asked Mrs. Chase, languidly.

"Oh, please don't say *k*eramic," exclaimed Sophy Graves, "I hate it. Ceramic has been introduced into our language, is anglicized, and should be pronounced accordingly. Unless you are prepared to go to extremes, to say Kikero and Julius Kaiser, Kelt and Keltic, kerements and kemetery, do not, I beg of you, say keramics."

"How would The Tea-table do? Rather neat, isn't it? Suggestive, and all that." This from Charley Baker.

"Dreadful. It sounds like Cowper's Task, 'I sing the Sofa.' Don't take an upholstery name like that."

"You are not the first ceramist (with a soft *c*!) to be down on furniture, Miss Lee. Palissy chopped up his tables and chairs,

and smashed things generally, to heat up his furnaces and make his pottery. Nice quiet family man he was!"

"And he made such horrid things, too," sighed the sensitive Mrs. Chase; "eels and snakes, and slimy, crawly things. Do not let us use *his* name."

"But I was brought up to think Bernard Palissy a hero and saint. His life, 'Palissy the Potter,' was in our Sunday-school library, and I read it again and again. I will not give him up. He was an enthusiast, and enthusiasts are not always pleasant members of a family circle; but what would the world be without them? I cling to old illusions. I like an old falsehood better than a new truth. ('Hear, hear,' from Charley Baker.) William Tell *did* shoot the apple from his son's head. Pocahontas *did* save the life of Capt. John Smith—I've seen her do it in Parley's History. Homer was a dear old blind beggar, and made up every word of the Iliad and the Odyssey, too. Do let my illusions alone; I believe in Palissy, and reverence his name."

"So she should," said Charley; "nobody shall tease her, and we shall be called Pious Palissy's Pets—a sweet name."

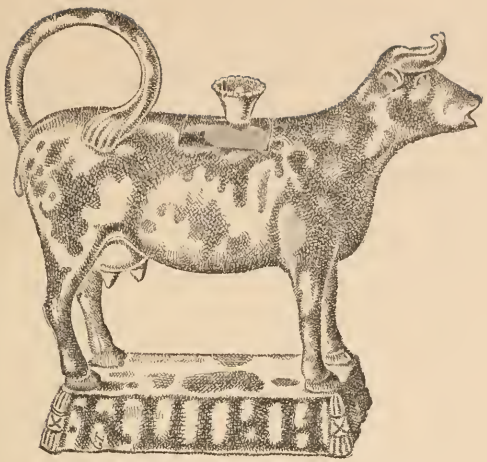
"Let Helen alone, Charley Baker, I admire her spirit, though—begging her pardon—I think old Bernard Palissy a cold-blooded brute. But why cannot we be the Willow Pattern Club—every one could understand that."

"Or the Blue Dragons," suggested Mr. Leavitt.

"We might call ourselves Etrurians," said Lizzie Banks, glancing over the pages of her newly acquired book.

"Or Samians," murmured the bashful Brooks, a sophomore at Harvard, and up in his classics.

Name after name sprang up. We were to be Amphoræ, Pitcher plants, China-asters, our club the Crockery Crate, the Potter's Wheel, the Kaolin Club, the Potluck Club, the China Cabinet. But the end of it all was that these fine titles were rejected, and



1. Cousin Eunice's Cream-pot: page 41.

[Old English pottery: tortoise-shell ware.]

2. Nan of the Vale Jug: page 57.

[Cream-ware: black print: Staffordshire.]

we settled upon one offered modestly by Mollie Allison, a bright, shy little girl of twelve, and called ourselves henceforth and forever, "The China Hunters."

We had no constitution, no by-laws, passed no resolutions, required no membership fees. We had not even a regular evening for our meetings. We assembled when and where we pleased, two of us were sufficient to constitute a quorum, as our only aim and object was to "talk china." We brought all that was old and rare from our own homes, borrowed from friends, begged from relations, and these treasures we discussed, examined, filed, and scratched till we knew them thoroughly, or, at least, had some theory concerning them.

We put our money together and purchased some standard works, and now and then members brought books from their own libraries. We bought Chaffer's Marks and Monograms, the large edition, first of all; and then we bought Marryat, and Jacquemart, and Demmin. We bought Beckwith's Majolica and Faience when it was published, and it helped us greatly when any of us went to the Museum of Art in New York and saw the Castellani collection. We had Mr. Prime's book the last winter of the club's existence, and Mr. Elliott's. Dr. Wells lent us from his library Winckelmann, and other books on ancient Art, and we added Dr. Birch's Ancient Pottery to the club possessions. Mr. Chase owned and placed at our disposal the splendid works of Delange on Palissy and on Italian Wares, and the gorgeously colored illustrations were almost as good as a collection of the original articles. With these, and with Miss Meteyard's life of Wedgwood, which belonged to Lizzie Banks, and various handbooks and special treatises on Liverpool, Worcester, Bristol, and other factories, we had a pretty good ceramic library.

We organized hunting expeditions, and went in twos and threes to neighboring villages in search of plunder. If any member of

the club left Littleville for a long or short stay, he or she gathered all the information possible, and of course as many "specimens" as could be found; wrote accounts of ceramic adventures, with descriptions of the treasures discovered, decorations, marks, etc.; and such letters were read aloud at our meetings and freely discussed. Sometimes papers upon particular branches of the art were prepared and read, stories were told, pictures drawn—oh, what did we not do in that charming club?

I cannot say that we were "a joy forever" to the outside world. One-ideaed people are not the most entertaining companions, and I fear we were too absorbed in our delightful hobby to remember always that many people were indifferent to it, and that we were possibly neglecting other and more important duties for those near and dear occupations inside our charmed circle.

But we had a lovely time. I was the youngest member, the only one still at school, and considered my enrollment a mighty honor. I did sometimes think that I might have owed my promotion to the fact that my uncle Leonard was one of the most noted china collectors in our country, and quite an authority in ceramics. But the thought did not spoil my enjoyment, and I was proud and glad to bring new and valuable information gathered from this source.

And now I shall try to tell you what we did during the winters and summers in which our club existed, for alas! it is no more. But there, I am telling my story too fast. It spoils a book for me to know beforehand how the tale ends, so I will not say another word, but take you at once into the presence of the "China Hunters."

## II.

### WOMAN IN CERAMICS.

Mrs. Leavitt was one of our most delightful members. She was an indefatigable student, and spent hours every day over Chaffers, Marryat, and Jacquemart. She would devote herself to one single point for days, until she had mastered it. Then skilfully leading the conversation at the Club toward the theme upon which she felt herself particularly well informed, she would suddenly say, with a mild surprise in voice and look, "Why, my dears, do you not know that in 1795, etc., etc.," or, "Is it possible, my young friends, that you do not recall the fact that Ralph Wood, etc., etc.," quoting boldly as original whole pages from her text-books. It was simply delicious.

One evening—we were at Annie Baker's, I remember, and no one seemed to have much to say—Mrs. Leavitt looked calmly around upon us through her gold eyeglasses, and began:

"I met a youth from Boston a few days ago. We conversed upon art, religion, literature, science, and kindred topics. At length we touched upon ceramics. I modestly observed that I was interested in the subject, and that I possessed a small but growing collection of pottery and porcelain. The youth from Boston smiled. 'Ah, well,' he said, patronizingly, 'it is a harmless, lady-like taste; but do you know' (with an air of charming frankness) 'I have never yet seen the woman who could distinguish Sèvres from Staffordshire, Delft from Dresden.'

"Now I am a person of calm and equable temperament, rarely

roused to wrath; and after a moment's pause I answered mildly, 'Sir, you know not of what you speak. Ceramic art owes many of its greatest triumphs to women. Let us first glance at noted china-collectors of different climes and periods. How many of these were women? Queen Elizabeth is said to have been the very first collector of china in England, and the first pieces of Oriental porcelain ever brought to that country were in her possession, having been presented to her majesty by Cavendish, the celebrated traveller. Lord Theodore Burghley also gave to the queen as a new-year gift, 1587–8, a porringer 'of white porselyn' decorated with gold; and Mr. Robert Cecil offered at the same time 'a cup of grene pursselyne.'

"Queen Mary, consort of William III., had a vast collection of china at Hampton Court. The finest collection of Oriental porcelain in England was made by Queen Charlotte. Queen Christina was heard to say that of all the treasures of the Santa Casa, the richly adorned shrine of Our Lady of Loretto, she esteemed most highly the majolica vases from the Spezieria. In the list of well known early English collectors we find the names of Lady Germaine, the Duchess of Portland, Lady Webster, and Mrs. Elizabeth Carter. Later collectors are the Hon. Mrs. Howe (who devoted herself principally to teapots, bequeathing three hundred specimens to her daughter), Lady Charlotte Schreiber (who possesses rare majolica, priceless Bow, Chelsea, and Derby), the Countess of Hopetoun, Lady Crewe, Lady Stafford, Miss Burdett Coutts, and a host of others.

"Women have from early days been the patrons and encouragers of ceramic art. Catherine de Medici took Bernard Palissy under her protection, established him at Paris, when driven by persecution from Saintes, gave him a site for his workshop on the grounds now occupied by the gardens of the Tuileries, and often visited him at his work. Maria Theresa was the patron of the

Vienna manufactory, and expended large sums upon its improvement. Madame de Pompadour took an eager interest in ceramics, and first suggested to the king, Louis XV., the policy of establishing porcelain manufacture in France, in order to save the large sums which left the kingdom for the purchase of Saxon ware. Consequently we owe the exquisite porcelain of Sèvres principally to her influence. The Empress Elizabeth of Russia purchased and carried on porcelain works near St. Petersburg. Queen Charlotte was the patron of Wedgwood, ordered from him a complete table service, appointed him her own potter, and desired that his 'cream ware' should henceforth be known as 'Queen's ware.'

"And now let me allude briefly to those women who have themselves been engaged in the manufacture of pottery and porcelain. As early as the Sung dynasty (960–1126) there lived in China a female potter, called the 'fair Chow;' she was the daughter of 'the venerable Chow,' and both were noted for their 'white and violet' porcelain. The 'fair Chow' especially excelled in gourd-shaped bottles for flowers, which obtained as high prices as the vases of the elder Tchang.

"On ancient Roman vases is found the name of a woman, Tascilla Verticisa, whose work is much admired. Margaret Dwight —daughter of Dr. Dwight, of Fulham, claimed by some as the inventor of porcelain in England—succeeded her father in the pottery manufacture. Jacqueline, the unfortunate Countess of Hainault and Holland, is said to have employed her leisure while in retirement at the Château de Teylingen, near Rotterdam, in superintending the manufacture of stone pots and other vessels, which she afterward threw into the moat about the château, that they might in after ages be discovered and considered works of antiquity.

"The beautiful tiles in the Chapter House of the Cathedral of

Saragossa, in Spain, are the work of a woman, and are inscribed with her name, Donna Maria Salvadora Disdier. Marion Durand, widow of Masseot Abaquesne, the first Rouen potter of whom we have any record, succeeded her husband in the manufacture of fayence, and in 1564 treated in her own name with the Abbe of a monastery in Normandy: 'pour la fourniture de quatre milliers de carreaux émaillés de couleurs d'azur, blanc, jaulne et vert, bon, loyal et marchand; suivant un patron paraphé et signé, au prix de trente six livres le mille.'

"In a list of Rouen potters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, one-fourth of the number are women. In 1751 Mrs. Warburton, of Cobridge, made certain improvements in cream ware, afterward brought to such perfection by Josiah Wedgwood.

"Françoise Blateran, dame Lemasle, obtained, in 1738, a privilege of ten years for carrying on the manufacture of fayence at Lyons, and she showed so much courage and perseverance that in 1748 it was renewed for another term of ten years. The widow Perrin made porcelain at Marseilles; the Demoiselles Deleneur established works for the manufacture of soft-paste porcelain at Arras in 1782. In the payments made by the executors of Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward I., is an entry of 8*s.* 6*d.* paid to 'Juliana the Potter,' for three hundred pitchers. Madame Chicanneau established a porcelain manufactory at Paris in 1722, and continued it until her death in 1743. The widow Sperl was the founder of the Baden porcelain works. La veuve Dulatty at Rennes, Beatrice Davys at Le Croisic, Madame Letourneau at Bordeaux, Maria Lockers, Sarah Bell, Mrs. Mellor, Mrs. Ratcliffe, and Dorothy Whitehead, of Staffordshire, England, are other names which now occur to me as belonging to women engaged in the manufacture of pottery and porcelain.

"And—I have reserved the best and greatest till the last, my

dear young friend—the maker of the famous Henri deux ware was a woman! Through the researches of M. Benjamin Fillon the name of the author of this wonderful ware, so long a mystery, has been made known, and Hélène de Hangest now receives the fame she deserves.

"Some of the best decorators of porcelain have been women. Angelica Kauffman was employed by the Dresden manufactory. Thomas Frye, of Bow, had two daughters who assisted him in painting china. One of them married Mr. Willcox, of Worcester, and became very eminent as a decorator. Josiah Wedgwood, in a letter to Bentley, 1769, speaks of her in high terms of commendation. He engaged her in that year. She painted the best figures, groups, etc., on his painted Etruscan ware, between 1769 and 1776, and heads the list of female painters who were employed upon the celebrated Russian cream-ware service on which Wedgwood expended so great care and labor, and which did so much to establish the world-wide fame of his fabric, when finished in 1774. The Empress Catharine is said to have paid three thousand pounds for this service, which was decorated with English landscapes, chiefly of gentlemen's seats and renowned places.

"Madame Binet, née Sophie Chanou, Madame Maqueret, Madame Bailly, Louise Parpette, Madame Gerard, and a dozen other ladies, were distinguished painters at Sèvres. In Josiah Wedgwood's catalogue of 1787 he says, 'I have lately been enabled to enrich it (the catalogue) with some charming groupes which Lady Diana Beauclerc and Lady Templeton, whose exquisite taste is universally acknowledged, have honored me with the liberty of copying from their designs.' The Doultons of Lambeth employ female decorators for their best work.

"We owe much of our ceramic literature to women. Miss Meteyard is an authority as to Wedgwood and his productions.

Mrs. Palliser's Hand-book of Marks and translation of Jacquemart are well known and valued.

"I pause; not because my subject is exhausted, but that you may reflect upon what I have said. Do you know that it was through the agency of a woman, Madame Darnet, wife of a poor surgeon of St. Yrieix, that kaolin was discovered in France. She found in a ravine a white unctuous earth, which she thought might be used in washing as a substitute for soap. It was carried to the chemist, Macquer, who recognized it as kaolin, and soon after established at Sèvres, in 1769, the manufacture of hard porcelain. A hundred other names and incidents spring to my mind, and show the utter absurdity of your allusion to woman's ignorance of the fictile art. Shall I name them?"

"'Ah, please don't trouble yourself!' said the youth from Boston."

It was over. Mrs. Leavitt's "eyes put on a dying look, she smiled, and ceased to speak." There was a moment's silence, then murmurs of approbation arose, comments and suggestions were offered, and soon we were all eagerly discussing woman's place in ceramics.

"You spoke, Mrs. Leavitt, of Madame Darnet's discovery of kaolin," said Sophy Graves; "it was a woman too, according to some authorities, who found out the use of salt for glazing earthen-ware. She was a servant somewhere in Staffordshire, and while preparing brine for preserving pork, the liquid boiled over, and glazed the sides of the earthen pipkin which contained it."

"But that was carelessness, omission of duty, neglect of her employer's interests, not inventive genius," said Dr. Hall, gravely.

"Ah, do not repress me in that way, doctor. So it was carelessness in Isaac Newton to have allowed that apple to remain on the tree till ripe enough to fall and be bruised on the attractive earth toward which its rosy-cheeked mellowness gravitated. So

it was a neglect of duty for—oh, what was his name—not to take from the fire that teakettle which was boiling its lid off in the laudable effort to show the power of steam, and so—"

"Don't excite yourself, Miss Sophy," said Charlie Baker, soothingly. "I've no doubt it was a woman who invented salt glaze. I know one female who was intimately associated with the subject long before the Staffordshire pork pickle 'slopped over.'"

"And who was that?"

"Lot's wife," replied the irrepressible.

"But I thought," began his sister, eager to arrest the storm which seemed hanging over the irreverent trifler's head—"I thought the Elers brothers invented salt glaze. I am sure that Chaffers says so."

"No; he says that they introduced its use into England, and possibly brought it from Germany, but I have no doubt they benefited by the poor serving-woman's previous knowledge. However that may be, it was owing to a woman's kindness that John Philip Elers was a successful man. When in great poverty and distress, Lady Barrington, a philanthropic though rather eccentric lady, took an interest in him, set him up in a china and glass shop in Dublin, and aided him in other ways, until he was enabled to establish his potteries in Bradwell.

"And just think," said Lizzie Banks, "of all the women who have inspired pottery and decorators. You have seen those plates in the Castellani collection, *amatorii*, they call them, on which are portraits of beautiful women, with their names and some flattering title inscribed beneath. These were presented as pledges of affection by cavalier to lady-love. They bear such names as *Madalena Bella*, *Faustina-pulita-e-bella*, *Chasandra*, *Camilla*, etc. Sometimes they have emblems; such as clasped hands, cupids, flames, and hearts. Passeri mentions one, signed by Maestro Giorgio, having underneath the portrait of a lady the words

*Daniella Diva*, and above, a bleeding heart with *Oimè.* I like to think that sometimes the lovers themselves were the artists, and wrought their own fervid Italian-born love into these charming works of art; at least they may have sat by the painters, Fontana, Giorgio, or Xanto, and directed with loving zeal their labors, describing in tender Italian words the charms of Silvia Bella or Laura Diva, their arched eyebrows, the golden-brown hair, the shell-like ear, the delicately rounded chin—"

"Draw it mild, Miss Banks," cried Charlie Baker (he was rather addicted to the use of slang); "did you ever see the pictures of those young women you are talking of? Of all stiff, poky, angular females! Corkscrew curls of gingerbread color, straying down one cheek, foreheads so high as to extend nearly to the back hair, long, straight noses, and little pursed-up mouths. Such insipid, sickish-looking women could never inspire me to paint majolica, or even paste pictures on a ginger jar."

"But I have seen beautiful women upon Sèvres, Dresden, and Capo-di-Monte porcelain. My uncle has a Dresden cup with a lovely head of Heloise painted by Angelica Kauffmann, and some Sèvres plates with portraits of Roman empresses. He has a Saint Cecilia on an old Dresden cup that I am sure is a portrait of some German beauty of the last century, and a peasant-girl painted on a Capo-di-Monte saucer that no one could have painted without falling in love with the beautiful creature."

"And I have another interesting item to add," cried Mrs. Stevenson, returning from the library with a small blue and gold volume in her hand. "I thought I should find it here. Do you know that the patron saints of potters are women? Let me read you this from Mrs. Jameson's Sacred and Legendary Art:

"'St. Justa and St. Rufina, patronesses of Seville, 19 July, A.D. 304. These were two Christian sisters dwelling in that city. They were the daughters of a potter, and made a living by

selling earthen-ware; and, contenting themselves with the bare necessaries of life, they gave all the rest to the poor. Certain women who lived near them, and who were worshippers of the goddess Venus, came to their shop to buy vases for their idolatrous sacrifice. The two sisters answered that they had no vessels for such a purpose; that their ware should be used for the service of God, and not in the worship of stocks and stones. Upon this the Pagan women broke all the earthen-ware in their shop. Justa and Rufina retaliated by falling upon the image of Venus, which they broke to pieces and flung into the kennel. The populace immediately collected before their door, seized them, and carried them before the prefect. On being accused of sacrilege, they boldly avowed themselves to be Christians; and, being condemned to the torture, Justa expired on the rack, and Rufina was strangled. This came to pass in the year 304. The two sisters are represented bearing the palm as martyrs, and holding in their hands earthen-ware pots. Murillo has frequently painted them. The Duke of Sutherland has two beautiful half-length figures of these two saints, holding each their palms and *alcarazzas* (earthen-ware pots). In the Spanish gallery of the Louvre there are several representations of them by Zurbaran and others. Zurbaran represents them richly dressed; but Murillo has generally painted them as *muchachas* (Spanish girls of the lower class). There was a magnificent sketch by Murillo in the Aguado gallery, representing the Virgin in glory, and, kneeling in adoration before her, St. Justa and St. Rufina, with their *alcarazzas* at their feet, accompanied by St. Francis and St. John the Baptist—painted, I presume, for the Capuchins of Seville.' "

## III.

### COUSIN EUNICE'S CREAM-POT.

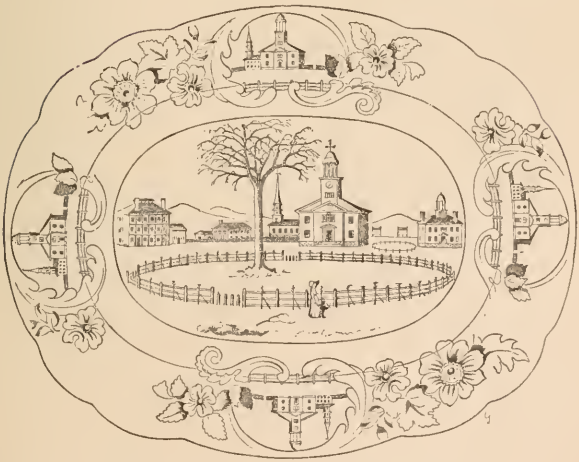
Our club met one evening at Sophy Graves's, and she said: "There is a dear old woman with us from the country, whom I want you to see. She has a curious piece of old pottery, about which she tells a romantic story. I have begged her to come down-stairs to-night and tell you the tale in her own way. Would you like to hear it?" Of course we were eager to do so, and Sophy at once brought "Cousin Eunice" to us.

"Well, I never! To think of your all settin' round to hear me talk, jest as if I was a book or a lib'ry. I'm real 'fraid you'll be dis'p'inted; but I promised Sophiey, an' I allers set by my word; so here goes. I won't show you the crock'ry till you've heerd the story, 'cause they'd spile each other at fust.

"Ye see, 'twas when we lived on the Yeller House Farm. Father he'd been dead more'n two year. He used to be, one time, real well off an' prosp'rous; but he signed his name to help his friends, an' crops was bad, an' somehow he got broke down, an' he jest gin up an' died, an' we on'y had the farm, an' that was mortgaged, an' we was poor enough, I tell ye. But we rubbed an' scrubbed along. Me an' ma was smart, an' not a bit 'fraid o' work, an' we wouldn't ha' minded nothin' at all if it hadn't been for Prissy—Priscilly her name was. She was the baby, ye see, five year younger 'n me, an' jest as different as—as a rose-bud from a cabbage. I can't tell ye how pritty she was—so soft an' white an' clean an' sweet, with yeller hair an' big blue eyes an'

3. The Contribushing Bowl: page 70.

[Old English pottery: painted in colors.]



4. The Pittsfield Platter: page 79.

[Pottery by Clews, Cobridge; print in dark blue: on the back, "Winter View of Pittsfield, Mass."

pink cheeks an' little white teeth showin' when she laffed; an' she was so spry an' little, an' she'd dance round like a robin, an' sing jest like one too, an' when she laffed, why, 'twas the rinkleist, tinkleist, bubbleist kin' of a noise, like Shiner Brook goin' over the steppin' stuns. She had sech coaxin' little ways, ye couldn't no more say 'no' to her than—than nothin'. Oh! how ma an' me sot by that little gal! She warn't very strong, an' we wouldn't have her do much work. We sent her to school, an' we got her pritty clo'es, an' let her keep her hands soft an' white. There waru't nothin' we wouldn't do for her. An' she was wuth it, too. There warn't no spilin' her. She was sweet all the way through; she'd beg us not to do so much for her, an' she'd try to make me wear her nice clo'es an' her blue ribbons; an' when she went out to visit the big folks—for they took a deal o' notice on her—she'd allers bring home suthin' nice to me an' ma.

"Well, Prissy got to be nigh on to eighteen, an' she had a lot o' beaux, an' plenty o' good honest fellows would ha' ben glad an' proud to marry her, though she hadn't a bit o' money, she was that pritty an' sweet an' cute. But she didn't, somehow, take to none on 'em; she was gentle an' sweet-spoken to em', an' awful sorry when she thought she'd hurt their feelin's. But she says, says she to me, many's the time, 'But I don't want to marry 'em', Eunice, an' why don't they let me alone? I want to stay with you an' ma,' says she. But bimeby there come a young man to Wellsville, a-boardin' to Miss Cap'n Hall's. He was a fishin' an' shootin' feller; had a great lot o' baggage—fish-poles that all took to pieces an' shet up, an' a gun, an' bags to put his birds in when he shot 'em, an' baskets to hold his shiners an' punkinseeds and bull-heads. He was a real well-favored young man, an' nice-mannered; an' Prissy she got acquainted with him one day when he went to see Creeshy Hall, an' she took to him powerful, an' he jest followed her aroun' like her shadder, or like Mary's

lamb in the hymn, an I never see any one set so much by another as he seemed to set by our Prissy. Wa'al, of course I couldn't shet my eyes to it; an' so I went to Miss Cap'n Hall's an' I asked all about their new boarder—his name was Rice, Arnold Rice—an' she told me he b'longed to a real good respectable family in Prov'dence. His father was a lawyer, an' Miss Hall said she'd done sewin' for his folks, an' knew 'em real well; an' she said they was ortherdox, an' in good standin' in the Baptist Church, an' there warn't nothin' sly, or sneakin' or underhan', in any o' the tribe. So that settled me, an' I jest give myself up to lookin' at that pritty pair, an' watchin' their love story—a better one than any I ever read in a book.

"It's a great while ago now, but somehow I can see it plain as print this minnit. He used to come walkin' home with her summer a'ternoons, an' I'd set at the winder to watch 'em—him so tall an' dark-complected an' strong an' bold-lookin', an' her so little an' fair an' scary. He'd look down on her with sech a look in his eyes, seemed 's though he could eat her right up; an' she'd just give little bits o' peeks up at him, shy an' frightened like. 'Twas a pritty sight, an' I never got tired o' lookin' at it. I never asked Prissy no questions; I knew she'd tell me when she was ready. Things had gone on so for 'bout all summer, when Cousin 'Lias Bacon he writ a letter to ma, an' asked her if she wouldn't take his little boy Moses an' keep him a spell. His ma was weakly an' run down, an' she couldn't stan' much; an' Mosey was a real boy, kitin' aroun' an' hollerin' an' stavin', an' made his ma 'most crazy. So ma an' me we talked it over, an' we guessed we'd better have the young one come. Cousin 'Lias was a queer fish, an' never had much to do with his folks. He had a good deal o' money laid away, so 'twas thought, but he never give none away. Howsomever, his wife was a real nice woman, an' a long-suff'rin' one too, for she'd had a pritty hard row to hoe with 'Lias Bacon,

I can tell ye, an' we felt for her, me an' ma. So we writ back that he might send the boy along, an' next week the little chap came.

"He was good enough, as boys go, but he was up to his capers, an' he 'most raised the roof o' the old farm-house with his noise an' his didos. He was a little feller, on'y about five years old, but, oh! how he could yell an' screech! He ransacked the hull house from garrit to sullar, an' there warn't nothin' he didn't peek into an' pry into. He used to spend hours a-playin' up in the attic under the rafters, an' he hid away his little belongin's there, an' called it his 'cubby-house.'

"Well, he'd ben to our house nigh on to three weeks, when one day we got a letter from 'Lias sayin' that his wife was real bad, she'd got some kind o' liver, an' the doctors thought she was dang'rous, so wouldn't me an' ma come over an' help nuss her? He said he guessed we needn't fetch Mosey, 'cause it might worry Harri't (that was his wife's name). So me an' ma we made our minds right up to go, an' we thought we'd take Prissy too, for some way it didn't look jest right to leave a young slip like that alone, an' she courtin' too. So we told her she'd better put up her things an' come along, and we'd get old Miss Talcott to stay to the farm an' look to Mosey while we was gone. Prissy didn't like the idee overmuch, but she was allers gentle an' easy an' willin' to mind, an' so she got ready an' we went off. She contrived to see Arnold 'fore she went, an' she come in from her confab with him as red as a rose, an' her eyes jest shinin', so I knew he'd said some real sweet things to her, an' every thing was right.

"When we got to 'Lias's we found Cousin Harri't pritty bad, an' we staid a week. Me an' ma liked it, for 'twas a change from farm-work, an' we was doin' good too, an' that allers makes folks feel comfortable. But Priss she was humsick, an' I knew the reason why; so jest as soon as Harri't chirked up a little an' took

to her vittles, an' began to set up an' see to things, I told ma we'd better be movin'. So we packed our duds an' said our says, an' come off. 'Lias didn't say much, but then that was his way, an' I knew he *felt* thank ye ma'am, if he didn't say so. An' Harri't she went on enough for both, 'bout how good we was, an' how she never 'd 'a got up without us, an' how she never could forgit, an' so on, an' so on.

"Well, we come off, an' Prissy she brightened right straight up as soon as we got under way, an' she laffed an' chattered like a chippin'-squir'l. When we got to the farm 'twas near sundown, but the old Yeller House looked real bright an' hum-like, an' Priss she jumped out real spry, an' says she, a-clappin' her hands, 'Oh, I'm so glad I'm to hum!' Old Miss Talcott she'd ben real trusty an' seen to things, an' took good care o' Mosey. He come a-runnin' up to see us, with his face jest a mess o' dirt, an' his white hair a-stickin' through the holes in the straw hat that was jest bought afore we went away. He'd ben a'ter the cows with Enoch. Miss Talcott said he went ev'ry day, an' he'd took the awfullest shine to old Buttercup, the crumpled-horn cow, an' he called her 'Butty,' an' said she was his'n, an' he was agoin' to take her hum to show pa an' ma. Prissy she run up-stairs, an' I knew she was sprucin' up a bit in case *somebody* should drop in, an' a'ter a spell she came down with her blue print on, an' her hair all smooth an' shiny. But somebody didn't come, an' the blue print was all for nothin'.

"The next mornin' Creeshy Hall went by the house, an' I was in the yard. She see me, an' she stopped an' asked me 'bout Cousin Harri't, an' then, says she, 'Queer 'bout Arnold Rice, ain't it?' An' says I, 'What 'bout him?' An' says she, 'Why he's gone off, an' never said nothin', or let on that he was goin' till the last minnit, an' things looks real bad.' Then she went on to tell how she an' Miss Hall they was out Friday a'ternoon to 'par-

atory lectur', an' when they come home Arnold Rice warn't there, but he'd left a scrap of a letter tellin' 'em he had to go off sudden, an' he'd write soon as he could. 'But he ain't never writ again,' she says, 'an' folks see him go off in the cars with a woman, an' he kissed her when they fust met, an' some people thinks she was his wife, an'—'

"She was goin' on very glib, when I heerd a little rustlin' sound ahind me, an' I looked aroun' quick, an' there was my Prissy slippin' down into a little limp heap on the floor, right by my side, with her little han's a-holdin' to my dress. I knew she heerd it all, an' I took her up an' carried her into the settin'-room an' put her on the sofy, an' I shet out Creeshy Hall an' all the world but me an' ma, an' we took care of our poor little lamb.

"She warn't the kind that bears up agin seeh things. She hadn't much sperrit, I s'pose. She was jest a soft, lovin', clingin' little thing, an' she give right up now. Hours an' hours she'd lay an' cry, cry, cry, all to her own self, very softly, till I thought it would break my heart. We never heerd nothin' more of Arnold Rice. I s'pose—I've thought so sence, time an' time again —that we ought to ha' writ to his folks or suthin', but Prissy she give right up herself, an' we kind o' follered her lead, an' never thought things could be helped. She never would have him blamed. If me an' ma said anything agin him—an' we couldn't help it sometimes, we got so riled up—she'd cry harder, an' say, 'Don't! don't! I can't bear it. He's on'y changed his mind, an' I love him jest as much.' Oh, how thin an' peaked an' scrawny that little cretur did git!—her face so white an' small, whiter an' littler ev'ry day. But her eyes was the wust. She cried so much that they was allers red an' swelled up, an' the blue seemed to wash all out on 'em. An' bimeby they hurt her so she had to set in a dark room all the time, an' couldn't a-bear the teentyest speck o' light. We sent for old Dr. Terry, an' he looked at her,

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an' felt on her, an' talked to her; an' then he come out of the room, an' he beckoned to me; an' we went into the kitchen, an' says he to me, 'Her eyes is very bad, an' she ought to go to a eye-doctor to Bost'n. I don't know enough myself,' says he, ''bout seeh things, an' there ain't no time to be lost.' An' he tried to explain things to me, how the optercles or suthin' was all askew an' out o' kilter, but I didn't pay much 'tention to that part of it, I was so took up with thinkin' how we could send her to Bost'n. I knowed 'twould cost a mint o' money, an' we was poor enough, ye know. I talked it all over with ma, an' we cried a little, an' prayed a good deal, an' bimeby it come into our heads to try Cousin 'Lias.

"We hadn't no great hopes, but we writ him a letter, an' we telled him all 'bout Prissy, an' asked him if he couldn't help us. An' there come a answer in a few days, kind o' grumpy an' crusty—for that was 'Lias's way—but it had a fifty-dollar note in it. You better b'l'eve we was glad that day, me an' ma. We hadn't telled Prissy anything 'bout what the doctor 'd said; but now we went to her an' we out with the hull story, an' showed her the money. But it didn't brighten up the little white mite of a face or make the old laff come we missed so dreadful bad. She on'y kind o' sighed, an' says, 'I don't care for my eyes now, but if you want me to be cured, I'll do anything for you an' Eunice, ma; you're so good to your little Priss.'

"Well, we took the fifty-dollar note an' we put it into Prissy's work-box, an' we made up our minds we'd start right off the nex' day but one for Bost'n to see the eye-doctor. That was in the mornin' 'bout ten o'clock. I rec'lect a'ter I put the money in the work-box an' stood it on the bureau in ma's bedroom, I went out to the kitchen to make some blackb'ry pies, an' all the time I was siftin' in sugar an' rollin' crust an' greasin' my pans I was a-thinkin' an' thinkin' o' that money an' the Bost'n doctor. I

never can smell stewed blackb'ries to this day, much more see a pie with the black-lookin' juice a-soozin' out through the yeller crust, 'thout thinkin' o' that day, o' little Prissy, an' the fifty-dollar note.

"'Twas that evenin' me an' ma was sittin' in the keepin'-room, an' Prissy a-layin' down on the sofy, when ma she says, 'Eunice, I 'most can't b'leve it's true 'bout 'Lias's sendin' that money. He's a near man, 'Lias is, an' it's like pullin' his teeth to git money out o' him. Do bring me that note, an' make it seem kind o' real.' I laffed a little, an' says I, 'Well, ma, seein's b'l'evin';' an' I went to the bureau in the nex' room, an' opened the work-box to take out the note; but—'twarn't there!

"I turned over the things, the spools an' reels an' needles an' wax; I opened the little boxes, an' lifted the lids, an' looked an' looked an' *looked*. But it warn't there.

"'Ma,' I called out, kind o' quick an' sharp like, 'have you took that money?'

"'Took the money!' says ma, a-gittin' up an' comin' into the bedroom. 'What do ye mean, Eunice?'

"'Why,' says I, all out o' breath an' p'intin' to the mussed-up work-box, 'I mean the money's gone—Prissy's money.'

"'It *can't be*,' says ma. 'You never *could* find anythin' 'cept it was right under your nose,' says she; but her voice was kind o' quavery, an' her hands shook as she turned over the things in the box an' hustled 'em out on the bureau. It didn't do no good: the note was gone.

"At fust we couldn't do nothin' but mourn an' lament an' run aroun' like crazy folks; but bimeby we thought o' little Mosey. 'That boy's took it,' says ma; 'I knowed it all the time;' an' she run out into the kitchen an' ketched up Mosey, who was layin' on the floor with the dog, an' she shook him one way an' then t'other, an' fetched him into the bedroom, an' she an' me,

both to once, we says, 'What have you gone an' done with dear Cousin Prissy's money?' An' Mosey he yelled an' screeched, an' kicked an' scratched an' bit, an' we couldn't git nothin' out on him till Prissy she called him (he allers took to Prissy—I don't know who didn't), an' he went up to her an' laid his head down in her lap, an' he says, 'Mosey never took no money. Mosey good boy. On'y took pritty paper out o' Pwissy's box.' Me an' ma was jest goin' to up an' speak agin, but Prissy she shook her head at us, an' says she, very soft an' sweet, a-strokin' his mop o' yeller frizzy hair, 'An' what did Mosey do with the pritty paper?' 'Mosey give it to Butty, poo' ole mooly cow. All et up now, down in Butty's tummy.'

"Oh, young people, young people, if you on'y knowed how I felt then! I see it all afore me, how that limb of a boy had gone an' got that precious bill—the bill that was to give back Prissy's blue bright eyes that the sight was leavin' so fast; an' how he'd took it out to the barn-yard to play with, an' then tucked it into old Buttercup's mouth, an' it had gone, gone, gone! I can't rec'lect any more 'bout that night; it's too dark an' dreadful to think of. An' the days that come nex', they was all dreadful too. We couldn't git no light; we dassn't ask Cousin 'Lias for more money, though it was his own flesh an' blood that had lost the bill he sent us, an' Prissy's eyes got wuss, an' she couldn't see much to speak of, an' we was 'way, 'way down in the deeps. Prissy she was sweet an' patient. She see we was cross to Mosey —we couldn't help it, could we now?—an' so she made it up to him by cossetin' an' cuddlin' him, an' keepin' him with her hours to a time; an' he took to her more an' more, an' 'twas a real cute sight to see him curled up on the sofy by her side, his fat hard red cheek a-pressed up to her white thin face, an' his little brown han' a-strokin' her hair, an' him a-callin' her, Dee-e-ear Pwissy, pwitty Pwissy, mine owny-doney Pwissy."

"One day I was sittin' in the kitchen peelin' apples for a pan dowdy, an' a-listenin' to Priss an' Mosey in the nex' room. He was mighty lovin' that day, an' he called her all the cunnin'est names you ever heard on, an' bimeby he says, says he, 'Oh, darlin'!' an' then Prissy she up an' bust out cryin', an' she says, 'Oh, Mosey! Mosey! don't never, never call me your darlin',' says she. An' I knowed then she was thinkin' o' Arnold Rice, an' what names he used to call her, an' I tell ye I thought of a few names I'd like to call *him!* An' I was agoin' in to see if I could comfort her any, but I heerd Mosey a-kissin' her an' a-sayin', 'Don't ky, don't ky; Mosey git 'oo pwitty things;' an' he slipped down off the sofy an' went a-runnin' up-stairs.

"So I says to myself, 'He's the best a'ter all. He's little, an' she don't mind him, an' he's got seeh little cunnin' ways, it helps her poor sore little heart.' So I kep' where I was, an' I heerd Mosey a-comin' down the stairs, a-stompin' as usual with his little cowhide boots he was so proud on: an' he come into the keepin'-room, an' he kep' makin' a kind o' mooin' noise. 'Moo-o,' says he; 'here old cow comin' Pwissy;' an' then they goes to talkin', an' says she, 'Where did you get this? I ain't seen it sence I was a little girl.' An' says he, 'In my cubby-house up 'tairs. This ole Butty, poo' mooly cow.' Then I heerd a kind o' rattlin' noise, an' then a rustlin' like paper, an' then nothin' at all for a minute, when sudden there come a kind o' cry, such a queer, sharp, but shaky cry that I dropped my knife an' the apples an' run into the nex' room, an'— Well, *this* is the first thing I saw."

Unrolling a large silk handkerchief, Cousin Eunice placed upon the table, around which we crowded at once, a piece of pottery. It was a creamer of the old marbled or tortoise-shell ware in the form of a cow, its curled tail making the handle, its nose the spout. (See Ill. 1.)

"This cream-pot," went on the old lady, "had been in our

fam'ly a good spell, but it got put away, an' I hadn't seen it no more 'n Prissy had for a long time. It was a-settin' on the little stand by the sofy now, an' right by it, all mussed up an' crumpled, was Cousin 'Lias's fifty-dollar note. I ketched it up, I smoothed it out, I forgot little Priss. It was hull, it was there all safe an', soun', an' I could ha' cried with joy. But I heerd a half sob, a kind o' chokin' sound, an' I looked round quick at the little sister whose eyes would now be saved to me an' ma.

"She warn't lookin' at the note, she warn't lookin' at me, she warn't thinkin', I'd ha' bet, o' anythin' short o' heaven an' everlastin' day. She lay a-smilin' sech a smile, an' a-holdin' close up to her poor half-blind eyes some pieces o' paper I couldn't make nothin' on.

"'What ails ye?' I says, frightened like; 'what ye got, Prissy?'

"She held the papers out to me, all tored an' creasy, an' she says, a-laffin' right out like a bird, says she, 'He writ it, Arnold did, my own true good Arnold, the very day he went off. See, it says "the 28th," an' that was the time, you know — an' he loved me all the time.'

"I pieced out the scraps, an' spelled out the words—how on airth did she ever do it with her poor red eyes?—an' it reely was a note Arnold Rice had writ the day he went off, sayin' he was called hum to his father, who was took with typher fever, an' how he'd got to go that very hour in the train with his sister, who was goin' through from Boston, an' how he loved her, an' wanted her to marry him, an' would she, an' could she, an when would she write to him, an'— Oh, I can't rec'lect it all; 'twas jest a real love-letter, ye know. An' oh, sech a time. Ma come in, an' we tried to tell her, an' we all talked to once, an' Mosey he undertook to say as how he fed old Butty with 'pwitty papers in her little tummy.' He'd rolled 'em up an' tucked 'em into the hole in the top here—ye see the lid lifts off; an' when he was a-talkin' o' old

Butty, the mooly cow, he meant this cream-pot he'd got hid away up garrit, an' not old Buttercup in the barn-yard.

"Well, we laffed an' we cried, an' we kissed each other, an' we hugged Mosey; an' Priss, her pritty pale face all smiles an' light, she kep' a-sayin' over an' agin, 'I knowed he loved me; I knowed it all the time.' Poor little cretur! what had she cried her eyes out for, if she knowed that, I'd like to know? But jest as we was goin' on in a crazy, loony kind o' way, like cats in caniption fits, the side door opened, an' in flew Miss Cap'n Hall. She didn't seem to take no notice of our goin's-on. Her face was red, an' she was that out o' breath she couldn't hardly speak; an' says she, a-gaspin' an' chokin', 'Oh, Miss Wilcox! Oh, Eunice! Oh, Priscilly! I got a letter from Prov'dence from Mr. Arnold's ma. An' he's been sick—awful sick; he took the fever from his pa, an' he's been dang'rous, an' they thought he wouldn't git up; but he has, an' she's writ to say he's settin' up, an' jest as soon as he can travel he's comin' to Wellsville, where—jest hark to this, Priscilly, you poor little weed you!—where, says his ma, *he seems ter 've left his heart.* Who's got his heart, Prissy, you dear, blessed, abused, sickly little—' But we didn't ketch the last words, because of the hearty smacks she put on Priss's thin cheeks, as she hugged and squeezed her to her honest old heart. She was allers a good soul, Mary Ann Hall.

"But how I am spinnin' this out! 'Fore we got fixed up for Bost'n the red eyes got better, an' old Dr. Terry he said he guessed he'd wait, 'f he was us, an' see 'f Priss didn't git well herself, without a eye-doctor; an' sure enough she did, an' by the time Arnold Rice come on from Prov'dence the eyes was jest vi'lets agin, blue an' sweet an' soft. An' we sent the fifty-dollar note back to Cousin 'Lias; but it come trav'lin' back agin, d'rected to Miss Priscilly Wilcox, for a weddin' present. For there was a weddin' that very fall, an' Mosey had a bran'-new but-

ternut suit o' clo'es to wear to it, an' stood right up by the bride, a-snugglin' his yeller head up agin her, till old Parson Cook said, 'What God's jined together let no man put asunder,' an' Prissy was Miss Arnold Rice.

"Well, Parson Cook he allers said—I've heerd him time an' agin—that 'twas a wonderful prov'dence all I ben a-tellin' ye, an int'position, ye know, partic'lar 'bout the findin' the letter an' the money in the old cream-pot. But somehow I never could make it seem that way, though I don't throw no disrespect on Prov'dence. Ye see, what was the use o' that kind o' int'position jest then? If Mosey *hadn't* fetched that crock'ry cow down, an' the letter turned up, why, Mrs. Cap'n Hall would ha' ben in in a jiffy an' set things right; an' if *she* hadn't come, why, Arnold hisself would ha' ben there in a few days, an' *then* 'twould a' ben all right. But then you may say, 'But there's the money, how 'bout that?' Well, what was the use o' the money, 's long as Prissy's eyes got well' thout it? I dono—I don't like to crit'cise, but seems 's if it might ha' ben fixed diff'ent, an' the cow found 'fore we got all tuckered out with worry an' trouble, 'stead o' turnin' up jest when we didn't need her to set things straight. But I s'pose it's all right; tennerate, it's all gone an' passed, an' 'little Prissy' 's got a grandson—her son Jabez's younngest boy—that looks the very picter o' little Mosey, yeller hair an' all, an' I'm savin' up this cream-pot for him."

# IV.

## POTTERY AND POETRY.

Our topic for an evening in February—it was near Valentine's day, which I think suggested the subject—was Pottery and Poetry. Mr. Chase read us the following paper:

"Pottery and poetry do not seem very closely allied. Indeed one would hardly think they had anything in common, save a certain alliterative likeness in the sound of the two words. But the ceramic art has had its poets.

"There is an ode attributed to Homer, entitled 'The Furnace,' which is somewhat freely translated by Cowper, and prefaced thus: 'Certain potters, while they were busy in baking their ware, seeing Homer at a small distance, and having heard much said of his wisdom, called to him, and promised him a present of their commodity, and of such other things as they could afford, if he would sing to them, when he sang as follows.' The ode begins:

> 'Pay me my price, potters! and I will sing.
> Attend, O Pallas! and with lifted arm
> Protect their oven: let the cups and all
> The sacred vessels blacken well, and, baked
> With good success, yield them both fair renown
> And profit.'

"The poet then threatens the potters with dire judgments in case they do not keep faith with him:

> 'May neither house nor vestibule escape!
> May ye lament to see confusion mar

And mingle the whole labor of your hands!
And may a sound fill all your oven, such
As of a horse grinding his provender,
While all your pots and flagons bounce within.'

"The Chinese poets have dwelt largely upon this inspiring theme. One, whose name has not been handed down to us, wrote, in an ode addressed to the emperor,

'At Tai they make a light, solid porcelain; when it is struck it gives out a plaintive sound like the jade cups of King-te-tchin. The white cups of your Lordship efface the whiteness of snow: send me immediately one of these cups to my study.'

"The point and directness of the last allusion are admirable. Another sings of porcelain 'blue as the sky, brilliant as a mirror, thin as paper, sonorous as a ting.'

"The emperor Kien Long, who ascended the throne in 1736, was a famous poet. He wrote an ode upon the tea-plant, lines from which are often found upon teapots and cups. The following is from a French translation given by Jacquemart:

'At the same time put upon a moderate fire a three-legged vase, of which the color and the form indicate its long services; fill it with clean water of melted snow; heat the water to the degree necessary to blanch the fish or redden the crab; pour it in a cup, made of the earth of Yué, upon the tender leaves of a choice tea; leave it in repose until the vapors which first rise in abundance form thick clouds, then gradually disperse till there is only a light fog upon the surface; then quaff without precipitation this delicious liquor; it is to work effectually to dismiss the five subjects of anxiety which generally come to assail us.'

"The poem ends thus:

'But I hear them sounding the watch. Night increases its coolness; already the moon's rays penetrate through the slits of my tent and strike with their lustre the few objects of furniture which decorate it. I find myself

5. The Soft-Soap Cup: page 81.

[Liverpool cream-ware: black print.]

6. A Bit of Cynthia's Romance: page 87.

[Cream-ware: painted: on the back, *Winter Hellebore:* impressed mark, Herculaneum.]

without anxiety and without fatigue; my stomach is at ease, and I can without fear give myself up to repose. It is thus, according to my little capacity, that I have made these verses at the young spring of the tenth moon of the year *ping-yu* (1746) of my reign.'

"There lived in the reign of Chin-Tsong, Wan-li period (1573–1619), a poet named Ou. But he renounced rhyme and such frivolities, retired from the world and began the manufacture of porcelain. His work was done in secret, but his productions were eagerly sought after. He made 'large cups, ornamented with red clouds, brilliant as vermilion,' and also 'egg-shell cups of dazzling whiteness, and so fine that some of them weighed only half a chou!'

"One seems to marvel more at this statement than if aware of the exact 'heft'—to use a homely New England expression—of that mysterious 'chou.' He made, too, vases, some of pale-blue, some purple, and others of the color '*feuille morte*.' And upon each article which he made were graven in the paste Chinese characters, which, being translated, read—'The old man Ou, who lives in solitude.'

"Those curious little bottles or vases found in Egypt, and probably made by the Chinese some centuries ago, bear quite frequently characters which are said to be extracts from Chinese poems of old times. One is a line from a sonnet by Wang-Wei (of course you are familiar with his sonnets), and says 'The moon shines among the pines.' This was written about A.D. 740, and is interesting at least as showing that the moon shone in those dark ages. Another line from the renowned Kie-taou, who lived A.D. 850, appears on several of the bottles. It is mysterious in its simplicity, translated by Mr. Medhurst thus—'Only in the middle of this mountain.' A third, by Chaou-Young (A.D. 1060–'85), may be thus translated:

'The moon is climbing up the sky,
Across the lake the west winds sigh,
With both comes sweet tranquillity.'

"Shakspeare does not once use the word porcelain, but in 'Measure for Measure' speaks of a fruit-dish ('a dish of some three-pence; your honors have seen such dishes; they are not china dishes, but very good dishes').

"Ben Jonson refers to porcelain several times:

'The earth of my bottles which I dig,
Turn up, and steep, and work, and neal, myself,
To a degree of porc'lane.'

"And again—

'*Broker.* 'Tis but earth
Fit to make bricks and tiles of.
'*Shomfield.* 'Tis but for pots or pipkins at the best.
If it would keep us in good tobacco-pipes—
'*Titus.* Or in porc'lane dishes.'

"Dryden has—

'Porcelain by being pure is apt to break;'

"and again:

'Some preciously by shattered porcelain fall,
And some by aromatic splinters die;'

"and in his translation of Juvenal occurs the passage:

'His cupboard's head six earthen pitchers graced.
Beneath them was his trusty tankard placed.'

"*Crock*, from which comes our word crockery, was always, I believe, an earthen vessel. It is spelled *crokke* in Piers Ploughman's Vision; and Chaucer has—

'And when that dronken was all in the *Cronke*.'

"Spenser writes—

'Like foolish flies about a honey-*crock*.'

"Cowper, in a little poem entitled 'Gratitude,' addressed to Lady Hesketh, mentions among the benefits received from her hand:

'This china, that decks the alcove
Which here people call a buffet,
But what the gods call it above
Has ne'er been revealed to us yet.'

"Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, in a poem entitled 'Isabella,' has the following:

'To please the noble dame, the courtly squire
Produced a TEAPOT made in Staffordshire.
So Venus looked, and with such longing eyes,
When Paris first produced the golden prize.
"Such works as this," she cries, "can England do?
It equals Dresden and excels St. Cloud.
All modern China now shall hide its head,
And e'en Chantilly must give o'er her trade:
For lace let Flanders bear away the bell;
In finest linen let the Dutch excel;
For prettiest stuffs let Ireland first be named;
And for best fancied silks let France be famed;
Do thou, thrice happy England, still prepare
Thy clay, and build thy fame on EARTHEN-WARE."'

"In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1771 is a poem, 'To a Lady on her Passion for Old China,' which begins thus:

'What extacies her bosom fire!
How her eyes languish with desire!
How blest, how happy should I be,
Were that fond glance bestowed on me!
New doubts and fears within me war:
What rival's near?—A china jar!'

"Here is an 'Epitaph on an Old Woman who kept an Earthenware Shop:

'Beneath this stone lies Katharine Gray,
Chang'd from a busy life to lifeless clay;

By earth and clay she got her pelf,
And now she's turned to earth herself.
Ye weeping friends, let me advise,
Abate your grief, and dry your eyes;
For what avails a flood of tears?
Who knows but in a run of years,
In some tall pitcher or broad pan,
She in her shop may be again?'

"Tom Hood's characteristic poem, 'The China-Mender,' is in the form of a conversation between a housemaid and a mender of porcelain, and begins thus:

'Good-morning, Mr. What-d'-ye-call! Well! here's another pretty job.
Lord help my lady!—what a smash!—if you had only heard her sob.
It was all through Mr. Lambert; but for certain he was winey,
To think for to go to sit down on a table full of Chiny.
* * * * * * *
I'm very much mistook if Mr. Lambert's will be a catch;
The breaking the Chiny will be the breaking off of his own match.
Miss wouldn't have an angel if he was careless about Chiny;
She never forgives a chip, if it's ever so small and tiny.
Lawk! I never saw a man in all my life in such a taking;
I could find in my heart to pity him, for all his mischief-making,
To see him stand a-hammering and stammering, like a zany;
But what signifies apologies, if they won't mend old Chaney!
If he sent her up whole crates full, from Wedgwood's and Mr. Spode's,
He couldn't make amends for the cracked mandarins and smashed toads.'

"The poem ends thus:

'But I needn't tell you what to do, only do it out of hand,
And charge whatever you like to charge—my lady won't make a stand.
Well! Good-morning, Mr. What-d'-ye-call: for it's time our gossip ended;
And you know the proverb, the less as is said, the sooner the Chiny's mended.'

"Pope's line, 'Mistress of herself, tho' China fall,' is often quoted.

"In the beginning of the eighteenth century a poem in praise of the 'Fayence of Nevers' was written by Pierre Defrancy, and published in the *Mercure de France.* It begins:

'Chantons, Fille du Ciel, l'honneur de la Fayence,
Quel Art! dans l'Italie il reçut la naissance,
Et vint passant les monts, s' établir dans Nevers,
Ses ouvrages charmans vont au delà des mers.'

"He thus alludes to the popularity of this French pottery:

'Le superbe Paris, et Londres peu docile,
Payent, qui le croira! tribut à notre ville.
Les toits de nos bergers, et les riches Palais,
De Fayence parées, brillent de milles attraits,
Aux tables, aux jardins, la Fayence en usage,
Meuble le financier, et le noble, et le sage;
On estime son goût et sa simplicité
Et l'éclat de l'argent cède à la propreté.'

"Poetical inscriptions found upon pottery and porcelain make a curious collection. The old Liverpool punch-bowls and beer-mugs bore often quaint rhymes and appropriate legends.

"A bowl covered with an opaque white tin glaze has this inscription:

'John Udy of Luxillion,
his tin was so fine,
It glidered this punch-bowl
and made it to shine.
Pray fill it with punch,
let the tinners fill round,
They never will budge
till the bottom they sound. 1731.'

"A Liverpool beer-mug has the following. It should be read from bottom to top, beginning at right-hand lower corner:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| More | Beer | Score | Clerk |
| for | my | the | his |
| do | trust | pay | sent |
| I | I | must | has |
| shall | if | you | maltster |
| what | for | and | the |

"A Sunderland butter-dish is decorated with a picture of a ship of war, 'The Northampton, 74 guns,' and has this verse:

'The troubled main, the wind and rain,
My ardent passion prove;
Lash'd to the helm, should seas o'erwhelm,
I'll think on thee, my love.'

"A Liverpool teapot, printed by Sadler, is ornamented with the Stanley crest and the following inscription:

'Good health and success
To the Right Honorable, the Earl of Derby.
Long may he live,
Happy may he be,
Blest with content,
And from misfortune free.'

"A correspondent of *Willis's Current Notes* writes: 'Howell, who wrote the introduction to the Life and Adventures of Alexander Selkirk, printed at Edinburgh in 1829, discovered Selkirk's grand-nephew in the person of John Selcrag, a teacher at Canon Mills, near Edinburgh. He was in possession of two relics which had formerly belonged to Selkirk—a walking-stick and his flip-can, which was of brown stone-ware, holding a pint. It was inscribed:

"Alexander Selkirke, this is my one (own),
When you take me on bord of ship,
Pray fill me full with punch or flipp."—Fulham.

'This stone-ware jug was obtained from the Fulham Pottery about the middle of 1703, while waiting for the equipment and sailing of the Cinque Ports galley, to which he had been appointed sailing-master, and doubtless accompanied him on his voyage to Juan Fernandez, and was highly venerated in the family; it was kept locked up for fifty years by one of his nieces.'

"In that very entertaining work, 'Autobiography and Correspondence of Lyman Beecher,' is found a juvenile lyric, written in girlhood by Miss Catherine Beecher, so well known and respected throughout the country. The domestic disaster of which it treats gives it a place among ceramic poems, and I quote a portion of it:

'Come, kindred platters, with me mourn;
Hither, ye plates and dishes, turn;
Knives, forks, and carvers all give ear,
And each drop a dish-water tear.
No more with smoking roast beef crowned
Shall guests this noble dish surround;
No more the buttered cutlet here,
Nor tender chicken shall appear;
Roast pig no more here show his visard,
Nor goose, nor even goose's gizzard;
But broken-hearted it must go
Down to the dismal shades below;
While kitchen muses, platters, plates,
Knives, forks, and spoons upbraid the Fates;
With streaming tears cry out, "I never!
Our brown-edged platter's gone forever."'"

After Mr. Chase's paper, the conversation became general.

"Here," said Mrs. Stevenson, "is a song written for the Martinmas hiring festivities of the workmen at the Bristol Pottery in 1788:

'Come, cheer up, my lads, and let us all be gay,
For now we are meet, and it's Martlemass Day,

Of this Bristol Pottery I mean for to sing,
For wealth to our masters I hope it will bring.

Huza for this Pottery!—Huza, my Boys, I call,
Each striving to merit—Will animate your spirit,
So long live our masters—Their family's all.

'I need not inform you good ware we have made,
And that we have now got a flurishing Trade,
Great wealth to the City I am sure it will Bring,
So join, my Brave Boys, and let all of us Sing.

Huza, etc.

'Then let us all strive, my Brave Lads, to excell,
that when we are Gone our Children may Tell
What Labour we had for to Bring it to Bare
before that we could make good Cream Colour Ware.

Huza, etc.

'Now fill up your Glasses and let Mirth abound,
and Joy in our faces appear to all Round,
hears a health to hise Majesty Grate George our King,
To our Worthy Masters and Mistress Ring.

Huza, etc.'"

A lady quoted an inscription from a punch-bowl made at Boness, in Scotland, and dated 1794:

"What art can with the potter's art compare?
For of what we are ourselves of such we make our ware."

Another, from a Liverpool teapot, with a print of a lady pouring tea for a gentleman:

"Kindly take this gift of mine,
The gift and giver I hope is thine;
And tho' the value is but small,
A loving Heart is worth it all."

"I have brought my poetry with me," said Mr. Richards, producing a pitcher, probably old Staffordshire, with black print of a jolly old fellow with jug and pipe, and the couplet (See Ill. 2):

> 'Dear Tom, this brown jug which now foams with mild ale,
> Out of which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale.'"

Mr. Richards, having exhibited the pitcher, and explained that he believed it Staffordshire and not Liverpool, because the prints were engraved in a style resembling those on known Shelton potteries, said that he had found in *Notes and Queries* (I. iii. 181) a description of "a small earthen-ware vessel in the shape of a book, intended, apparently, to hold a nosegay of flowers," on which is inscribed on one side:

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| "The | ▪ | Love | ▪ | is | ▪ | True |
| That | ▪ | I | ▪ | owe | ▪ | You. |
| Then | ▪ | se | ▪ | you | ▪ | Bee |
| The | ▪ | Like | ▪ | To | ▪ | Me." |

On the other side is:

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| "The | ▪ | Gift | ▪ | Is | ▪ | Small. |
| Good | ▪ | Will | ▪ | Is | ▪ | All. |

Jeneuery y^e^ 12 day
1688"

This would be an interesting specimen to examine. The date is quite early for such an English inscription.

"I have a Newcastle pitcher, decorated with pink lustre," said Miss Hayden, "which bears these words:

> 'Sweet, oh Sweet is that sensation
> Where two hearts in union meet,
> But the pain of separation
> Mingles bitter with the sweet.'"

"Mine is prettier than that," said Charlie Baker. "It is found upon certain *cuspidors* made to order for the opponents of Pitt, the statesman. It consists of these sweetly simple lines:

'We will spit
On Mr. Pitt.'"

"Of course," remarked Mrs. Leavitt, looking pleasantly around upon us, "I need not remind you of those well-known lines from Erasmus Darwin's 'Botanic Garden:'

'Gnomes! as you now dissect, with hammers fine,
The granite rock, the nodul'd flint calcine;
Grind with strong arm the circling chertz betwixt,
Your pure ka-o-lins and pe-tun-tses mixt;
O'er each red sagger's burning cave preside,
The keen-eyed Fire-nymphs blazing by your side;
And pleased on WEDGWOOD ray your partial smile,
A new *Etruria* decks Britannia's isle.
Charm'd by your touch, the flint liquescent pours
Through finer sieves, and falls in whiter showers;
Charm'd by your touch, the kneady clay refines,
The biscuit hardens, the enamel shines;
Each nicer mould a softer feature drinks,
The bold cameo speaks, the soft intaglio thinks.'

"And I know you are familiar with that poem published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for December, 1757, 'On seeing an arm'd bust of the King of Prussia curiously imprinted on a porcelain cup of the Worcester manufacture, with the emblems of his victories; Inscribed to Mr. Josiah Holdship'—so I will quote only the latter part of it:

'What praise, ingenious Holdship, is thy due,
Who first on porcelain the fair portrait drew;
Who first alone to full perfection brought
The curious art, by rival numbers sought.

Hence shall thy skill inflame heroic souls,
Who mighty battles see round mightier bowls;
While Albion's sons shall see their features, name,
And actions copied on the *cup* of fame.
Hence beauty which repairs the waste of war,
Beauty may triumph on a china jar:
And this, perhaps, with stronger faith to trust,
Than the stained canvas or the marble bust;
For here, who once in youthful charms appears,
May bloom uninjured for a thousand years;
May time—till now opposed in vain—defie,
And live still fair, till Nature's self shall die.
Here may the toasts of every age be seen,
From Britain's Gunning back to Sparta's Queen!
And every hero history's page can bring,
From Macedonia's down to Prussia's King
Perhaps the art may track the circling world,
Where'er thy Britain has her sails unfurled;
While wond'ring *China* shall with envy see,
And stoop to borrow her own arts from thee.'

"In January, 1758, this poem was reprinted in a somewhat different form in the *Worcester Journal*, with two additional lines, which run thus:

'Handcock, my friend, don't grieve, tho' Holdship has the praise,
'Tis yours to execute—'tis his to wear the bays.'

"The credit of the invention of printing upon china seems even then to have been a vexed question, it being by some ascribed to Holdship, and by others to Hancock, without any regard to Sadler, of Liverpool, who is now generally regarded as the inventor.

"I have a mug of Worcester porcelain, upon which is a very beautifully executed black print, entitled 'The Triple Plea.' A lawyer, clergyman, and doctor are seen, engaged in earnest controversy, and underneath are the following lines:

'THE TRIPLE PLEA.

'Law Physick *and* Divinity
*Contend which shall superior be.*
*The* Lawyer *pleads He is your Friend*
*And will your Rights & Cause defend.*
*The* Doctor *swears, deny 't who will*
*That Life & Health are in his Pill.*
*The grave* Divine *with Look demure*
*To Penitents will Heaven assure.*
*But mark these Friends of ours & see*
*Where ends their great* Civility.
*Without a* Fee *the Lawyer's Dumb*
*Without a* Fee *the Doctor—Mum:*
*His Rev'rence says without his* Dues
*You must the joys of Heaven lose.*
*Then be advis'd: In none confide;*
*But take ***** ***son for your guide.'*

The last line is partially obliterated on the mug. Perhaps the missing words are "sound reason."

"Mollie," said Mrs. Allison to her little daughter, who sat eagerly listening to our talk, "can you not repeat the verse which you learned from Grandma's cider pitcher?" Mollie rose, and after a demure little courtesy, recited these lines:

"A little Health
A Little Wealth
A little House
And Freedom
And at the End
A Little Friend
And Little cause
To need him."

"I can say another," said Mollie; "I found it on a dear little pitcher at Cousin Mary's." She recited:

7. Little Abey's Posy-Holder: page 93.

[Pottery decorations in high relief: rich green glaze: Leeds, England: or possibly French.]

8. A Fulham Jug: page 98.

[Gres, incised decorations and deep blue foliage, etc.: G. R. under a crown in relief.]

"My heart is fixed
I cannot range,
I like my choice
Too well to change."

Benny Hall, fired with emulation, exclaimed, "Papa has a pitcher, with a picture called 'The Sailor's Return' on it, and some lines that don't rhyme much." He gave them thus:

"I now the joys of Life renew
From care and trouble free
And find a wife who's kind and true
To drive life's cares away."

"I recall at this moment," said old Dr. Morton, who retired not long ago from a professorship at —— College—"I recall a passage in one of the Satires of Juvenal, which lovers of ceramic art may quote in praise of the superiority of pottery to gold:

'Prima fere vota, et cunctis notissima templis,
Divitiæ ut crescant, ut opes; ut maxima toto
Nostra sit area foro: sed nulla aconita bibuntur
Fictilibus: tunc illa time, cum pocula sumes
Gemmata, et lato Setinum ardebit in auro.'

"Translate it, doctor; we don't know Greek in this club."

"Greek, my children! You shock me! It's Latin. It is a timely passage—humph—I wonder if there ever was a day when it was not timely. I will give you a translation made fifty years ago, when I was a boy, by my school-teacher. I don't think it was ever printed, but I remember it perfectly:

'First in the temple arches rise
Our prayers for this world's vanities.
"Forgive me"—no! but—"Give me more!
Much lands, much goods, increase of store.
See how my neighbor's coffers fill!
Lord, make mine seven times richer still."

'Fool! he from pottery cups who drinks
Drinks deep, nor e'er of poison thinks.
But when the costly wine and old
Burns in the cup of glowing gold,
Or when with gems the goblets shine,
Beware! There's danger in the wine!'

Other rhymes from pottery specimens were given. One was from a cream-ware pitcher on which is a black print of a marriage scene at Gretna, entitled *Gretna Green; or, the Red Hot Marriage:*

"Oh, Mr. Blacksmith, ease our pains,
And tie us fast in Wedlock's Chains."

Another is from a Liverpool pitcher, with masonic emblems:

"To judge with candor and to speak no wrong
The feeble to support against the strong
To soothe the wretched and the poor to feed
Will cover many an idle foolish deed."

Keats wrote an Ode on a Grecian Urn. I am not quite sure whether his urn was stone or pottery, but the enduring beauty of ceramic art was never more charmingly expressed than in this ode. He seemed to be thinking of his own memorable words, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." A few extracts will show its exquisite character:

"What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild extacy?

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on—
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone!
Fair youth, beneath the trees thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;

Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal; yet do not grieve—
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss;
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

"When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou sayest
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.'"

# V.

## DAISY FARM LETTERS.

In summer the club meetings were very irregular. Many of our members went to the country, some choosing the mountains, some the sea-side; one seeking a quiet, retired spot, another a gay watering-place. But wherever we went, let our footsteps turn whither they might, the interests of the club were never forgotten.

Ethelberta Lee—is it not a pretty, story-book kind of name?—went each summer to Daisy Farm, a spot which she describes as perfectly charming; and her letters from there, though not addressed to the club, nor entirely devoted to ceramics, were read at our meetings and filed among our archives, so I shall give them a place here. They are addressed to her cousin Walter in his hunting-lodge on Lonesome Lake, and by him forwarded to us.

### I.

I do not envy you when I read of your charming cabin life, the mountain snows, and cool, calm lake, though I am sure many a denizen of heated town and city does so.

Et ego in Arcadia! Ah, you should see my Zoar, my refuge from the heat, and smoke, and sin of modern Sodom! I shall not tell you where it is, nor what the road leading thitherward; it is mine by right of discovery, and I mean to keep it to myself just

now. Especially would I guard its secret from lovers of that art which old Izaak Walton styles "the most honest, ingenuous, quiet, and harmless art of angling." No cruel, hook-concealing fly (even though made by "Bernard, Piccadilly") shall dance upon the surface of my little brook; no Norris rod, with light and airy tip, shall throw over it its slender but ominous shadow. For I have a brook. It is a clear, babbling, chattering bit of water, bearing the musical Indian name of Pebbliwassee, suggesting by its very sound the smooth, round stones which we can see through the clear water; and there are fish in my brook, "fair, speckled trouties glintin' i' the sun;" but they shall not rise to any cast of yours.

I am not among the mountains, but there is a hill just behind our comfortable old house, which is really quite an elevation, and a long steep road takes one to its top; from which, though the view is not sublimely grand, one catches sweet, refreshing glimpses which rest and delight. Indeed, the villagers speak of it as "the mounting," and I often find myself calling it so. Neither am I in a log cabin, but in a pleasant, roomy farm-house, with cool, shady rooms, a vine-covered porch, and tall, glorious old elms before the door. Here abide Uncle Seth, a grand specimen of a sturdy, honest, kindly New Englander; his wife, Arethusa, commonly and lovingly called Aunt Thusy; their stalwart son, Jason —(did his fond mother see in the yellow down upon her baby's head the promise of a golden fleece? Alas! no gold so fiery red; no fleece so straight and wiry)—and their plump, rosy, moon-faced daughter, Cynthy. Here Cousin Bess and I are sojourning, eating sweet brown bread and golden butter, new-laid eggs and cottage cheese, and drinking rich, yellow milk. Here we are gaining day by day health, strength, and peace of mind in the woods and pure fresh air. It is a quiet spot, but we are never at a loss for employment or amusement, and ennui has no place here. True, we lack the intense excitement you anglers seem to find in "killing"

your gentle prey; but in our hunts for wild flowers there is a continual, though quiet, pleasure with which I would not willingly part. Our woods are rich in blossoms. During the last month I have found, besides six varieties of ferns—you know how I love their graceful fronds—the wild lady's-slipper or moccasin flower, blue flags, yellow lilies, clematis, azaleas, laurel of all tints, from purest white to deepest rose, pitcher-plants, wild roses, spireas, and many other flowers, some familiar and well known, some strange and new. In one shady hollow the ground is carpeted with moss, through which runs, or creeps, or strays the pretty mitchella or partridge-berry, with its round green leaves, waxen flowers, and scarlet fruit; and here we came suddenly, last week, upon a large group of those strange, unflower-like things, the Indian pipes, their stems, leaves, and blossoms all so white and fragile. We did not pluck them; they looked not out of place in the damp, dark hollow; but they are uncanny things, cold and clammy to the touch, and turning black and ugly almost as soon as gathered. Their botanical name of *Monotropa uniflora* is unknown to Daisy Farm, but the simple folk call them "ghost flowers," and I like the name. And the birds! More than I can tell you of. Gay bobolinks, saucy cat-birds, brilliant tanagers, flame-tinted orioles, the sweet-voiced thrush, vireos, and song sparrows flit around. And yesterday Jase (would the ancient Argonaut recognize him as a namesake?) brought us a young cow-bunting which had fallen from the nest, or perhaps had been thrust out by unfriendly foster-parents, and we have adopted the little waif. Do you remember Barnaby Rudge, my tame blackbird who trotted about the "Ferns" in days gone by, and rode so contentedly upon the train of my dress as I moved about that dear old home? Poor Barney! He fell a victim to *tobacco*. He was not addicted to the weed, but picking up a piece from the floor one day, he swallowed a morsel and it proved fatal. Oh, the tears I shed over

his cold little body with its glossy sable coat! How I breathed anathemas upon Raleigh and blessed King James. I buried him under the old apple-tree, treating with silent contempt Cousin Jack's suggestion that a cigar-box would be an appropriate coffin, and indignantly declining the tobacco-pouch he offered for a shroud, and on which he had written with mistimed levity "*Quid nocet docet.*"

Such a delicious dialect as is used at the farm! Never was *patois* richer! Aunt Thusy's sister, down at the "Middle," has been ill. This morning, meeting her son, I asked him if his mother was better. "Oh yes, marm," he answered, briskly; "she's pretty *current* now." Running about, circulating, I suppose. "I'll do it *to rights*," says Aunt Thusy when she means to hold out a promise of soon or presently attending to our wishes. "Got any saxifrax at *urus?*" asks a neighbor, and for a moment I am puzzled. The *sassafras* I jump at, but where is *urus?* But I soon see that the word is a convenient contraction for "your house," and am content. But the day draws near its close. Uncle Seth nods in his chair under the porch; Jase comes in with his pails of foaming milk; Aunt Thusy's quavering voice is heard from the dairy singing softly to herself—

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood;"

and quiet and peace steal into my soul. But I hear a sharp, querulous cry. My baby bunting is hungry and must have his supper. Good-night, gentle angler. May your lines fall in pleasant places, and, as sang old Thomas Weaver to his old friend Walton—

"Your reed afford such true content,
Delights so sweet and innocent,
As seldom falls unto the lot
Of sceptres, though they're justly got."

## II.

Do you love raspberries, O hermit of the lake? Not New York raspberries from the fruit-store around the corner, insipid, stale, and bruised; but great luscious berries, ruby-red, purple-black, and creamy-white, such as fill the quaint old saucer I have just placed on the grass at my side as I write. Ah! at the mention of that saucer your eye brightens and (metaphorically) you prick up your ears. What a keen scent has a china collector! Yes, we too have pottery and porcelain, or, in the nomenclature of the farm, "crockery and chany."

Though a member "in good and regular standing" of the "China Hunters," I am not, I fear, a very earnest votary of the ceramic art, and I had been here some days before I bethought myself of the pantry and the treasures it might possibly contain for my collecting friends. But as I sat one day on the broad stone step of the side door helping Aunt Thusy hull strawberries for shortcake, I was attracted by the bowl into which she was putting the crimson fruit. It was a queer old dish of coarse pottery, the ground a dingy white, decorated with large red and yellow flowers and dauby green leaves. Remembering a gesture I had repeatedly noticed in a ceramically-maniacal friend, I, imitating it, seized the bowl, and, reversing it quickly, tumbled the fresh red beauties, whose green collars had just been removed, upon the ground. Mortified, I replied to my hostess's astonished looks, "I was trying to see if there was anything on the bottom."

"No, I guess it's clean," responded the unsophisticated dame. "'Taint a very sightly dish, but I set store by it. It's a hundred year-old, fortino, and we allers call it the contribushing bowl." (See Ill. 3.)

"Why is that, Aunt Thusy?"

"Well, ye see, it b'longed to my mother. She was a Fairbanks,

one of the Fairbankses o' Kingston Hill; and gramper—he was old Cap'n Lot Fairbanks—he followed the sea, and one time he fetched this bowl home from a v'y'ge, and says he, 'Lucy Ann'—that's my mother, ye know—'Lucy Ann,' says he, 'ye may hev this for yer own, and ye needn't be borryin' yer ma's chany one enny more, to hold yer posies.' So ma she sot lots by that bowl, and she kep' it on the toppest shelf o' the dresser, and when company come she'd fill it with roses and pinks and laylocks and merrygoolds, and stick sparrergrass all 'roun the edge, for she was real tasty, ma was. She got married a year or two arter that to Square Mead's son, down to Horse Neck. He'd ben courtin' her e'enamost two year; and she went up to the Mills to live, five mile away. An' her husband, Joshwy Mead—that's my par, ye know—he was forehanded, and laid up money and bought a farm, and was real well to do. But Cap'n Lot—that's gramper—he was onlockey. He got the rheumatiz, an' couldn't go to sea enny more; an' the thunder killed his two oxen, and his pigs they strayed off down to Enoch Jones's store, an' foun' a tub o' cherries he'd emptied out o' the cherry-rum hogshead, an' they eat 'em, an' kinder staggered roun' an' swelled up an' died ('like their betters afore 'em,' gramper used to say). So the cap'n fell into difficulties, an' he wouldn't let on ter ma nor Joshwy, for he was a proud man, proud as Lucerfy.

"Then he went an' sold the old place, where he was born an' raised an' married, an' it nigh about broke his heart. Ma never heerd a breath about it, till one day Joshwy he came in, an' says he, 'Lucy Ann, Cap'n Lot's sold the old place.' Then he up an' tells her all about it, an' she cried an' took on so 's he had to give her a doste o' camphire. I was nigh on to three year old then. Well, the long an' short of it was that they talked it over, an' they both conceited they couldn't let the old folks stay out inter the cold, so they put their savins' an' arnins together, an'

Joshwy he went an' bought the house, unbeknownst to gramper, an' got the papers all made out; an' one day par sent the carry-all over for the old folks to come to tea at the Mills, an' they had everythin' real spruce an' nice, an' a good hearty meal for 'em; an' gramper he tried to be real chirk an' make 's though nothin' was wrong, for he was real high-sperrited; an' when I climbed up on his lap an' asked him to sing suthin', he struck up an' gin us 'A rose-tree in full barin'.' When he got through they was all a wipin' their eyes, an' par, says he, 'Hooray! les' take up a contribushing for the musiciener;' an' he was goin' to pass roun' his hat, but mar, says she, 'take the old bowl,' says she, an' par took it and he passed it roun', an' when he come to me I had a little kind o' figger in my haus I was a playin' with, a little chany figger gramper fetched me once from England, an' I dropped it in, a laffin', an it made a little crack right there, see? An' mar she put a little bag in, an' par he dropped in a paper.

"Well, gramper he took it all for fun, but he put on his specs an' opened the bag, an' there was twenty silver dollars ma 'd saved up, an' then he opened the paper, an' there was a deed o' the old place, givin' it all back to him. Well, well, deary me! It's many a year ago, but the times an' times I've heerd ma tell on it!" And the good old soul wiped her eyes, leaving a strawberry stain or two on her wrinkled, kindly face.

"I don't wonder you prize the bowl," I said; and then, with Machiavellian subtlety, I added, "And I should think you would have kept the little china figure you dropped into it."

"Better b'lieve I did!" said Aunt Thusy. "It's up in the corner cubberd now. Want to see it?"

I eagerly assented, and having finished our task, or what my hostess called, with an unintentional pun, the "hull job," we adjourned to the "corner cubberd." In what a state of excitement I watched the opening of that door. What discoveries was I

about to make? I understood the feelings of Cesnola and felt a keen sympathy with Schliemann. The old lady stepped upon a chair, and, taking from an upper shelf a small object, dusted it with her apron and gave it to me. It was indeed a "chany figger," a little porcelain shepherdess, exquisitely modelled and rich in coloring. I looked at the bottom. No mark.

"And this came from England?" I asked, turning it over and over as I spoke, and holding it up to the light.

"Yes, gramper put inter Liverpool that v'y'ge, an' stayed aroun' there a time, an' he picked that up somewhere for me to play with."

Just then I spied something on the pedestal upon which stood the graceful little *bergere.* Among the grass and flowers was plainly pencilled an anchor in gold. "Chelsea!" I cried. "Bess, Bess, here's a Chelsea figurine!"

"No, 'taint," said my old lady, "that come from cross seas, that did, an' never see Chelsy in all its born days. Aunt Jane Mariar lived to Chelsy, Massachusetts way, but she never had no figgers, an' if she had she'd never a gin' 'em away, for she's pretty *near*, is Jane ariar."

Tell me, O knowing connoisseur, am I right in thinking that this "figger" might bring back "after many days" the bread cast upon the waters in the shape of twenty silver dollars? There are other treasures at the farm—old Delft plates, Staffordshire teapots and cream-jugs, Lowestoft dishes, and one old Chinese bowl which would delight your heart.

But of these more anon. Cynthy blows the horn for dinner, and I must go.

Be sure that I shall enjoy the noontide meal, even though served on Delft platters and eaten from "blue dragon" plates.

## III.

Yes, I brought a few choice volumes with me, though I scarcely need them here. One evening I read aloud to the assembled household that delightful bit of travel "From Jaffa to Jerusalem," contained in Charles Dudley Warner's last book, "In the Levant." I wish that Mr. Warner's genial self could have witnessed the homely scene, and listened to the Farm comments, so fresh and original. We sat under the porch, facing the west, where the sun —a great golden orb—was slowly sinking down into a fleecy pile of rosy clouds, which were touched and softened and toned down by those other delicate cloud-tints for which we have no names. Around us came the broken stillness of a country twilight, when the innumerable sounds from insects, from the frogs, from rustling leaves, from softly rippling streams or musical water-fall, from gentle, drowsy notes of birds just going to rest, do not disturb but intensify the quiet. I sat upon the broad stone step. Bess, kneeling behind me, looked over my shoulder. Uncle Seth and Aunt Thusy occupied their capacious arm-chairs, he with red silk handkerchief thrown over his bald head to shield it from the flies, she sewing rags for carpeting (her only fancy work!). Jase stood near by hard at work on a whipstock, which he was shaping and polishing dexterously; while Cynthy, sitting on the milking stool, "picked over" currants for jelly and jam. All listened attentively. Uncle Seth enjoyed the scriptural allusions; and his first remark, when the reading was ended, was to the effect that "somehow, when he was a-readin' the Bible, he couldn't noways feel 's though Joppy an' Ninnyver an' them places was real flesh an' blood deestricks, like Yantic an' Quaker Hill."

"But you ain't a unbeliever, par," put in Aunt Thusy, anxiously; "you ain't lost yer 'surance?"

"No, no, Thusy; thare ain't ary word in the Scripters I don't

9. A China Craze: page 136.

[Worcester porcelain: decoration, deep blue: mark, a crescent.]

10. A Family Relic: page 140.

[Chinese porcelain: decoration in brilliant colors.]

b'leve; I'd stan' by ev'ry jit an' tottle. But then, I kinder like to have 'em strenthened by folks who's ben thare."

Cynthy was interested in the gifted writer of the article. Had I ever seen him? What for a lookin' man was he—dark or light complected? Did he at all favor Elnathan Briggs, the poet down at the Middle (better known as the "Excalibur" of the Swanville *Gazette*)? Was he a married man, etc., etc. I satisfied Cynthy to the best of my ability.

After a moment's pause, Jason drawled out slowly and impressively the following opinion: "Leb'nun must be a real woodsy place," and then subsided into silence.

"Cap'n Sile Chadwick, he went to Bible lan's," said Uncle Seth; "he was a-tellin' me how he put inter Malty one time. Malty 's the landin' Paul made in that gale, ye rec'lect. That's where he picked up chips an' kin'led a fire, an' a black snake 's big roun' ez my arm cum squirmin' out from ahind the back-log an' fassen'd onter Paul, an' bit his han'. An' them barbarious Malty folks, they conceited as how he wuz agoin' ter swell up with the pizen an' keel over dead. But Paul, he jest jerked his han' careless like, an' yanked the varmint right inter the blaze, an' never let on't he was scart."

Uncle Seth chuckled, and shaking his bald head, with its impromptu fez, admiringly added: "Oh, he was a cool han', Paul was—cool ez a cowcumber."

"Ellycumpane's good for snake bites," said Aunt Thusy, as she threaded her needle with an abstracted air. "I was over to Mis' Deac'n Fellowses one day, an' her little Ike—a little limb, if thare ever was one—he cum in, screechin' an' tearin' roun' like mad, an' we foun' out a snake had bit his toe. An' Mis' Fellows she was dreffle scart; but I jest made some Ellycumpane tea an' had him drink a hull bowlful hot, an' then I put a poultice o' hops an' sorrel on the bite, an' he was spry as a chipmunk nex' day."

"I liked that part about the convent, where Mister Warner an' his folks put up," remarked Cynthy, bashfully, stripping a whole bunch of ruby currants from their stems as she spoke. "I'd like ter be a nun, kinder dead to all things here below, ser false an' yet ser fair, each pleasur' hath its pizen too, an' ev'ry sweet its snare."

"Cynthy," said her mother, reprovingly, "don't go to temptin' Providence." (Cynthy has had her own little romance. Shall I tell you of it some time?)

Again Jason, the slow of speech, opens his lips. "Benaje Gladden don't b'leve that about Joner an' the whale. Sez none o' the boys down to Steep Holler takes stock in that narritive."

"Benajah Gladden's a scorfer," said Uncle Seth, severely; "an' so was his father afore him."

"Now, par," interposed Aunt Thusy mildly, "you allers had a grudge agin Simeon Gladden; but I never see but what he was a nice, well-spoken man enough."

"Yis, *yew* liked him," replied her husband, with a sly smile; "he was allers a-hangin' roun' ye, when ye was a gal, like a cat roun' a valerium bed. He gin ye a book one time—a book o' varses, rec'lect?"

"I got it now, an' a varse he writ hisself on the fust page."

"Oh, may I see it?" asked Bess; "I do dote on poetry!"

The old lady rose, laid down the big ball of woollen rags she had sewed and wound, and, going into the house, soon returned with a small, well-worn volume which she placed in Bess's hands. It was entitled "Hubert and Ellen, with other Poems, by Lucius M. Sargent," and was published by Wells & Lilly, Boston, 1812. On a fly-leaf was written, in a round, school-boy handwriting—

'Etarnity it is lasting,
Reality must decay,
Farewell, dear Arethusa,
For I must haste away.'—Simeon Gladden.

"May we see the rest of your old books, Aunt Thusy?" asked Bess.

"Certin sure, deary; there's some on the chimbly-piece in the keepin' room, an' more in the big chist in the garret."

Since that day Bess's time is fully occupied; you remember her taste for old books. I found her to-day in the broad window-seat of the "south chamber," in her lap a volume of the "Halcyon Luminary and Theological Repository, devoted to religion and polite literature," while all around her were piled old and dusty volumes. Here were Bellamy's "True Religion Delineated and Distinguished from all Counterfeits" and Jonathan Edwards's works, side by side with the "Children of the Abbey" and "Romance of the Forest." Here was an odd volume of "The Murderer, or the Fall of Lecas," and some stray numbers of the "Literary Visitor." "Daboll's Arithmetic" and "Morse's Geography" jostled Falconer's "Shipwreck" and Pollok's "Course of Time." There were newspapers, too; a file of the Connecticut *Mirror*, some New London *Gazettes*, and several copies of the Philadelphia *Aurora*.

"Where did you find these, Bess?" I asked.

"In the 'big chist' in the garret," she answered, without raising her eyes.

"Is there anything there besides books?"

"Nothing but some old dishes," replied Bess, with the faintest quiver of a smile about her lips.

Two minutes more and I was on my knees before the "big chist," eagerly rummaging among its contents. I found nothing very rare. There was an old platter of pottery in rich dark blue, with print of a "Winter View in Pittsfield, Mass." (see Ill. 4) (this was marked "*Clews Warranted Staffordshire*"), some willow-pattern plates; and a mug, which I take to be of Bristol glass, as Chaffers describes it as "of an opaque white body, paint-

ed in enamel colors, and much resembling porcelain." This was carefully wrapped in papers, and I think is prized; I shall some day sound Aunt Thusy as to the matter.

But my letter is too long. Let me close it with a quotation from my favorite volume among Bess's attic treasures, a dilapidated book of poems without a title-page, but full of quaint rhymes with an old-time flavor:

'Adieu, gay world of pomp and fashion!
I am glad to leave your pride and passion;
I to sweet rural scenes repair,
Shall taste content and comfort there.
Communing with Nature,
So fresh in each feature,
With birds and with trees
I will take my sweet ease.
In some quiet nook
With an edify'ng book (!)
I will almost forget how the vain world doth look.'

## IV.

We are enjoying a delicious diet at the farm just now. The early apples are ripe, and Aunt Thusy gives them to us baked, and served with cream, in a way of her own, which Soyer, Blot, or Mrs. Glasse could never equal. The fruit itself is delightful. I believe that every locality has its favorite apple, with a home-given name, not known twenty miles away. I know you remember the "Denison Reddings," of Stonington. What charming little apples they were: their glossy crimson skins covering an inside of white, veined and streaked with pink, and full of a delicate, spicy sweetness I have never since known! Well, we have here at the farm a tree of early apples, known as the "Husted

Sweets," and from this tree we gather the delicious yellow fruit, some of which is at this very moment simmering in the big kitchen oven, and sending out to me a savory odor as I sit here on the bench under the old buttonwood.

And the huckleberries are ripe. We saw such a profusion of them yesterday in our long walk to Steep Hollow. And we found there, too, our first cardinal flower (*Lobelia cardinalis*), just one spike of crimson fire sent up as a signal light to tell of the blaze of beauty which will soon be kindled along the brook-side. We brought the gay blossom home, with many a long wreath of clematis, purple gerardias, wild sunflowers, and red lilies; and the bouquet, in a stately Liverpool pitcher, on which is portrayed the "Father of our Country," is now adorning the "chimbly-piece" in the "best room."

There is a Liverpool mug here, too, which is interesting. It has a portrait of the "Honorable John Hancock" in black print. I rescued it from the kitchen, where—think of the sacrilege!—it was full of soft soap. (See Ill. 5.)

Jason brought me last week a humming-bird's nest. Such a fairy, tiny thing, scarce bigger than a thimble, made of moss and lichens, and lined with the soft brown wool from the cinnamon fern (*Osmunda cinnamonea*).

My bunting grows finely, and eats ravenously. We have another pet now, a "flying squirrel," presented to Bess by Iry, her youthful admirer. Iry is the boy who "does the chores" at the farm. His real name, as written in his dog-eared spelling-book, is Ira Galusha Stebbins, but he is always called Iry at the farm. The suns of some thirteen summers have bleached his tightly curling locks to a dull, yellowish white, and sown scores of freckles over his merry face, with its pale blue eyes and queer, upturned little nose. He admires Bess excessively, and overwhelms her with proofs of his devotion. This squirrel he brought from

the woods in the pocket of his jacket, and Bess is charmed with the acquisition. It is a queer little object, and goes flapping about the room, with its skinny arms (I will not call them wings; what have they in common with my bunting's plumy, glossy pinions?) outspread in a bat-like, weird way I cannot say I like. Bess calls it Peggy, and, on my inquiring the reason, informs me that the homely cognomen is the diminutive of Pegasus! Bess is still Bess, you see.

I must tell you of another of Iry's delicate attentions. On the "glorious Fourth" we were waked at dawn by the explosion of a whole pack of fire-crackers under our windows. These had evidently been purchased from "the store" down at the Middle, and fired as a salute by the gallant Iry.

As we left our rooms to go down-stairs, a wooden box upon the floor in front of Bess's door attracted our notice. Within it we found a small turtle—one of those whose black shells are adorned with yellow spots. But this was a wonderful creature, for his back was painted gorgeously in red and blue, and the word "SENTENYUL" shone thereon in brilliant white. So this curious reptile has been added to our collection of pets, and swims about contentedly in his tub of water, with its little island of pebbles and moss in the middle.

But Cynthy is *my* lover. I have had a peep into the girl's shy heart, and we understand each other. She has a world of poetry in her, this bashful, awkward young damsel, and a keen love of the beautiful. Many a little bunch of posies finds its way to my room, and I know the silent giver. Sometimes it is a few "'sturtium" blossoms of gold, amber, and flame, in a glass by themselves, or with only their own leaves of paly green; sometimes a bit of scarlet sage, with a blade or two of "striped grass;" and again a great, rich bunch of red and white clover, or mass of daisies, with graceful, feathery grasses relieving their stiffness.

She has noticed my liking for quaint pottery and my interest in her mother's "chany closet," and last week, on entering my bedroom after a long walk, I saw upon the little round table by the window the loveliest dish. It was a large bowl, its decoration seemingly a mass of flowers, insects, and quaint devices, in brilliant color. I had never seen anything just like it. But on examination I found it to be Aunt Thusy's salad-bowl, of cream or queen's ware, decorated by Cynthy's own skilful fingers. Gorgeous butterflies, gauzy wings of dragon-flies and katydids, brightly-tinted feathers, rose petals, tiny fern leaves, the things themselves, fresh from nature's hand, and not "scrap-pictures," were grouped together and fastened to the surface of the dish—I know not how—and then varnished or glazed over with some home-made preparation, till a charming effect was produced.

"Why, Cynthy," I exclaimed with enthusiasm to the bashful maid who stood just outside the door, "you are a second Hélène de Hangest!"

A sound of impish laughter was heard, and the irrepressible Iry, turning a spry somersault (*he* calls it a "somerset"), cried out shrilly, "A *which!* O Miss Ethelburty! I'll tell Aunt Thusy you're sassin' Cynthy."

I am glad you defend our Daisy Farm "fortino." That, with "farzino," is constantly in use here. It seems a pity to analyze the expressions and trace their origin, but Bess insists upon my writing them with apostrophic commas, to show that they are, respectively, contractions of "for aught I know" and "as far as I know." Many of Aunt Thusy's words are very expressive. Last night she was describing a peculiar appearance in the sky which she once witnessed—the aurora borealis, I presume—a bright place in the North, with "streaks o' light *spranglin'* out every which way." Then she told me of her once discovering suddenly that the cows were in the cornfield, doing some damage: "I was

a changin' my dress an' puttin' on a span clean caliker when I see 'em, an' I jest *slat my duds* an' run." Can you not see the old lady in her wild raid?

"I suppose that many of the wild plants here are medicinal, Aunt Thusy," I said to her the other day. "Sudsy me! most all on 'em. There's boneset 's awful good for colds an' roughnin' in the throat, an' hardhack for a strengthnin' tea, and daisies is hulsome for babies when they're kinder sickly an' pindlin', an' piny-toes for fits, an' elder-blows for goneness at the stummick, an' henbane makes a healin' 'intment, an' Injun turnip's for roshes an' tetters. Then there's dandylions for the jaunders, an' yarrer for the spleen, an' hoarhound for a hackin', an' thurrerwort for asmy, an'—sakes alive! I'd want a year'n a day to tell all the yarbs an' blows for doctorin'."

So we shall not suffer, you see, for lack of medicaments; for there is balm in our Gilead, though we have no physician here.

## V.

Did I not promise to tell you Cynthy's story? Well, you shall have it now; but let me forewarn you that it is no sensational romance, only an every-day, simple story from real life.

I had not regarded Cynthy as a heroine. Her straight flaxen hair, round, plain face, and pale gray eyes, were commonplace enough, and at first I looked no farther. But one day, Cynthy, in climbing over the stone-wall of the "upper lot," slipped and sprained her ankle. So, for a day or two, she was obliged to remain quietly in her own room, and there one day I went to seek her.

It was a neat little chamber; a bright rag carpet upon the floor, a tall, mahogany chest of drawers between the windows, with

handles of brightest brass, a "high post" bedstead with blue and white patchwork counterpane, snowy muslin curtains at the windows, and a general air of homely cheer and peace. After talking with the girl a little, as she sat in her straight-backed chair by a window around which morning-glories crept and blossomed, I wandered around the room, looking at its simple treasures of shells, birds'-nests, mosses, and pebbles.

In one corner stood a little round table, or stand, with one leg, which divided at the bottom with three claws.

Upon this was a snowy napkin on which rested a picture, three books, a small box, and a plate. The picture was the photograph —in a home-made rustic frame—of a young man with rather a clerical air, having long, dark hair brushed back from his narrow forehead, and a self-satisfied smirk upon his thin lips. The books were "Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy," "Poems, by L. E. L.," and "The Sorrows of Werther." Rather amazed at this literary selection, I turned to ask Cynthy about the books, when I perceived that her face was buried in her hands, and that she appeared to be crying. Fearing that her ankle was worse, I approached her. "What is it, Cynthia," I asked; "is the pain very bad?" and I laid my hand softly on her shoulder.

At the touch the girl removed her hands from her eyes, and lifting her plain, freckled face, all wet with tears, she exclaimed, "O Miss Ethelburty, did ye see his pieter?"

In a moment I seemed to understand, and—do not blame me too much, I am a woman—with my pity for the poor, tearful girl, mingled a kind of pleasure in the anticipation of a love-story. "Whose picture, Cynthia?" I asked, still keeping my hand caressingly upon her shoulder. "Him!" she cried, with a big sob, pointing one plump finger at the faded photograph. And then she eagerly, as though finding relief in the recital, told her simple tale.

"Well, ye see, there was a school down to the Middle last year, and there come a new teacher from Bostin. An' Deacon Fellers he come over to our 'us an' wanted ma to take the school-master to board. An' ma talked it over with me an' Jase an' pa, an' we all thought it was a good idee. An' so he come!

"O Miss Ethelburty, his pictur is good-lookin', but if ye could 'a just seen *him!* I never see any one like him, so tall, an' thin, an' pale: an' his hair all layin' back from his forrid, so black an' shiny. An' his eyes, they was black too, an' kinder wild lookin' —like Alonzer, the banditty in the story, flashin' like a falching, ye know. Then his hans was so little an' white, an' a ring on his finger, an' such a gentlemanly neektie, an'— Oh, I never, never see any one, outside a book, higher toneder lookin'.

"Well, he was real kind to me; he lent me books, an' he read to me, an' we took walks, an' picked posies, an' he pulled 'em to pieces an' told me 'bout the stamuns an' calluxes an' antherses; an' he called me sech butiful names, 'untewtered maid' an' 'rustic nimp' an' sech; an' he was the fust one, the very fust, that ever put an ur on my name, jest like you do."

"An *ur!*" I exclaimed, quite puzzled.

"Yes'm, an *ur*, Cynthy-ur, 'stead o' Cynthy, ye know. An' he writ some verses in my album, sech splendid lines, as good as Mr. Tupper in the book there. I'll say 'em to ye." And with a bashful air and scarlet cheeks she began:

"Fair vilet 'neath a mossy stun,
O umble little fleower,
Envy not theou the stately rose
Within her leafy beower.

"Though lifts the rose her bucheous head
Far, far above thy nest,
I druthur wear *thy* gentle bloom
Upon my blasted breast."

At the last line her voice broke, and the "blasted breast" burst out in one spasmodic sob. Then she went on:

"Well, I know I was foolish, but I never see any young men afore, only Benaje Gladden and Joe Chadwick an' them. An' this teacher he warnt a bit like them fellers, an' he talked to me jest as the lovyers do in books—like Sir Hydalgo talkin' ter Lady Belvidery, or Roderick the Pirate o' the Bloody Flag when he carries off Elooezer Montalbut. An' I—O Miss Ethelburty—I set so much by that man I couldn't do enough for him. I mended his stockings an' sewed on his buttons, an' I hemmed him some hankerchives an' put a O (his given name was Oliver) in the corners; an' I made cake an' pies an' dough-nuts for him; an' I give him my savin's-bank full o' money for the meetin'-house he was goin' to build out West—he was studdyin' for the ministry; an' I'd a give him my head if he'd a wanted it, I thought *that* of him! He give me them books on the stand, an' that pictur, an'—," with a fresh burst of tears, "that's the box he used ter keep his paper collars in!

"Ye see that plate with the posy on it. It says on the back *Winter Hellebore:* that's the name o' the pictur. It used to be mar's, but she's give it to me now. (See Ill. 6.) I asked her for 't, cause—cause—he et off of it time an' time agin. An' every time when he'd got through his victuals an' took up his last knifefull o' pie or short-cake he'd look at me with his black eyes rollin' an' say, loud and hash-like—so I'd most jump—

'An' Hellebore to cool my reelin' brain.'

Oh, t'would make you all goose-flesh to hear him.

"He told me how he was o' nobil blud, an' how there was a dark mystry all roun' him, an' how he was kinder disgized like; an' he n'rated a story 'bout a king named Cophetchy, an' how he dressed up like a tramp or somethin', all rags and jags, an' made

up to a poor girl an' married her, an' never let on he was a king till they was goin' to housekeepin', and then—well I don't rightly rec'leet jest what he said, but he kinder made me think he meant me an' him, and when I got red as a beet an' turned my head away, he up an' says, 'Trembil not, my aspin,' an' somethin' about how my head was made for a currynet. I was a big fool, that's what I was, to think I was fit for him, but I—liked him! I never thought o' anythin' else from day's end to day's end. I couldn't git away from thinkin' on him any mor'n that mornin'-glory vine can git away from climin' an' windin' an' stickin' to that winder frame. An' if he took my han' inter hisn an' said somethin' about 'this han' o' honest tile,' an' how it orter 'wield a septer,' I'd jest shake all over like a cramberry bog. An' when he'd look at me outer them eyes as black as huckleberries, an' give a kinder wild shake to his head, so that his hair would fly out like old Zip's mane, I wouldn' a ben s'prised to hear he was a juke or a shar o' pershy!

"But one day he come home from the Middle, an' he looked like a ravin', distracted man. He asked me to come down to the woods, an' I come, an' then he says, lookin' all pale an' sollum, an' hittin' his forrid with his han', says he, 'Gyurl, the hour hes come! My fate,' says he, 'is upon me!' I was so took aback I couldn't say a word, an' I kinder leaned up 'gainst a tree, an' he says again, 'The hour hes come! I must away!' Then I spoke up quick like, an' I says, 'O, Mr. Oliver, air you goin'?'

"An' he took my han's and squeezed 'em so frien'ly like, an' says so sad and sollum, 'Cynthy-ur, I can't choose my own road. A brillyunt destiny is mine. Rank,' says he, 'an' power,' says he, 'an' gold,' says he, 'awaits me. I go, but—' an' he stopped.

"My heart jumped like the dasher in a churn, an' I felt kinder sick an' weak. 'But,' says he, 'I leave my happiness ahind me. Deown in this lowly vale,' he went on ter say, 'I leave the fleower

11. Fulton's Steamship (?): page 158.

[Staffordshire pottery: red print.]

I onct hoped to wear upon my blasted breast. I clime to lofty heights, and I must go untrammilled; farewell, sweet maid.'

"An' he went, Miss Ethelburty, he went, an' I never see him any more. I told ma an' pa I druther they wouldn't speak to me 'bout him, but, says I, he is the best an' greatest o' men, an' he isn't for folks like us.

"But Jase he come to me nex' day, an' says he, 'Cynthy, if that taller candle of a feller hez been aplayin' fast an' loose with you, say the word, an' I'll lick him within a inch o' his life.' But I told him Mr. Oliver had been as kind as kind to me, an' so he settled down."

A long pause, and the girl lay still. Then "Miss Ethelburty," said she, slowly and musingly, "I dream o' him nights. An' he aint as he was here, in his black store-clothes an' his shiny shoes an' his little cane; but he's on a big throne an' a purpil gown on, an' a septer. But his hair is just as long an' smooth, an' his eyes as black, an' he looks at me so sad an' sollum, as if ter say, ''Taint my fault; I tried to make ye fit for me. I hefted ye an' foun' ye wantin'. Good-bye, Cynthy-ur.' An' I wake up a-cryin' an' cryin' till my head's all stopped up, an' I says real soft ter myself—for Jase sleeps in the nex' room—I says, 'Good-bye, Mr. Oliver. I don't blame ye a mite. I allers knew ye were too good for me, an' I won't never—true as I live an' breathe—blame ye, or be sorry ye come to the farm. Good-bye, Mr. Oliver,' says I, very soft, ye know, 'cause o' Jase — an' droppin' off ter sleep, with my head all stopped up an' my handkercher soppin' wet, I most hear him say again, 'Good-bye, Cynthy-ur.'"

## VI.

Mr.——'s picture of the cabin was highly approved at the farm, where it was on exhibition for a day or two. Aunt Thusy put on her "specs" for the better examination of the painting. "I declare for 't if that aint a cute little house! See the posies all aroun' it, an' that nice stoop to set on, an' the washin'-water so handy, an' plenty o' hitchin'-places for the cloze-line a washin'-days, an' kinlin'-wood an' back-logs right to yer hans. But sakes alive, where's the nabors? It looks kinder lonesome."

Uncle Seth took a nearer view, putting his face close to the painting, shutting one eye and assuming the air of a connoisseur. "I swanny!" he cried, with an appreciative jerk of his head, "that painter feller's a master han' at doin' picturs. Good paint that is, tew; nun o' yer cheap, hum-made cullers. See that red on the logs thar? Well, that's the real turkey-red ye read about, an' on them pine-trees he's got the gennwine verdygrease green. An' I tell ye that man used good brushes; takes fine bristles to lay paint on that way. Don't look much like Lot Sackett's work, he 'twos painter down to Greenville when I was a boy. He made a sign for Square Adams's tavern—the Adams House they called it—an' he went ter put on Adam an' Eve an' the apple-tree. An' if he didn't go an' fix up Adam in a blue coat an' buff trowses, an' he gin Eve a stripid caliker gownd! 'Twant yer idee o' Adam an' Eve a speck. So old Square Adams he was tearin' mad, an' he pitched inter Lot till he went an' painted a hatchet inter Adam's han', and called the picter George Washin'ton an' the cherry-tree; an' Eve she done well enough for old Mis' Washin'ton, an' so the tavern went by the name o' the Washin'ton House for nigh twenty year."

"Oh, it's splendid!" cried Cynthy, clasping her plump hands; "the mountins an' the pond an' the woods, an' them clouds a

sailin' round atop, an' the sky ser blue, an' everythin' ser still like. Why, it's ser natral I can most hear the frogs a peepin'. I'd a liked to live in that 'umble cot if—" her voice fell, and I alone caught the words—"if *he'd* a foun' me good enough for him."

It was a long time before Jason expressed his opinion, but when it came it was a weighty one. "That man in the boat thar 's agoin' to fish for bull-heads. Bait 's dug. Worms. Bull-heads aint handsome to look at, but they're a pretty good relisher. I et a chowder oncet made outer bull-heads an' punkin seeds an' lamper eels. 'Twant very flavory, but 'twas fillin'."

"Have you any more old dishes, Aunt Thusy?" I said the other evening, as I watched her wipe and put away in the roomy closet the "blue-dragon" plates from which we had just eaten our delicious supper; "anything, I mean, that you have never shown me."

"Lemme see," said the old lady, musingly. "You've seed the soft-soap cup, an' the George Washin'ton pitcher, an' the contribushing bowl, an' the chiny doll-baby, an' the old blue plates, an'—an'—yes, I guess you've seed everythin' I got. No! you ain't neither; I forgot."

Her voice trembled, a change I could not read came over her dear old face as she whispered, "Come inter my bedroom, deary, an' I'll show ye my posy-holder." I followed her to the chamber, which opened from the "keepin'-room," and there upon the wall, under a coarsely painted picture of a child, hung an old piece of pottery. (See Ill. 7.) It was a kind of jardinière in the form of a cornucopia, covered with a brilliant green glaze, with a raised head of Ceres in front, and other ornaments in relief. I cannot place it; it is not marked. It may be English. I have seen Leeds pottery in similar shapes. And again it may be French or Italian. It held a bunch of dandelions, evidently freshly gathered, and contrasting vividly in their golden yellow with

the "posy-holder's" green tints. Aunt Thusy touched the flowers caressingly with her fingers, rearranged them lovingly, then dusted with her apron the glass over the picture. "I allers keep dandylions in it," she said, softly; "he liked 'em. He'd creep out an' pick 'em when he wasn't much bigger 'n a hop-toad. I keep real live ones in the posy-holder all summer, an' when winter comes I've got some make-b'leve ones Cynthy made, an' I put 'em in for him. He allers liked 'em, little Abey did."

"Who was little Abey, Aunt Thusy?"

"I'll tell ye bimeby, when we've settled for the evenin'," she said.

The air was chilly that night, and we had a fire lighted in the "keepin'-room." As we sat in the cheery glow, Aunt Thusy said, almost in a whisper, "Seth, would ye mind my tellin' the young ladies about little Abey?"

Uncle Seth did not reply, and I, thinking that he had fallen asleep in the genial warmth, said softly again, "Who was little Abey, Aunt Thusy?"

"He was our fust baby, deary; an' he died when he was short o' four year ole. But I can see him jest as plain as print this minnit, with his yaller hair curlin' up tight, like dandylion-stems when ye split 'em an' wet 'em, an' his eyes bluer nor any bluin'-bag could make 'em, an' his mouth like a little cinnymun rose. I never see a baby like him; I said so from the fust, when pa put him in my arms, so little an' pink as he was, an' says a laughin', though the water stood in his eyes, 'Take yer little cub, Thusy.'

"He warn't very strong, never; he didn't look sickly nor pindlin', but he warn't rugged. He was quiet-like an' diffunt from other chillun. He'd set most all day in his little chair a watchin' me do my work, an' ev'ry time I turned roun' to see if he was all right he'd smile up to me; an' I coulden' tell ye how

all-over that smile o' his'n made me feel. kinder good, an' yit as if it hurt somewheres, an' I'd stop my work whatever I was a doin' an' hug him up to me a minnit. An' he'd say seeh wise things, so old-fashioned like. Pa used ter tell him stories—he beats all at stories, pa does, more partic'lar stories outer Scripters—an' one time he tells him 'bout Cain an' Abil. Now the baby was named Abil hisself, an' so he lissened just as sharp, an' when pa cum to where Cain hit his brother an' killed him dead as a door nail, his little month puckered, an' the tears they come a rollin' down his face, an' he says, 'Poor Tain!' says he, 'Poor Tain!' 'Why it's Abil that's dead,' says pa, 'an' Cain he was the bad 'un that killed him.' But it didn't make no diffunce, the little creeter kep' a sayin' 'Poor Tain! Abey gone ter hebben, hab good time. *Poor* Tain!'

"We coulden' make up our min's what that boy 'd be when he grew up. Sometimes we'd make it out he'd be a book-maker, 'cause he was so set on books. He'd take the Pilgrim's Progress an' turn it over an' over jest as if he could make it all out; an' he'd pick out Robison Crusoe outer the hull pile o' books, jest by the blue kiver. An' agin, we'd conceit he'd be a picter-painter, for he'd spen' hours a drawin' with a piece o' chalk. An' he'd make seeh cute little housen outer blocks an' spools, an' then his pa would have it he was agoin' to be a builder; an' when he'd sail chips aroun' in the wash-tub, then there was nothin' for 't but he mus' be a sailor, a cap'n or seeh.

"But Abey he didn't grow strong an' rugged. He looked scrawny an' bleached like, an' wouldn't run aroun' an' play, nor do anythin' but set still. An' he was allers a sayin', 'I'm tired, pa; I'm tired, ma.' We might hole him in our laps, or lay him on his trundle-bed, or set him in his stuffed chair, it didn't make no diffunce; he kep' on sayin', 'I'm tired, ma; tired, pa.'

"I'd a gin everythin' I had in this livin' world if I could a

foun' ary way to rest that baby. Sometimes I'd fix him so nice in my arms, with his curly head a layin' right on my shol'er, an' my face down on his'n, an' I'd say, 'O, Abey, ye aint tired now? Ye air cumfutable now a layin' in ma's arms?' An' he'd smile up ter me an' put up his han' an' stroke my face, but he'd say, 'Lickle tired, ma; lickle tired.'

"Seemed 's if his pa coulden' abear it, he was that onreconciled. 'God A'mighty might fin' sum way o' restin' sech a little mite of a cosset as Abey,' says he. 'Ye mus' keep a askin' him, pa,' says I; an' many's the time I've heerd him git up in the night an' whop down on his knees an' say, a cryin' an' cryin', 'O God, little Abey aint got no rest yit; do jest stop his bein' tired somehow.'

"But he got tireder an' tireder, an' kep' a dwindlin' an' pindlin', an' at las' there cum a day when he gin up an' was jest clear beat out. He got outer his trundle-bed, an' he tried to walk, but he went sozzlin' one side an' tother, an' most tumbled down, an' I ketched him up an' laid him on the bed, an' called his pa. An' there we set an' set an' looked at him, an' heered him say over an' agin, 'I'm tired, pa; tired, ma,' till our hearts was most a bustin'. The doctor he cum an' gin him suthin, an' shook his head an' went away, an' there we sat a lookin' at him, an' soppin' the sweat off his forrid, an' fannin' him, an' tryin' to smile back again when he looked up so sweet; an' fin'ly he opined his two eyes wide, an' he looked right up at the plasterin', an' the tired kinder slipt off his face, an' there cum a shiny light all over it, an' he says right out as clear an' sweet as a bobbylink, says he, 'Aint tired, ma; aint tired, pa,' an' then he laid his little white cheek down on his mite of a han', an' he shet his long eyewinkers down over his blue eyes, an' he never stirred agin.

"An' Seth he whopped down on his knees, an' he screeched out, 'No, no, God, not *that* a way! I didn't mean for ye to rest him *that* a way.'

"An' I got right down by him, an' says I, a sobbin' an' cryin', says I, 'Yes, ye did, pa; ye didn't know it, but ye meant it all the time. 'Twas the on'y way,' says I, 'an' God knew 'twas.'

"An' little Abey warn't tired no more, an' I was glad o' that. But now he's had a good long rest, an' I do want ter see him bad!"

And the dear old woman wiped her eyes, which glistened in the fire-light with those rare tears the aged shed, while Uncle Seth gave a choking sob, and starting up, "'Scuse me!" said he, "I'm the beater for snorin'!"

# VI.

## PERSONALITIES ABOUT POTTERS.

Mr. Chase came in one evening in a state of wild excitement. He had found in an old farm-house not four miles away what he felt assured was a genuine old Fulham jug. It was of the same gray ware of which our common crocks are now made, with a lead glaze. On it were incised decorations in leaf and scroll patterns, colored with rich dark blue. In front was an oval, in which were the letters G. R. under a crown in relief. (See Ill. 8.) The letters were discussed in the club, and it was agreed that they must refer to George Rex, the first of the English Georges. These jugs are now very confidently assigned to the pottery founded by Dr. Dwight at Fulham, and are the English successors of the common *Grès* of the Continent, of which the Bellarmines, or greybeards, are well-known examples. It is probable that Dr. Dwight made Bellarmines too.

Mr. Chase, in exhibiting the jug, spoke of the remarkable history of Dr. Dwight, who stands first in date on the roll of eminent English potters, and the conversation ran on anecdotes of various distinguished ceramists. The subject proved so interesting that a meeting of the club was appointed to continue it, and so it occurred that when we next assembled several members were ready to talk personalities about potters.

Mr. Chase opened the subject by telling us what he had promised concerning Doctor Dwight, who, in 1671, patented his dis-

covery of "the mistery of transparent earthen-ware, commonly known by the names of Porcelain, or China, or Persian ware."

"Dr. Dwight," he said, "seems to have been a man of learning and ability. He was a graduate of Oxford, and was secretary successively to more than one Bishop of Chester. But he had his peculiarities, and among them was a passion for hiding away in odd corners and nooks his money, models, tools, moulds, etc. He had a squirrel-like way of secreting in holes his treasures, some of which are doubtless still undiscovered, though many have been unearthed. The following entries in some private books and memoranda, lately discovered, testify to this trait:

'1693, 9ber.—In ye garret in a hole under ye fireplace, 240 G. (guineas) in a wooden box.

'In ye old Labouratory at the old house, in two holes vnder the fireplace on both sides ye ffurnace, in 2 half-pint Gor. couered 460.

'Behind ye doore of the little parlour old house in a corner, some mill'd money.

'In ye same little parlour behind some boxes just going into ye kitchen, some mill'd money.

'Between a little ffurnace & great one that joynes to ye oven behind shouels & forks, some Gui.

'Close by those shouels w$^{th}$ in a hole into ye vent of ye same large ffurnace, Gui.

'In two holes of that great furnace running in almost to the Ouen, 2 boxes full of mill'd money. May be drawn out w$^{th}$ a long crooked Iron standing behind ye kitchen door.

'1698.—Vnder ye lower shelfe in ye kitchen near ye Ouen, 2 cans couered.

'In several holes of ye furnace in ye middle of the kitchin, opening at ye top where ye sand lyes, is a purse of 100 gui. & seurall Cans couered.

'At ye further End End of the bottome hole of my furnace in the little parlour, a box of 200 l.'

"Some years ago, while workmen were digging foundations for new buildings on the site of the old Fulham works, a vaulted chamber was discovered which had been securely walled up, and on being

opened it was found to contain a number of stone-ware graybeards, or Bellarmines, and ale-pots, evidently of Dwight's manufacture.

"Cookworthy, of Plymouth, had also his eccentricities. He was an earnest believer in the magical powers of the divining-rod, with which he became acquainted through the Cornish miners, while pursuing his experiments with the Cornwall clays. He wrote a dissertation upon its properties and uses, entitled 'Observations on the Properties of the Virgula Divina.' His faith was so strong that he did not hesitate to invite scholars and men of science to witness the wonderful rod's operations, and if his experiments failed, he had always an explanation of the mishap, satisfactory at least to himself. He at one time invited Dr. Johnson and Dr. Mudge to listen to a discourse upon the magic wand and witness some experiments. Having affirmed that the rod would at once indicate the whereabouts of any metal whatever, its quantity, or at whatever depth beneath the ground's surface it was hidden, it was agreed to make an examination in the garden of Mr. Cookworthy's house. The cunning doctors contrived to have a large iron mortar, used in the chemist's own laboratory, buried in a corner of the garden. The rod was set to work, and soon decided that there was no metal existing there. The cruel doctors then, in the presence of Cookworthy, dug out the mortar, to prove the fallibility of the divining-rod. But its owner and defender, in nowise disconcerted, cried out, 'Ah, but that's an amalgam; my rod has no sympathy with amalgams.' Mr. Cookworthy was also a disciple of Swedenborg, some of whose works he translated, and a preacher among the Society of Friends. In a letter written by him to 'Richard Hingston, Surgeon, in Penryn,' he thus discusses the practices of some of his Quaker brethren:

'We have of late been very barren in news. But, a few days since, we had certain advice that Admiral Martin's squadron had taken a very rich ship from the Havannah, though the captain from whom Chas. De Voigne hath

received a letter says she came from St. Domingo. 'Tis allowed, however, that she hath a good deal of money on board, and so it is likely she may have been at both places. Chas. De Voigne tells me that Cape Breton is of such consequence to the French that they cannot do without it, and we may depend upon their exerting their utmost endeavor to retake it; and if they should be unsuccessful, would never make peace without its rendition. We had lately a very considerable sale here for the cargoes of the prizes taken by Martin's squadron some time since, and that of the *Elephant*. J. Colesworthy was at it, and bought a very large quantity of sugars on commission, as well as another Friend from London, whose name is Jonathan Gurnell. We must not be at all surprised at this, it being, by what I can find, a settled maxim that Friends may deal in prize goods. For on my attacking Friend Jewel for being concerned in the purchase of the *Mentor*, which he bought in partnership with Dr. Dicker and Lancelot Robinson, he pleaded in his justification that Friends at London were clearly of opinion there is no harm in it; and that Jno. Hayward, a preacher, had given him a commission to buy prize Havannah snuffs. And brother Fox, who has done something in this way too for the good of his family, acquaints me that Friend Wilson when here seemed to be quite ignorant of anything wrong in the practice, and only advised in general that Friends should not act against their convictions. I am not at present disposed to make reflections, and therefore shall only say that I hope I shall be kept clear of it, as I believe it would bring a cloud over my mind.'

"Cookworthy was an excellent chemist, an accomplished astronomer, and an ardent follower of old Izaak Walton. When he died, at the age of seventy-five, a touching 'testimony' to his character was given at the Friend's monthly meeting."

"Of course," said Lizzie Banks, as she opened one of two large volumes which lay in her lap, "you are sure that I will speak of my hero, Josiah Wedgwood. But do not be alarmed, I will not give you the whole of his history, but only read from Miss Meteyard a few passages relating to his courtship and marriage. His wife was the daughter of a distant cousin, Richard Wedgwood, of Spen Green, in Cheshire. This Richard had two brothers, John and Thomas, and Miss Meteyard writes:

'At this date, John and Thomas Wedgwood of the Big House were both bachelors, of the respective ages of fifty-five and fifty-three. They had led necessarily such lives of incessant industry, in bringing forward many improvements and in opening out their great trade (they were potters), as to have had little time to form domestic ties. Their house had been kept by a maiden sister, named Mary, who, dying about this time, the younger brother married, and a family grew around him. But, alike in the days of married as in those of bachelor life, the then famous red-brick house of Burslem was a very hospitable place; and amongst the guests who occasionally came there was their brother, Mr. Richard Wedgwood, of Spen Green, in Cheshire. He had, as already stated, made a large fortune as a cheese-factor; and now, retired from business, led the simple life of a country gentleman. His wife had been long dead; but he had children, a son and a daughter. To the young lady he had given an education far above the average of that then accorded to women. She wrote and spelt well; she had a keen and accurate judgment, which under after-cultivation rose in its degree; and there is that in her countenance, as preserved to us in the Cameos, which indicate a great natural sense of beauty and form. The long thread of artistic cultivation through the line of her forefathers had left its traces here, and with very pregnant results, as we shall see.

'Sarah Wedgwood was one of those happily constituted women who can rise equal to superior fortune if it come, and yet lose sight of no utility necessary to its beginning. She was an admirable housewife; could make wine and confections, and spin flax with any of her neighbors. The days were close at hand when, happily, the spinning-wheel was to be dismissed to the lumber-room, and better employment assigned to her by him who was to rule her life; but at present she presided over her father's house. He was devotedly attached to her; and the pleasant tradition is that when he came riding in fine weather to Burslem, to see his brothers at the Big House, Sarah would sit on a pillion behind him, whilst the old serving-man followed on a farm horse. Once in her uncle's house, the young potter—who was working so near at hand in laying the foundation, to him as yet unconsciously, of an imperishable fame—was sure, when a leisure hour afforded time, to be a guest; and thus an attachment grew up between the distant cousins, whose great-grandfathers on the paternal side had been sons of that Gilbert Wedgwood who, just a century and a half before, had married the rich co-heiress of Thomas Burslem.

12. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad: page 162.

[Dark blue print, on pottery: marked E. Wood & Sons, Burslem.]

13. Parson Pierson's Idol: page 191.

[Chinese ivory-white porcelain: figure commonly called the Dog Fo.]

'Then there came Christmas junketings, and harvest and haymaking feasts, when, for once in a way, the young potter left his experiments, his models, his lathes, and his ovens, and, mounting his favorite horse, Toffy, took the ten-mile road to the farm-house at Spen Green.'

"The next reference to this lady occurs in speaking of an accident which befell Josiah Wedgwood while on a journey, on account of which he was laid up at an inn in Liverpool for a long time."

'With that generous regard to others' feelings so characteristic of his kindly and unselfish nature, Mr. Wedgwood must have made light of his sufferings and confinement to his distant friends; as there were those amongst them who would have instantly hastened to his side. His brothers, Thomas or John, or his kindly relations in Newcastle, Mr. and Mrs. Willet, Mr. Wedgwood's mother who was yet alive, and resided still at the Church-yard house, and her widowed daughter, Mrs. Byerly, must have wondered too at his unusual absence; but as soon as his state permitted, he wrote and disarmed their worst fears. There was one more anxious still, his "dear girl," his "loving Sally," in the quiet farm-house at Spen Green; but the postman from Congleton often brought her a letter, and so she consoled herself with looking forward to "Jos's" return.'

"On January 9th, 1764, Wedgwood writes as follows to his friend Bentley:

'I hoped by waiting a post or two to be able either to tell you of my happiness, or at least the time I had expected to be made so; but, O Grief of Griefs! that pleasure is still deny'd me, and I cannot bear to keep my friend in suspence any longer, though I own myself somewhat asham'd & greatly mortify'd, to be still at bay from those exalted pleasures you have often told me, & I am very willing to believe, attend the married state. If you know my temper & sentiment on these affairs, you will be sensible how I am mortify'd when I tell you I have gone through a long series of bargain-making, of settlements, reversions, provisions, &c., &c. Gone through it—did I say? Wo$^{d}$ to Hymen I had. No! I am still in the attorney's hands, from which I hope it is no harm to pray "*good L$^{d}$ deliver me!*" Miss W. and I are perfectly agreed, and could settle the whole affair in three lines & so many min-

utes; but our Pappa, over-careful of his daughter's interest, wo^d, by some demands which I cannot comply with, go near to separate us, if we were not better determin'd. On Friday next Mr. W. & I are to meet in great form, with each of us our attorney, which I hope will be conclusive. You shall then hear further from Your obliged & very affectionate fr^d,

'JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.'

"On the 23d of the same month he writes again:

'All matters being amicably settled betwixt my Pappa (Elect) and myself, I yesterday prevail'd upon my Dear Girl to name the day, the blissfull day! when she will reward all my faithful services. . . . In three words, we are to be married on Wednesday next. On that auspicious day, think it no sin to wash your philosophic evening pipe with a glass or two extraordinary, to hail your friend, & wish him good speed into the realms of matrimony. Adieu, my good friend. I am very busy to day, that no business may intrude on my pleasures for the rest of the week. . . . Can you write two letters of congratulation on one joyfull occasion?'

"Miss Meteyard says, 'No particulars of the wedding are extant, though it was solemnized by licence on the day named, Wednesday, January 25th, 1764, in the fine old parish church of Astbury, in the presence of the bride's father, Richard Wedgwood, Mr. John Clark, and other friends.' 'The wedding-party must have proceeded to church on horseback or in vehicles, as Spen Green lay some way off; it was also the depth of winter, and the roads in this part of Cheshire were notoriously bad. Cottages and farms lay around the church, and supplied gazers enough, we may be quite sure, as the little procession passed the fine gateway which gives entrance to the church-yard, and thence into the church itself.' 'The ceremony over, there was the joyous return home; Josiah Wedgwood no longer a solitary man, but with the good angel of his life now forever by his side. Then came feasting and merry-making enough; for the bride's father was, if cautious and careful, a genial, hospitable man, and amends

were thus made for the morning's journey through execrable roads.'

"In the following May, Mr. Wedgwood closes a letter to Bentley with the significant words, 'Accept the best respects of two married Lovers, happy as this world can make them.'

"In January, 1765, Josiah Wedgwood's first child was born, a daughter, Susannah; and in February he writes to his brother John, thanking him for a contribution to the christening feast, in shape of lobsters. He says:

'We entertain some hopes of haveing the pleasure of your company this spring, which I doubt not you will find very salutary, especially as we have now got such pretty employment for you. Sukey is a fine, sprightly lass, & will bear a good deal of dandleing, & you can sing lulaby Baby—while I rock the cradle..... We have now added another Christian to our family, & her Mamma, who is very well, is privately churched, but the weather is too bad to carry her to our Abbey at present. Your Lobsters made an elegant dish, were extreme good; pleased my Daddy vastly, who stay'd with me three days on the occasion, and was as usual very merry & very good company. Tell John Wedgwood, says the old gent$^{n}$, that I drink his health, & thank him for his Lobsters; they are very fine, & a creature that I like.'

"His daughter, Susannah, lived to be the mother of Charles Darwin. In March of the same year Mr. Wedgwood writes to his brother:

"'I have just begun a course of experiments for a white body & glaze which promiseth well hitherto. Sally is my chief helpmate in this as well as other things; & that she may not be hurried by haveing too many *Irons in the fire*, as the phrase is, I have ord$^{d}$ the spinning-wheel into the Lumber-room. She hath learnt my characters, least to write them, but can scarcely read them at present.'

"May, 1765, to the same he writes: 'Sally says your niece Sukey is worth your coming 150 miles to see; but she may see & talk like a Mother.'

"From this time onward we again and again see proofs of the harmony and perfect sympathy which existed between this loving pair. In 1768 Mr. Wedgwood, having suffered from childhood with an affection of the knee, submitted to amputation of his leg.

"His wife sustained and cheered him through this trial, administering his medicines, dressing his wounds with her own hands, writing his letters, and attending to his business affairs, 'and through her serene cheerfulness greatly hastened his recovery.' Yet at this very time her baby, a boy of ten months old, lay very ill, and soon after died, the faithful wife, for her husband's sake, 'concealing, as far as possible, her weariness and sorrow.'

"Her taste was excellent, and her husband consulted her constantly in regard to his work. 'The Pyramid flower-pots,' he writes, 'dress with flowers so excellently that my wife says they must sell when their good qualities are known.' 'I speak from experience in Female taste, without which I should have made but a poor figure amongst my Potts; not one of which of any consequence is finished without the approbation of my Sally.'

"In 1769 he was threatened with blindness, and for some time his anxiety and suffering were great. His wife at first acted as amanuensis, but was called away to her aged father, who lay ill at Spen Green. Thus he was left in loneliness and grief, and speaks sadly in his letters of this separation. Later he writes: 'But let me turn from this dark scene & tell you that my good father continues to recover without much interruption, & I hope will be able to come down-stairs, and spare me my wife again in a short time, which will be a great comfort to me, for at present I am

sadly forlorn indeed.' Afterward: 'I left Spen Green yesterday, & this time have brought my Wife and Child along with me. Etruria now begins to brighten up, & looks like itself again; five long weeks of absence have hung very heavily upon me, but her aid was much wanted to nurse & comfort an aged & worthy parent, and I was well pleased that she was able to pay this debt of duty & affection to him.'

"At one time, when dreading the unpleasant business of moving into a new house, he was called to London, and thus describes his home-coming: 'We were three days upon the road, though we lost no time, and travel'd a little by moonlight each evening; but at the last stage—Etruria—I was rewarded for all the risque & pains I had undergone in a tedious, long, and dirty journey. I found my Sally & family at Etruria! just come there to take possession of the Etruscan plains, & sleep upon them for the first night. Was not this clever, now, of my own dear Girl's contriving? She expected her Joss on the very evening he arrived; had got the disagreeable business of removing all over, & I wo[d] not have been another night from home for the Indies.'

"Other children were born to them, and we find pleasant allusions by their father to 'Sukey,' to 'Jacky,' 'little Joss,' and 'little Tom.' In 1772 Mrs. Wedgwood had a long and severe illness, and her husband writes to Bentley: 'I trust my dear Friend will excuse my entering into any particular details of business whilst my mind is in this state of anxiety & distress for the safety of my dear Girl.' 'I should, in losing her, go near to lose myself also.' He says to the same friend, although his two sisters were with him in this hour of trial, he ministered to his wife himself, and nursed her tenderly. He says, 'I believe I shall not gain much credit in my office amongst the female nurses here, as I have prescribed what they durst not think of for my patient. When nothing could stay upon her stomach, I gave

her fruit—ripe plumbs, &c., as often as she would eat. * * * I have given her Cyder that blows the cork up to the Ceiling. She relishes it vastly, and it does her good.'

"Under the skilful care of Dr. Erasmus Darwin, Mrs. Wedgwood recovered from her painful illness, during which she had been, as her husband testified, 'patience & resignation itself.'

"But I am lingering too long with my favorites; I meant but to give you a few hasty glimpses of the home-life of the master-potter. As the children grew older, their father and mother took a keen interest in their education, not only sending them to the best schools, but instructing them at home, and providing them with simple, innocent recreation. I cannot do better than close with the plan of some family pictures, sketched by Wedgwood as follows, for the guidance of Mr. Stubbs, the artist:

"'The two family pieces I have hinted at I mean to contain the children only, & grouped, perhaps, in some such manner as this—Sukey playing upon her harpsichord, with Kitty singing to her as she often does, & Sally & Mary Ann upon the carpet in some employment suitable to their ages. This to be one picture. The pendant to be Jack standing at a table making fixable air with the glass apparatus, &c., & his two brothers accompanying him, Tom jumping up & clapping his hands in joy, & surprised at seeing the stream of bubbles rise up just as Jack has put in a little chalk to the acid; Jos with the chemical dictionary open before him in a thoughtful mood—which actions will be exactly descriptive of their respective characters.'

"Josiah Wedgwood died January 3d, 1795. 'His children and his devoted wife were his only nurses, and kept their watch and performed their ministry with a love and devotion never surpassed.' His wife survived him twenty years, and was then laid by his side in the porch-way of the old parish church at Stoke."

"Let me say a few words," said Mary Dillingham, "about

Ralph Wedgwood, a cousin, two or three times removed, of Josiah, and also a potter at one time. He was a man of great inventive genius. In 1814 he submitted to the government the scheme of an electric telegraph, or, as he called it, the Fulguri-polygraph, 'which admits of writing in several distant places at one and the same time, and by the agency of two persons only.' This plan he urged upon the government as of the greatest importance, especially in the then unsettled state of the country. But Lord Castlereagh declined the proposition on behalf of the government, stating that 'the war being at an end, the old system was sufficient for the country.'

"He invented a manifold-writer, which he styled a 'Penna-polygraph,' a number of pens attached to one handle. He constructed a carriage in which he travelled through the country, and which he describes as 'a long coach to get out behind, and on grasshopper springs, now used by all the mails.' This carriage, it is said, 'was so extraordinary in its appearance as to be taken for a travelling show.'

"He took out a patent for 'an apparatus for producing several original writings or drawings at one and the same time.' He advertised as a teacher of chemistry in schools; he planned an 'Aerial Zone,' and laid his invention before the Admiralty; and finally he had a scheme for the founding of a universal language, and upon this he corresponded with Shelley, the poet, and other distinguished characters. In short, he seems to have been a kind of universal genius, full of bright, though not always practical, ideas."

"That is an amusing story about Pottery and Royalty," said some one, "which Mr. Binns tells of George III., in his history of the Worcester works. He relates it on the authority of Mrs. Chamberlain, who lived to a good old age, and remembered the incident, as well she might, for she was present when it occurred. Messrs. Chamberlain had bought a house for the use of their pot-

tery, and were making alterations in it. Carpenters were at work, and shavings, dirt, and confusion abounded, when one day a gentleman and lady walked in and began poking around very coolly, and looking at what was in progress. It was George III. and Queen Charlotte. The King was fond of such free and easy visits. He said he wanted to see what they were going to do to the house, and the royal pair wandered around among tools and shavings, climbed to the top of the house and investigated generally, until the King sat down at last on the top step of the upper staircase, and said, 'Come Charlotte, come and sit down, for I am rather tired.' Whereupon the Queen sat down by his side on the same step, and the two laughed heartily at the position in which they found themselves."

Potters have been frequently honored with royal visits by appointment, but rarely in this unceremonious way. Every great factory preserves with care the history of the ceremonious visits it has received from distinguished men, princes, princesses, kings, and queens. The Worcester Factory does not fail to keep in view the fact that in 1832 the princess, now Queen Victoria, visited the works, then of Messrs. Chamberlain, and that George IV., when Prince of Wales, and other members of the royal family have inspected the pottery.

"Did you ever hear," said Charlie Baker, "of those jolly potters from the Leeds Works, and what they did one night more than sixty years ago? Well, you see they had been on a spree at Sheffield, and made a regular night of it, and, coming home toward morning over a moor, called Attercliffe Common, they passed a gibbet where hung—now comes the shuddery part, girls, don't look over your shoulders—where hung the rattling, gaunt, ghostly skeleton of a murderer, Spencer Broughton, who was executed years before. 'Let's ha' a rap at him,' cried out one fellow, and the others, all feeling a little good, you know, and ready

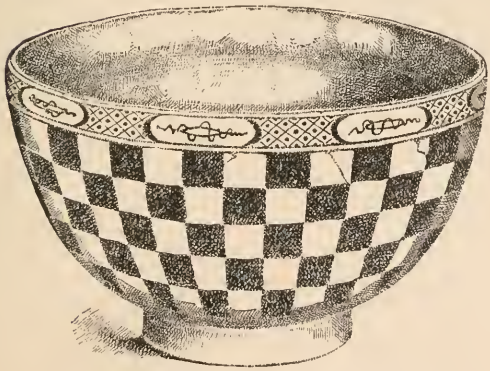
for quiet fun like this, began throwing stones at Bony. One of the boys, whose head was a little more level than the others, hit the mark, and broke off two of the skeleton's fingers. They picked them up, carried them home as souvenirs, keepsakes, memento-moris, you know, and all that kind of thing; and some time after, when experiments in china were being made at their pottery, they just burned these flipper-bones and mixed them with the paste. From this pleasant compound a seal was made, with a gibbet designed upon it, and also a very beautiful jug, painted with flowers and richly gilded. Please ask me how much this last holds, wont you? so that I can reply 'about two fingers.'"

"What a horrid story!" said his sister. "I will tell you of something much nicer. Old William Pegg was a decorator of china at the Derby Works. He was a curious character, and perhaps not entirely sane. He was a Quaker, and published a pamphlet entitled 'Traits in the singular life of that persecuted man, for his obedience to the Truth, W^m^ Pegg, who joined the Society of the People called Quakers in the year 1800.' In this publication he traced his descent from Abraham, 'who is said to be the Father of the Faithful,' and says that his family are of the seed of Esau, red, and also that he is the descendant, on his mother's side, of Ishmael, which he proves by stating that his mother and 'all her kin are swarthy, and marked with a brown freckle.' He was an excellent decorator, painting flowers from nature very beautifully. But being assailed by scruples as to the rightfulness of making the 'likeness of anything that is in heaven above or upon the earth beneath,' he gave up his situation and commenced shopkeeping."

"It is growing late," said Mr. Leavitt, "and I will only give you a brief tribute paid by one potter to another. John Green, of the Leeds Pottery, writes to his partner, John Brameld, at

Swinton, concerning the death of a partner in the Leeds Works, Henry Ackroyd: 'Our worthy friend Ackroyd is dead, and I doubt not but is alive again. It was a pleasant reflection to me, being one of the pall-bearers, to think I was bearing the Cover over a dead Carkess whose soul I had not the least doubt was in heaven. He left this world with as great Composer and Confidance in his future state as was possible for a man to do; and I sincerely wish that you and me may be as well prepared as friend A$^{d}$ for a future state.'"

14. Aunt Dru's Cauliflower Teapot: page 202.
[Old English: Cauliflower Ware.]



15. Jase's Checker-Board Bowl: page 207.
[Staffordshire: "delft-ware:" blue decoration.]

# VII.

## A CHINA CRAZE.

"I HAVE put into form an adventure of my own last summer," said Miss Norton, one evening, "and with permission of the club I will read it.

'MY DEAR JANE,—You have not forgotten me? I am sure the old days at Stratton Seminary are still fresh in your memory, and how can you remember them without an occasional thought of your old room-mate? It is not my fault that our correspondence has died a lingering death, nor that we have never met since the day when you, a "sweet girl-graduate," said farewell to school life and to poor weeping me. Again and again I have begged you to have pity on my loneliness, and come to my quiet home. Again and again you have refused. But this is Centennial year, and I shall try a hundredth time. It is so lovely here now. The woods are charming, and full of ferns and blossoms, the walks and drives delightful. Come, come, come! Mother and I are quite alone. She is nearly seventy, and of late I can see that her mind is somewhat enfeebled. But she is a dear, good mother, and will welcome warmly any friend of mine. Write me that you will come, and I will meet you at Greenville Station, and drive with you to Littlefield, our quiet home. Expectantly, insistingly, not-to-be-refusedly yours,

'ELLEN BATES.'

"Dear old Nell! Five years since the old school life ended, and she is just as true and loving as then. But I *cannot* bury myself in that out-of-the-world place. Why, it is miles from a railroad; there are no neighbors; the town is as old as the hills, and as primitive as—"

"Miles from the rail! Primitive! Why, Jane, wouldn't it be

just the place for—" Thus far my sister Louisa, in an excited tone, and with eager, shining eyes.

I waited not for the completion of her sentence, but, springing up, seized her outstretched hands, and cried, "Yes, yes, yes—*just* the place. Her grandfather was a sea-captain; and, oh, Louisa, her uncle lived in China two years! I will go."

To explain this sudden change of purpose, I must tell you that, one year before this conversation, I had, during a visit to New York, contracted that insidious and incurable malady the ceramic fever. The seeds being sown while gazing at the wonderful Sèvres, Dresden, and Oriental wares in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, had ripened rapidly; and being still further developed by a week's stay in Boston with a fellow-sufferer, a prolonged diet of Chaffers, Marryat, and Jacquemart, and a trip to the Exposition, I was at this era in the most violent stage of the fell complaint. All the homes of my near relations had been searched and sacked, distant connections and friends had been looked up and interviewed with regard to possible possessions of pottery and porcelain, and I was now sighing for new worlds to conquer, new pantries to plunder.

My sister Louisa had for some months shared all my symptoms, and it was her quick eye which now saw in Littlefield a fine field for research. So a letter of acceptance was sent to my old friend, my trunk packed, and, three days after, I was on my way to Nell's home.

Four hours, with one change of cars, brought me to Greenville, where I left the train and looked eagerly around for my friend. She was not to be seen. The station was a mere hut; one or two men were lounging on the platform, and a colored boy of twelve or thirteen was turning somersaults for their benefit. As the train moved away, and I was left behind with my trunk, I spoke, and, addressing the general public, asked how far it was to

Littlefield. The small darkey ceased his acrobatic performances, and approaching me, said, with a chuckle, "Gwine to Littlefield?"

"I was expecting a lady from there to meet me," I explained; "Miss Bates was to have been here."

"Golly! *I's* Miss Bates," said the black imp.

"You!" I cried, bewildered.

"Yes'm. Miss Nell she couldn' come nohow, an' ole Miss Bates she sent me to fotch yer, an' there's yer waggin." Whereupon he pointed to a comfortable-looking vehicle at a little distance, and, after a short parley, I was seated in it, my trunk on behind, and my small charioteer in front.

The day was a hot one in August, but our road was full of shade and beauty, and the air sweet and spicy. For a time I forgot everything but the loveliness about me, and drank it in silently as I leaned back in the easy carriage. But as we passed an ancient farm-house, I spied in a window a broken cup, and, like turkey-cock at sight of scarlet rag, I woke to action.

"I suppose Mrs. Bates's house is very old," I said to my small escort.

"Yes'm, orful ole," chuckled the boy; "ole as 'Thusalem; ole as—'Ole Hundred;' ole as ole Mister Ole hisself;" and he laughed shrilly at his own wit.

"And there must be a great many curious old things there," I said, suggestively.

"You bet!" was the concise reply.

"Quaint old furniture," I went on, "and ancient books, and—and old china?"

"Yes'm. Ole chairs an' tableses an' stools an' sofys an' washstan's an' boxes an' bar'ls an' tubs an' pails an' bricks an' rags an'—"

I think that boy would have gone on with the list till now, had

I not desperately exclaimed, "Yes, yes, my good boy; but has Mrs. Bates any curious old china—dishes, you know—bowls or pitchers?"

"Chiny? Why, you jest wait, an' you'll think you got to Chiny hisself where the Chinymen live. There's bowls an' cups an' sarcers an' plates an' pitchers an' platters an' mugs an' jugs an' jugs an' mugs an' mugs an'—"

"Oh, stop—do *please* stop!" I cried, nervously; "you'll frighten the horse." And indeed a braver steed might have been startled, for the irrepressible darkey, besides shouting out this ceramic chant at the top of his shrill voice, accompanied it by shaking the reins wildly and flourishing his whip. Still, in spite of myself, my spirits rose at this inventory of the Bates antiques. We are so credulous, we poor victims of *manie à poterie!* And yet dreaming of hidden treasures, bearing wonderful marks and mystic ciphers, I reached Littlefield.

A tiny village it was—just a few scattered houses, a small church, blacksmith's shop, and post-office, which latter was, of course, also the village store. A mile further on, and we stopped in front of a large, lonesome house, and I was informed that I had reached "Miss Bates's."

An old lady opened the door and peered out at me. She was tall and erect, with silvery hair, a pale, anxious face, and keen black eyes, which were now bent earnestly upon me. She did not speak till I had alighted from the carriage and was close to her, and then she said, in a hesitating tone, while her dark eyes still searched my face, "You are Ellen's friend? I forget—forget—" and she paused, with a troubled look.

"Yes," I said, taking her hand, "I am Jane Norton; and you, I am sure, are Nelly's mother."

Her face brightened, the puzzled look passed away, and she said, in a quieter tone, "Yes, dear; I remember now. But Ellen's

gone; she was called away sudden. There's a letter inside for you. Come in, my dear."

I followed her, a little bewildered at the turn affairs were taking, into a large, pleasant sitting-room, where she made me sit down, and gave me Nell's note. This epistle was brief and to the point, having been written very hurriedly just before starting on a journey. A telegram—how did it ever reach this out-of-the-way spot?—had summoned her to the bedside of a dying uncle. "He is old," she wrote, "and quite alone in the world; so you see I *must* go. I cannot bear to lose your visit. Will you not try to enjoy yourself for a day or two without me? and I shall be at home again soon. Poor mother will be very lonely without me, and your presence here would be the greatest kindness to us both." Then more regrets, apologies, and loving words, and she was "always my loving old friend, Ellen Bates."

I cannot say that my heart did not sink a little at the thought of a visit in this far-away, lonesome spot, with no companion but this pale, sad old lady. But here I was. I could certainly not reach home that day, even if I started at once. Nell's mother stood looking wistfully at me, awaiting my decision, and I resolved to remain.

"I am sorry," I said, as cheerfully as I could, "that Nelly has been called away; but if you will let me, I will stay a little, and try to take her place."

"Thank you, dear," said Mrs. Bates, warmly. "I wanted you to stay. We'll get along real nice together, an' Ellen 'll be home before we know it. Now lay off your things. Almiry 'll show you your room."

"Almiry," proved to be the mother of my sable guide—a portly dame, who waddled up-stairs before me, puffing and blowing like a steam-tug, and led the way to the room assigned me. It was a large, pleasant chamber, with windows looking out upon

an old-fashioned garden such as delighted my eyes. My trunk was brought up by Almiry and her imp of a son—whose name proved to be Romulus—and I was fairly installed in the Bates household. After washing off the dust of travel and freshening myself up a bit, I sat down in one of the wide window-seats for a little thinking. "After all," I said to myself, as I looked dreamily down upon the big roses and hollyhocks, stately lilies and delicate sweet-peas, where bees were rioting and butterflies glancing in the sunshine, "this is a pleasant spot, and perhaps it is as well that Nelly is absent just at first. I shall be thrown constantly with the old lady, and find out all about her treasures. I will be so good to her—a daughter could not be kinder—and the poor old dear will give me all she has, from very gratitude."

From this bright dream I was aroused by Romulus, who, appearing at my open door, informed me in his shrillest tones that supper was ready, and that at the festive board there was to be "bread an' biskits an' cookies an' ging'bread an' butter an' milk an' tea an' pie an' quinch jell' an' "—a great deal more, which was lost as his voice died away in his rattling flight down the stairs.

My first glimpse of the well-filled table was a disappointment. There was, indeed, a plentiful repast; the bread snowy and light, butter golden and sweet, amber honey, ruby jellies, and rich yellow cream. But the dishes were of plain white, and unmistakably modern. Perhaps, however, the rarer, more ancient pottery and porcelain were carefully packed away—

> "too bright and good
> For human nature's daily food."

I hoped so, and in that hope ate heartily of the good things before me. Poor Mrs. Bates seemed sad and disturbed. Her hands shook as she poured the tea, and her voice trembled as she said,

again and again, "Ellen hadn't oughter gone. She hadn't oughter gone. It upsets me. I'm older 'an I used to be, an' it upsets me." I tried to talk cheerfully, and at times she brightened a little, and seemed interested in what I said. But her attention soon wandered, her black eyes had a restless, uncertain light, and she appeared confused and bewildered. She addressed me by various names—"Miss Mosely," "Susan," and "Aunt Ann;" she spoke of Ellen occasionally as "my daughter Lucindy," and again as "your sister Caroline."

Dear me, I thought, this is dreadful. The poor old lady is in her dotage. How can I stay here another day? But after Mrs. Bates had taken her cup of tea she was more composed, and later, as we sat together in the twilight, I found her really a pleasant, sensible companion. You may be sure I tried to guide the conversation toward the desired goal, and soon an opportunity occurred. We spoke of the Centennial, and, in telling of my visit to the Exposition, I alluded to the pottery and porcelain there. To my surprise Mrs. Bates seemed at once keenly interested. "Tell me about the crockery," she said. I gladly obeyed, and dwelt enthusiastically upon the curious Oriental porcelain, the Doulton-ware, the artistic work of Minton, Copeland, and Haviland, and found an eager listener.

"I don't know much about such things," she said at last. "We didn't have time to study about 'em when I was a girl. Plates was plates then to be eat off of, an' then washed an' put away; an' bowls an' pitchers was to fill with good healin' drinks, boneset an' camermile an' hardhack, an' give to the ailin' an' sufferin'. But I'd kind o' like to get an idee of the names an' valoo of chiny dishes, because—well—" She hesitated, and my heart beat high with hope.

"Yes," I said, encouragingly, "because—"

"Well," she went on slowly, "I've got some things, jest a few

things, you know. Mebbe not worth much to any one but me. But they're old enough, an' queer enough. Deary me, *so* old an' *so* queer!" She paused and sat thinking, with an amused smile on her wrinkled face, as though she saw with her mind's eye these queer old things.

The twilight deepened, and still she spoke not, while I burned with feverish impatience. Finally I ventured to say, "Perhaps I could tell you something about your dishes, dear Mrs. Bates. I have studied the subject a little." No reply. I waited a moment, and then, bending forward, looked into the old lady's face. She was fast asleep.

"How provoking!" I said to myself, "and I on the very verge of discovery. Never mind. I know now that she has *something*, and that something I will see, if forced to remain here a month for the purpose." For more than an hour Mrs. Bates slept on, while I, seated uncomfortably on a low stool at her feet, almost held my breath lest I should arouse and so annoy her. When at last she awoke, it was to summon Almiry to light the lamps. As the cheerful light dissipated the darkness in which we had been sitting, I saw that Mrs. Bates's face was paler, and that her eyes had again that bewildered, half-frightened look.

"Almiry," she said, mournfully, "Ellen's gone. She hadn't oughter gone. It upsets me. Where's Aunt Eunice? I think she might come and keep me company."

"Massy me, honey!" chuckled Almiry, "Aunt Eunice is in her grave as comfo't'ble as can be, and has been for more'n ten year. Don' go ter roustin' *her* up;" and she rolled out of the room.

No hope of ceramic information that night. Mrs. Bates was more than incoherent. She fairly frightened me with her strange and irrelevant remarks; and when, addressing me as "'Lisha," she coolly requested me to bring her "old Miss Bowles's coffin—the right-hand one, you know," I beat a hasty retreat to my own

room. Little sleep visited my pillow that night. Thrice was I roused from my slumbers by loud knockings at my door, and the querulous voice of my hostess, once inquiring for "Benjamin," and again reminding me that "Parson Williams preached off-han', an' never writ no discourses."

"Oh, dear, dear!" I groaned, after the last weird interview (I had opened my door, and held a brief colloquy with Mrs. Bates, who was ghostly in her white night garb, and with long gray hair hanging loosely about her tall form)—"Oh dear! I cannot endure this. She frightens me. I will never spend another night in this dreadful house."

But the day dawned clear and cloudless; the morning breeze brought delicious odors of rose, pink, and lily to my sunny room. I remembered my hostess's vague but delightful hints of fictile treasure, and—I stayed. Mrs. Bates seemed calmer, and after breakfast proposed a walk in the garden. While we slowly paced the pleasant walks, she leaning upon my arm, the old subject was introduced, and this time by herself.

"My dear," she said, "will you give an old woman a little help with your learnin', an' tell me if my old bowl is vallyble?"

"Yes, indeed, dear Mrs. Bates," I cried. "Let us go in at once and look at it. I shall be only too happy to oblige dear Ellen's mother."

"No, no," she said, cautiously; "not now. It's put away, an' I'm so upset; but I'll tell you all about it. Let me see." She stopped short, shut her eyes, and seemed thinking. Then, "It's real chiny," she went on slowly, as though seeing the dish directly before her; "real thin, an' white as milk, but it's pretty hefty, an' it's got posies all over it, jest raised up a little, like the pie-crust leaves on the top of a chicken-pie, you know."

"In color?" I asked, breathlessly.

"No, they ain't painted; jest white, but so nateral—roses all

blowed out, an' leaves an' stems. It's real tasty, an' I've had it so long. Gramper Fish brought it home from t'other side in 1760, an' ma she give it to me when I was a girl."

I was faint with excitement as I gasped out, "Is there any mark—anything on the bottom, I mean?"

"Yes, dear," she answered, absently, as she picked a rose-bug from the bush by which we stood.

"Oh, what is it, please?" I cried.

"Well, not much; nothin' half so pretty as the roses outside. There's a little red pictur' on the bottom, a kind o' spear, or—no, I'll tell ye: it's one o' them things Rom'lus shoots the cats an' chippy birds with—feathers in the eend, you know."

"An arrow!"

"Yes, a arrer; an' there's a letter too. Lemme see—it's clean gone out o' my mind. Oh yes"—as I pressed her arm impatiently—"it's a B, for Betsy, I s'pose. Grammer Fish's given name was Betsy."

Dear sympathetic reader, do you know how I felt? A longing desire to be alone seized me irresistibly. I cannot remember how I managed it, but in a few moments I found myself in my own chamber. Sinking into a chair, I breathed out one word, "Bow!" and subsided. My recollections of the next half hour are very misty. I recall a murmured sentence which I must have repeated very often, "Dear old lady, how good I will be to her!" and in the strength of this resolve I passed the day. I waited on that erratic old person, I taught her new knitting stitches, I read aloud to her, I made her a new cap; but I utterly failed in making her resume the subject on which my eager thoughts dwelt. Once I ventured to remark that I "should so like to help her about that bowl;" but she answered querulously that she "couldn't look it up; she was upset enough now."

A weary day. My patience was sorely tried, but I kept my

16. JACKFIELD TEA-POT: page 229.
[Brilliant black glaze: ornaments in relief.]

17. "OH, YOU OLD THING!" page 223.
[White pottery: flowers in colors: mark, a cross: Bristol.]

prize ever before me, and so endured. After her tea, which seemed mildly stimulating, she was brighter. She sat by the open window, and she talked of her youth, her marriage, of Ellen, and a son who had died young. After relating an anecdote of her grandfather, I asked, "Was it he who brought home the bowl?"

"Yes, dear, an' the vases. He fetched 'em from England."

"What are they?" I asked, steadying my voice and repressing all emotion.

"Why, the big vases in the chist up garrit. Such sightly chiny, an' mor'n a foot high. They're blue as a bluin'-bag, an' got birds on 'em—such birds as you never see in your born days, all red an' gold an' green, with long tails an' top-knots." ("Exotic birds," I murmured.) "An' on the bottom," she went on, "there's a anchor, a gold anchor—'cause gramper was a sea-cap'n, you know."

"Oh, dear Mrs. Bates," cried I, "please show me those vases" (using my lately acquired French pronunciation).

"There aint no varses on 'em, deary—not a word. There's some lines on my mug, though—my tall mug, you know, with the black pictur' of a man on horseback. There's some nice varses, an' it says 'Sadler' under the pictur'—'cause o' the horse, I s'pose."

"A Liverpool mug, with one of John Sadler's priuts!" I said to myself, but dared not interrupt my hostess's delightful loquacity.

"An' I've got some cups and sarcers, real chiny, with posies hangin' in strings like jumpin' ropes" ("Floral festoons," I softly sighed), "an' gold on 'em, an' on the bottom is a blue cross like, an' a writin' B." (Did Bristol ever use a cursive B, I thought, with its distinctive cross?) "But I'm tired now," said Mrs. Bates. "I'm goin' to bed, an' I want to sleep with you. I'm lonesome. Ellen's gone, an' it upsets me."

My heart failed. Could I sleep with that weird, wandering figure, who had haunted me the night previous? But she spoke again. "We'll have a good night's rest, an' to-morrer we'll look over the old chiny. Mebbe there's some you'd like for your own." Jubilate! Why, I would share my room with the Witch of Endor to secure Bow, Chelsea, and Bristol.

But what a night! In the first place, not a step toward repose would the old lady take till I had put on a hideous night-cap of blue calico, with white polka spots, and tied a red silk handkerchief about my neck. "Now you look like Aunt Ann," she said, contentedly, "an' I ain't so lonesome." Aunt Ann must have been a lovely specimen of humanity, I thought, as I stole a hurried glance at the mirror and crept into bed. I fell asleep, but only to be aroused by a vigorous shake, and the information, given in a sepulchral tone by Mrs. Bates, that she had "forgot to read the Scriptures." Whereupon this dreadful female produced a sermon preached ages ago at the funeral of one Jedediah Bissell, and read aloud, in a husky whisper, till I again dozed. And so was it through the night. Once a white-robed spectre stood at my bedside, and held to my lips a bowl (very modern—white stone china) of a nauseous mixture. My fevered brain thought it poison then, but I now believe it to have been the harmless product of the Eupatorium—in plain English, boneset tea.

But morning came at last. I had hoped to leave at noon, reaching home that night; but all my efforts to induce Mrs. Bates to show me the china proved vain. She threw out vague hints from time to time, which kept me in constant excitement, and convinced me that there were almost priceless treasures in that old house. Her description of a large drinking-cup brought from Germany by her great-uncle—"snow-white chiny, with posies an' birds on it," and bearing on the bottom, in gold, the letters A and R (which she thought stood for Ann Rathbun, the

"Aunt Ann" of her nightly visions, but which I at once interpreted as the early Dresden mark signifying Augustus Rex)—drove me nearly wild with delight and longing. She once asked me abruptly if I could find room in my trunk for some "chiny playthin's—boys an' girls an' deers an' seeh," which she supposed had belonged to her grandfather, the sea-captain, as they bore the gold anchor, and also a D "for his given name, Dan'l." "Chelsea-Derby figurines," I thought, with rapture, as I replied that I had plenty of room.

Only upon this subject of her "chiny" did she talk sensibly and well. In other matters she conducted herself so like a lunatic that I at last flew to Almiry for counsel.

"Never you mind, honey," chuckled that jolly lump of darkness, as she lifted a heavy iron pot from the kitchen stove, her black shiny face looking out from clouds of steam. "She's a little out o' kilter now, 'cause Miss Ellen's gone; but she won't hurt ye, an' ye mustn't take no notice."

With this I was fain to be content, though my courage was put to the test when, at dinner, Mrs. Bates placed chairs all around the table "for the mourners," and asked me "to set by the body." But as she supplemented these eccentricities with a regret that she "hadn't put the custard in her big red and blue bowl that b'longed to Granmer Sackett," I was patient.

"That bowl's a real sightly dish, an' it's got a half-moon on the bottom, a blue one. Gramper Sackett he was real cute, an' he used ter say that you wouldn't see seeh a bowl as that 'not once in a blue moon;' that's a sayin', you know, like 'never an' a day.' An' it's got a W on it, too, an' I guess it come from Parson Williams's sale."

Worcester, I mentally decided, and smiled sweetly on my exasperating hostess. Unreliable as might seem information from such a source, I felt sure that these tales were true. How could

this old country dame, utterly unlearned in ceramic lore, describe the decorations and marks of well-known manufactories unless she had really seen the pieces she spoke of?

But my great, my crowning, discovery came that night. We were in the "settin'-room;" lamps had just been brought, and I was trying to make up my mind to be firm and decline the companionship of my aged friend through the night-watches, when she spoke.

"I'm goin' to tell you something," she said, in a solemn tone, drawing her chair nearer mine. "I've been thinkin, an' thinkin', an' I guess I'll tell you all about it. But you mustn't let on I've told. I've got something up-stairs I never showed to a single cretur. Ellen never see it; Aunt Ann never see it. The way I came by it was this. Gramper Sackett had a brother who went over to France in 1750, an' he married there a furrin girl who lived to Towers, or down that way somewheres. Well, this girl's grammer, she was a furrin woman, too, an' she give this—thing—she give it to her granddaughter, Uncle Sackett's wife—Aunt Natty, we used to call her. An' the old woman told Natty she mustn't never let on to a livin' soul she'd got it, for it come inter the family in a kind o' left-handed way, 's a body might say. Seems she was a kind o' waitin'-maid to a rich lady when she was a girl, an' one day she was a-dustin' the best room, an' she knocked over a little table full of gimcracks, an' this—thing—it got broke, an' she was scar't, an' put it in her pocket, an' never said nothin' to nobody. An' the lady she conceited some o' the workmen round the house had took it, an'— Well, there's a long riggermarole about it; but the long an' short of it is, it's awful vallyble, an' I've got it."

"But what is it?" I asked, eagerly.

"Well, it's a kind o' candlestick, I guess. It's pretty tall, an' there's some boys, without any clothes on to speak of, a-standin'

at the sides, an' kind o' holdin' it up; an' each one o' the boys he's a standin' on a face, a man's face; an' there's flowers all strung together, and hangin' down; and there's figgers all over it, zigzaggin' aroun'. An' I can make out some letters—lots of G's, an' an A, an' a H."

"Anything else?" I asked, faintly, afraid to believe too soon.

"Yes, there's lots o' half-moons all twisted in together. An' —there's roosters' heads all aroun' the bottom."

"What color is it, dear, dear Mrs. Bates?"

"There's a lot o' colors; but there's more yeller than anything, an' brown an' pink."

Was I dreaming? Was this plain old woman telling me, in her homely dialect, that she possessed, hid away in that old brown house, a treasure such as Old-World potentates sought in vain? And yet how could I be mistaken? Only a few days before I left home I had read over carefully a description of the Henri Deux ware (faience d'Oiron); and how like the old lady's story of her candlestick, though told in homelier phrase! My brain reeled. I thought of the Rothschilds and Prince Galitzin, and already saw my humble name inscribed near theirs as the possessor of a Henri Deux candlestick. So absorbed was I in this delightful reverie that I quite forgot to oppose any objection to Mrs. Bates's sharing my room, and she quietly followed me there.

Not one wink of sleep did I snatch during that fearful night. Oh, the strange freaks, the incomprehensible vagaries, of that dreadful woman! What did she *not* do—from washing her night-cap and hanging it out of the window, to singing "Windham," and praying loudly for Andrew Jackson's soul?

Finally, in the gray of the dawn, she left the room, and I heard her bare feet pattering over the hall floor. I wondered if I ought to follow her. Might she not come to harm? I was just

rising from the bed, when quick steps approached, and Mrs. Bates rushed suddenly upon me. Her black eyes flashed fire, and there was an angry flush on her thin cheeks. Seizing me by the arm, her lean bony fingers compressing the flesh till I almost screamed with pain, she said, hoarsely, "Where are they? where've you hid 'em?"

In vain I tried to soothe her and release myself. She held me tightly; she shook me; she glared at me, and still cried, "Give 'em here! You've stolen 'em; you've got my chiny!"

I protested my innocence; I begged her to be calm. In vain. At last she let go my arm, and before I could prevent it, seized a pitcher of water, and dashed the whole contents over me. Then laughing wildly, rushed from the room and locked the door.

Drenched, shivering, frightened, there I remained for two whole hours, when Almiry came to my rescue. As the sable dame unlocked the door, I literally fell upon her capacious bosom and wept.

"There, there, ye poor chile! now don't cry. Did ole lady scare ye? Well, she's clean out of her wits to-day, but she wouldn't hurt a flea."

"Oh, Almiry!" I sobbed, like a three-year-old baby, "I want to go home."

"So ye should, honey. Rom'lus shall drive ye over to Greenville as soon as ye've had yer breakfus."

So I wrote a note to Nell, telling her that as her mother did not seem quite well, I feared my visit was only an annoyance, and thus explained my departure. "I am sorry," I added, "for your dear mother and I were becoming good friends, and she had promised me a sight of her wonderful china. May I not come again, when you are once more at home, and feast my eyes upon her collection?" Mrs. Bates, under the influence of a soothing draught administered by Almiry, was fast asleep when I left the

house, and you may be sure I did not disturb her. Ah, the free air, the delicious sense of liberty, as I drove from the door! I was as happy as an uncaged bird, and laughed like a child when Romulus told me that "ole Miss Bates" was "crazy—crazy as a loon, crazy as a coot, crazy as a idjut, crazy as Ole Crazy hisself."

A few days after my return I received a letter from Nell, which ran thus:

"You poor dear child! What a time you must have had with my blessed mother! My sudden departure, uncle's illness, and the arrival of a stranger were, all combined, too much for her mind, already weakened by age and sorrow. My return and a few days of absolute quiet have done much to restore her, and she is now almost her old self.

"I fear you were much worried and troubled in consequence of her condition. As for the china, you dear deluded girl, that exists only in poor mamma's weak, unsettled brain, and in Marryat's 'History of Pottery and Porcelain,' a copy of which delightful work was sent me last winter by an old friend, and has been read aloud by me every evening of late. We have so few books, and make the most of those we can secure. So dear mother has listened over and again to pages of this volume, looked at the marks and ciphers, and watched me trace and color them, as I have often done for my amusement.

"She did not mean, I am sure, to deceive you, but really thought, while talking, that she owned the wonders she had heard and read of. No, Jane dear, we have no rare china. Grandfather's house, which really contained some valuable antiques, was burned many years ago, and nothing saved. But my poor uncle, whose illness kept me from you, and who passed quietly away on Friday, left me his household goods, very few and of small worth. Among them I find an old Worcester plate, which I beg you

will accept in lieu of the wonders dear mamma did *not* show you."

The plate arrived in due season, and proved to be a saucer-shaped dish of early Worcester porcelain, with Crescent mark, the decoration a mighty dragon lying in brilliant blue on the pure white porcelain. (See Ill. 9.) It has an honored place in my small collection. But I never gaze upon it without remembering the bright hopes, the eager expectance, the exultant emotions, I found, but lost so cruelly, in my visit to Littlefield.

# VIII.

## AMERICAN HISTORY ILLUSTRATED IN POTTERY.

One of our members, Mr. Whitney, entered the club only when he found that ceramic art had some connection with American history. He was a despiser of all collectors of old china. He was given to that stupid sort of ridicule which the ignorant are accustomed to bestow on collectors. He considered ceramic art as nothing but a study of monstrosities, grotesques, horrid objects with glittering surfaces. Where did that notion originate? It is a very common idea, repeated by scores of writers. Probably some penny-a-liner of the last century once saw in a collection a Chinese kylin, or a "Dog Fo," and straightway went home and wrote that all collections of China were gatherings of hideous objects. And another penny-a-liner stole his ideas, and others plagiarized from them both, and thus the ridiculous notion has been always stolen goods. Surely no one who can write English, and who ever saw a porcelain collection, however meagre, could describe it as made up of ugliness in form or color.

Mr. Whitney, who had his own hobby—to wit, American history—had read and accepted this slander. But one day, in his own household, he was astonished at hearing Mrs. Whitney, who is an active member of our club, talking with Mrs. Hall about an American map on a Liverpool pitcher.

"Map on what?" interrupted the historian.

"On a pitcher, my dear," said the lady.

"Aren't you getting a little mixed?" said he, looking anxiously

at his wife—who had, I regret to say, little interest in his peculiar pursuits. "What have pitchers to do with maps?"

"Nothing special that I know of."

"Then what map are you talking about?"

"An old map of America, on a Washington pitcher that Dr. Hall had at the China Club this afternoon."

Mr. Whitney was puzzled, but didn't care to say so until Mrs. Hall went away, and then he requested Mrs. Whitney to give him a categorical answer to his former question about the connection between maps of America and Liverpool pitchers. And when he awoke to the fact that his wife had seen a map of America on a cream-ware pitcher, and that Hudson's Bay was thereon called James Bay, and Louisiana stretched away up to Lake Superior, and was also called the Country of Mines, Mr. Whitney literally went for that pitcher.

Since that time he has been an active member of the club, chiefly interested in potteries and porcelains with decorations relating to America, but gradually becoming subject to the fascinations of beauty in form and color, as well as the general historical and artistic characteristics of ceramic art. He has searched the books, and searched houses, and searched collections all over the country for specimens with American subjects in the decorations. There are doubtless a great many which none of us have heard of, for new examples were reported at every meeting.

"I cannot find," said Mr. Whitney at one of our meetings, "that any American subjects were placed on pottery or porcelain before the Revolutionary war. The English potters did not give the colonists any credit for love of country in those days, but took it for granted their tastes were the same with their relatives in England. Some few years after the war, however, the Liverpool potters seem to have acquired a dim notion that the Americans were another people, and had their own great men and their

own events to perpetuate. So they made a little crockery to suit the American market.

"Washington and Franklin were the American names best known in England before the year 1800. Nothing in ceramic art proves that any other Americans had been heard of, with the single exception that Josiah Wedgwood, for some reason wholly unexplained, made a medallion head of William Franklin, son of Benjamin Franklin, who was the last Royalist governor of New Jersey, but not as well known here as a hundred other men. Probably his father's reputation in England led Wedgwood to produce his portrait. Possibly he ordered it himself, for Wedgwood made jasper portraits to order.

"After 1800, the English potters began to know more about American people and things, as we shall see presently; but it is noteworthy that hitherto I have not found a portrait of Jefferson on any pottery, unless, as I am inclined to suspect, No. 10 in the list below is intended for him. It is difficult, if at all possible, to date any English potteries with American decorations earlier than 1800, except the *Wedgwood*, *Enoch Wood*, and *Neale & Co.* specimens in the list which I have made. Some of the Washington prints may have been made before his death. Most of them were of later date.

"Porcelain with American decorations, either old or modern, is by no means common. A Niderviller group of Franklin and the French king is of the last century, before the death of Count Custine; as are the two services made for presentation to Washington and Mrs. Washington by French officers of the Revolutionary army. Porcelain was rare in this country in ante-revolutionary days. The forefathers were not wealthy as a people, and some of the men whose names are best known in our history were brought up to eat from wood or pewter. It is by no means sure that Washington had ever used porcelain until he received

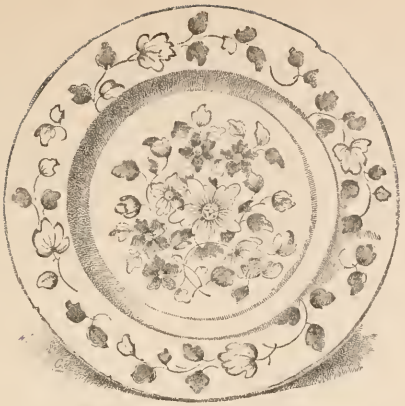
the presentation services, and they were on the whole very poor affairs.

"I have sought examples of porcelain known to have belonged to Americans before the Revolution, and find them very rare. One family, known to members of the club, possesses all that remains of a very beautiful service of Chinese porcelain which has been in the family since 1760, and may possibly have been at that time inherited from an ancestor. The lady who then owned it in her youth died in 1831, at over ninety years of age, and it descended to her grandson, who now possesses it. The decoration is in an old and rather Persian style, a centre group of water-plants in green, chocolate, red and gold, surrounded by a circle of blue pointed arches decorated with scrolls like Rhodian borders, from between which project pointed leaves of white enamel veined with pink. (See Ill. 10.) A specimen so long in America is worthy special notice."

Here Mrs. Smith remarked that she had seen a small punch-bowl on which was painted in colors a picture of a boat, bearing the American flag and filled with men, capturing a British ship.

"I have seen the bowl," resumed Mr. Whitney. "It appears to refer to some event in the course of the Revolutionary war. It does not seem so recent as the last war. Probably it was painted to order, at Canton.

"It appears to be well settled that decorations were executed to order at or near Canton in the last and early part of this century. It is from this fact that so much debate and dispute arises as to what is Lowestoft ware. It is not uncommon to meet with porcelain painted or enamelled with American subjects. Some of these are unquestionably Chinese. I have seen a large punch-bowl, having in the bottom a portrait, in colors, of an American gentleman, wearing the decoration of the Cincinnati. Around him thirteen large black rings interlinked in a circle, the name of a



18. Benny Arnold's Plate: page 216.

[Pottery, Delft: decoration in colors.]

19. Perry Plate: page 223.

[White pottery: black print: impressed mark, Davenport.]

State in gold on each ring: then on the interior side of the bowl, hanging from the border ornament, is the Cincinnati badge. The style of painting is Chinese, though the portrait is quite well done. The bowl was sold by a dealer in New York to a collector. A tea-service of Chinese porcelain has the arms of the State of New York wretchedly painted in colors on each piece. Occasionally one finds a cup with an American ship painted on it.

"There is a very pretty decoration which I have seen on two or three different services in families, and which would therefore seem to have been a rare instance of a porcelain decoration designed for general sale in or to the American market. It is the American Eagle and Shield, in brown touched with gold. It appears invariably on porcelains which are classed as Lowestoft, usually on breakfast and tea services. I will not undertake to affirm whether these are indeed English or Chinese wares or decorations.

"In the collection of a friend of mine is a very bold and striking quart mug, of fine porcelain, the ground color a rich dark blue, with embossed ornaments in gold. A gilded medallion head of Washington is on one side, a similar head of Franklin on the other, and a very modern-looking American eagle, with shield on the front. The mug bears the Dresden mark. The owner does not regard it as an old specimen.

"Probably many statuettes of Washington and Franklin were produced at factories in Europe toward the close of the last century. Franklin and Louis XVI., as already stated, appear together in a Niderviller group, made in porcelain bisque. It is not unlikely that Count Custine, who became proprietor of that factory about 1781, and whose services in the war of the Revolution had endeared Americans to him, as well as him to them, executed other American pieces. But I cannot hear of any such.

"Richard Champion, the Bristol potter, who was a warm lover

of the American colonists, whose sympathies were wholly on this side of the Atlantic, and who finally came to South Carolina to die, does not seem to have made any porcelain decorated specially for American purchasers. He probably sent some here, but I cannot find that he decorated any with American designs. Mr. Owen, in his history of the Bristol fabrics, gives an engraving of one of Champion's flower plaques, an oval $8\frac{3}{4}$ by $7\frac{1}{8}$ inches, having a medallion head of Franklin, surrounded by rich wreaths of roses and other flowers, in highly raised work, and states that another specimen of the same head is known on a plain ground plaque. The latter had been attributed to Sèvres, and it is not impossible that other specimens of this very rare Bristol piece may be found thus attributed. A letter to Champion from Paris, dated January 3d, 1778, speaks of a visit to Franklin, and his thanks to Champion for a present of what was perhaps this or possibly another medallion. 'He (Franklin) says that there is a good likeness with Wedgwood & Bentley's, only with this difference, that he wears his hair, which is rather straight and long, instead of a wig, and is very high in his forehead.' This sentence, quoted from the letter, is not precisely intelligible. Wedgwood's medallion, Mr. Owen says, has the wig. But the Champion medallion has no straight hair. Perhaps Champion made another and different medallion.

"In Wedgwood's Catalogue of 1787, among his Cameos, I find No. 1703, General Washington; No. 1736, Dr. Franklin: among the Intaglios, made chiefly for seals, No. 380, General Washington; No. 390, Dr. Franklin. Among the Medallion Heads of Illustrious Moderns (which were either in black basaltes or blue and white jasper) appear General Washington, Governor (William) Franklin, and Dr. Franklin. I have seen also a fine bust of Washington in Wedgwood's black basaltes.

"It is quite evident that none of these were made specially for

the American market. Few ever reached this country, and specimens of all are very rare.

"Two exceptional services, presented to Washington and Mrs. Washington, may be noticed among porcelains with American decorations. Descriptions of these are given in Mr. Lossing's 'Mount Vernon and its Associations.' They do not seem to be remarkably good examples of the ceramic art of their period, which was one of great splendor in European factories; but these, so far as I am able to judge, are quite ordinary fabrics, with decorations carelessly placed on them to suit the order given by purchasers. One service has for decoration the badge of the Society of the Cincinnati. The other has the names of thirteen States arranged in an ornamental pattern. The painting, in colors, on both is of an ordinary class. At a sale in New York in 1876 two of the former were sold for $100 each, and one of the latter for $215. I did not see these specimens. Pieces were in the Patent Office cases at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, but of course one could not examine them closely. They looked like so-called Lowestoft, and may have been Chinese, English, or of some French factory. As ceramic specimens they have no value, but as historical relics they are priceless.

"In that same New York sale were also catalogued some other porcelains specially decorated for American families, but the catalogue is not fully intelligible. 'An oval Oriental china platter of greenish hue highly decorated in many colors,' is described as bearing the letters D. W. M. C. in monogram, and having the bottom 'covered with a landscape, in which the Erie Canal is a prominent feature.' If correctly described as Oriental ware, this must be a quite late specimen of Chinese painting of a furnished pattern.

"A two-handled porcelain cup, decorated with the badge of the Society of the Cincinnati, 'which belonged to General Knox,' is

described in the same catalogue; and a porcelain saucer, with an American frigate under full sail, is described as once owned by Commodore Bainbridge. I have referred to a china cup with an American ship on it, a rudely executed painting, and it is quite likely many such were made in China.

"Toward the close of the last century, or early in this century, the Liverpool potters made a few mugs, pitchers, and other objects with American decorations in prints. Perhaps this was due to the presence there of ship-masters from this country, who suggested or furnished designs for engravers. Staffordshire potters followed the Liverpool lead, but much the larger number of specimens found seem to be wares from the Herculaneum pottery at Liverpool. Engraving, as well as other work, was comparatively cheap in Liverpool seventy or eighty years ago. This is evident from the existence of many specimens, of which, from their character, it would seem few were made. Elaborate prints of mere local interest are found, which were of course engraved specially, and which would now be quite costly. That ship-masters ordered some of these is evident from numerous specimens bearing their names. Sometimes a date is given with the name, but oftener there is no date. Thus, on the reverse of a pitcher which has the Washington print, numbered 10, is a ship whose name is given, THE FRIENDSHIP, and the owner's name is added in two lines:

JOHN WATTS
MOULTON.

"On another Washington pitcher, with the *Apotheosis* print, is the name of a ship, and also the owner's name, and the date 1805. (See No. 18, below.) Dated Washington pitchers are useful, because the Washington prints are accompanied on various specimens by various reverse pictures, and these again occur on other pitchers, and thus an approximate date may be obtained for

many specimens. The print of a map of the United States, by which Washington and Liberty stand, occurs on a pitcher dated Anno Domini 1804. A plan of the City of Washington occurs on a pitcher bearing also the print of a monument, with legends above and below, "Washington in glory," "America in tears." This was of course made after the laying out of the city, as well as after the death of Washington. Of course these prints were on hand in the factories, and could be used from year to year. But they seem to date specimens as not very far from the years which are found on some of them.

"The number of stars on the American flag, which is found in prints, is no safe guide to dates. The English designers did not keep accurate information on this point, and we frequently find the flag with too few stars for the evident date. The name *Boston* occurring in lists of States on some specimens shows that the United States were not well known to designers for English potteries. They had at the Herculaneum Pottery several engravings of ships with the American flag, and one of these was easily used to decorate one side of a pitcher which had some American design on the other side. The owner's name was generally put in large letters across the front, under the nose or near the bottom. Sometimes the ships or the waves of water only were painted in colors over the print; and sometimes the name of the owner and other parts of the pitcher were brightened up with gold lacquer.

"So many of these pitchers were made at the Herculaneum Works, that they had a large engraving made which I find frequently used, including an American Eagle with Shield, a ribbon with E Pluribus Unum, and the words Herculaneum Pottery Liverpool, in large letters. This was used on the fronts of pitchers made for America. I have kept a memorandum list of old ceramic objects which in form or decoration refer to our country, or its eminent men. The list is far from perfect, as

I find constant occasion to add to it. It may be of use to members of the club, and I will place it at their disposal, hoping they will not fail to add to it descriptions of all such specimens as come under their notice. Nearly every piece in the list I have personally examined, but in a few cases I have been furnished with descriptions. I have not attempted a full account of the prints, but have abbreviated them, giving only such prominent features as will serve to identify them. The same Washington print is accompanied on different specimens by such a variety of other pictures, that I have simply catalogued the prints relating to Washington, and not attempted to describe the various specimens."

1. Cameo. Head of Washington: *Wedgwood.* (This occurs in Wedgwood's Catalogue of 1787. The Cameos are described as made both in white on colored grounds and also in pure white.)
2. Intaglio. Head of Washington: *Wedgwood.* (This is among the Intaglios in the same catalogue. It was small, to be used as a seal, made of black ware highly polished.)
3. Medallion. Head of Washington: *Wedgwood.* (This appears in same catalogue under "Heads of Illustrious Moderns," "made either in the black basaltes or blue and white jasper.")
4. Bust. Black basaltes: height, 13 inches. Washington. *Wedgwood.*
5. Oval. Pottery. Head of Washington in relief. *Neale & Co.*, Hanley.
6. Print. Head of Washington from Stuart's portrait. Black print in an oval. On pitchers and on plaques.
7. Print. Medallion head of Washington, on a monument in a landscape: legends, at top WASHINGTON IN GLORY, at bottom AMERICA IN TEARS.
8. Print. The same subject with the preceding, differently engraved, and the legends come within the oval line of the print.
9. Print. Under a willow, a monument on which "G. W. Sacred to the memory of G. Washington, who emancipated America from slavery," etc. Oval Portraits of Samuel Adams and John Hancock, with letters S. A. and J. H. below the monument. Several long legends form part of the print. On a pitcher, which also has in front an Eagle and Shield, around which the legend, "Peace, Commerce, and

Honest Friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none: *Jefferson*;" and under this *Anno Domini* 1804.

10. Print. A portrait which does not resemble Washington, above which a cherub holds a wreath enclosing *Washington:* Justice and Liberty on either side. Victory in front holding a palm branch. From the wreath rays descend on the portrait. If there were any likeness to Jefferson in the portrait, this might be conjectured to represent him as successor to the glory of Washington.
11. Print. Entitled on a separate label at bottom APOTHEOSIS: representing Washington lifted from the tomb by Time, with various accessories. I have a description of this print occurring without the title. (See No. 17.)
12. Print. Map of the United States. Washington and Liberty at left, Franklin at right. Two engravings of the same design occur; one is signed *F. Morris, Shelton, Staffordshire.* A specimen of the other occurs with date 1804.
13. Print. Portrait of Washington; America, standing, says, "Deafness to the ear that will patiently hear, and dumbness to the tongue that will utter a calumny against the immortal Washington:" Liberty says, "My favorite Son." Below, "Long live the President of the United States." (This last legend indicates that the specimens on which it occurs were made before the death of Washington.)
14. Print. Landscape, in which are ships, a church, a monument with WASHINGTON on the pedestal: legend, FIRST IN WAR, FIRST IN PEACE, FIRST IN FAME, FIRST IN VICTORY.
15. Print. Washington, mounted, on a battle-field: legend, in which he is described as Marshal of France. (On the same piece I find the fur cap portrait of Franklin.)
16. Print. Portrait of Washington, over which Liberty holds a wreath: legend, WASHINGTON CROWNED WITH LAURELS BY LIBERTY. A chain circle, fifteen links, names of fifteen States; engraving, signed *F. Morris, Shelton.*
17. Print. Portrait in Medallion, engraved in slight style, not resembling Washington; but over it the legend, "Deafness to the ear that will patiently hear," etc., as above, No. 13. Engraving signed *F. Morris.*
18. Print. The Apotheosis print (No. 11), without the title: on the reverse

is a large ship, and legend, Ship Sally of Newbury Port Moses Wells Master 1805. The words of Jefferson above described on No. 9 occur on this as on other specimens, usually around an eagle.

19. Print. Profile portrait of Washington: legend, He is in glory, America in tears.

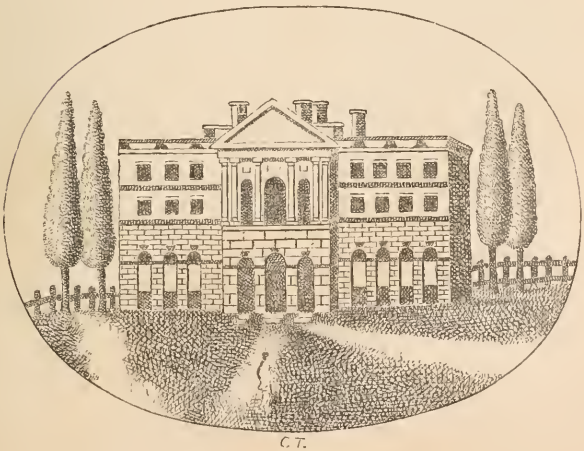
20. Relief Portrait of Washington in Profile, gilded, on bleu de roi ground, on a porcelain mug, with Dresden mark. A relief Portrait of Franklin is on the other side, and in front an American eagle, copied from the half-dollar silver coin of modern times.

Mr. Whitney here suspended the reading of his list, and remarked that he had "placed together most of the Washington pieces for convenience of reference. On some of the later tablewares in blue and white occur Washington portraits, but they scarcely entitle the pieces to be classed among those I have thus far catalogued, on which Washington is the prominent subject of the decoration.

"I have no doubt Ralph Wood, or Enoch Wood, of Burslem, made a statuette of Washington, but I cannot find a specimen. Their pottery produced many fine statuettes, and Enoch Wood was a modeller before 1784, when it is probable he opened his pottery works. Among the best of the portrait figures attributed to Ralph and Enoch Wood is a statuette of Franklin, fifteen inches high, of which there seem to have been two moulds, slightly different in such particulars as the shape of a button or other detail, but in general alike. On one of these statuettes I have seen the name painted in gold on the pedestal, *General Washington*. This error could only have occurred from the fact that two figures, of Washington and Franklin, were made in the factory, and in filling an order for some of them a decorator put the name of one on the pedestal of the other. I have seen several specimens of the Franklin, but have never met with the Washington. It will turn up some day."

20. The Plate Capt. Eben "resked his Life for:" page 229.

[Chinese porcelain: decoration in brilliant colors.]



21. State House at Hartford, Conn.: page 235.

[Blue print on tall and large coffee-pot: Staffordshire pottery.]

21. Cameo. Head of Dr. Franklin: *Wedgwood.* (Same remark as on No. 1.)
22. Intaglio. Head of Dr. Franklin: *Wedgwood.* (Same remark as on No. 2.)
23. Medallion. Head of Dr. Franklin: *Wedgwood.* (Same remark as on No. 3.)
24. Medallion. Head of Governor Franklin (of New Jersey): *Wedgwood.* (Same remark as on No. 3.)
25. Statuette. Dr. Franklin: Pottery. Height, 15 inches: specimens vary in colors of dress. There are apparently two moulds of this figure, varying in slight details of buttons, button-holes, etc. Probably by *Ralph* or *Enoch Wood*, Burslem.
26. Oval. Porcelain bisque; Head of Dr. Franklin: *Bristol.* (Possibly two heads were made by Champion, but only one is now known.)
27. Group: Franklin and Louis XVI. Porcelain bisque marked *Niderviller.*
28. Oval. Pottery; Head of Dr. Franklin: *Neale & Co.*, Hanley.
29. Print. Fur cap portrait of Dr. Franklin with glasses. Legend, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BORN, etc. On a pitcher; on the other side, legend, *Benj'n Franklin Esq. L.L.D. and F.R.S. the brave defender of the country against the oppression of taxation without representation—author of the greatest discovery in Natural Philosophy since those of Sir Isaac Newton, viz., that Lightening is the same with the electric fire.*
30. Pitcher—Print. On one side The American Eagle with E PLURIBUS UNUM; on the other side these stanzas:

> "Sound, Sound the trump of Fame
> Let Jefferson's great name
> Ring through the world with loud applause,
> As the firm friend of Freedom's cause.
>
> "Let every clime to freedom dear
> Now listen with a joyfull ear
> With honest pride and manly graee
> He fills the Presidential plaee.
>
> "The Constitution for his guide
> And Truth and Justice by his side,
> When hope was sinking in dismay
> When gloom obseured Columbia's day
> He mour'd his country's threaten'd fate
> And sav'd it ere it was too late."

31. Mug. Portrait in black print; on a ribbon, The Honourable John Hancock. (See Illustration 5.) This is probably an early piece of Liverpool ware.

32. Pitcher. On one side a ship with American flag. In front, American Eagle over the words Herculaneum Pottery Liverpool. On the other side, a sailor's ballad surrounded by a wreath of flowers, to which is appended the engraver's signature, *Jn° Johnson, Liverpool.* This pitcher is one of many having this ship print, and is important as it has both the pottery mark and an engraver's.

33. Print. Map between two female figures. Legend, Plan of City of Washington. This is found on a pitcher bearing the Washington print, with legends, Washington in Glory, America in Tears.

34. Pitcher. Legend, An Emblem of America over a coarse print representing a female figure holding the American flag, facing two short, fat Indians: behind her a group of oval portraits labelled Raleigh, Columbus, Franklin, Washington, etc. This also occurs on a Washington pitcher, with the print of a monument, and the legend, "Washington in Glory," etc., but differing from the same subject in last number.

35. Pitcher. Legend, Success to the crooked town of Boston. No print. On the other side a ballad.

36. Pitcher. Masonic Emblems and verses. The American Eagle and Shield on front. Masonic prints in several varieties appear on such specimens.

37. Pitcher. Two prints, one of Timber-cutting, the other of Ship-building, one above the other with verses between. Other verses on the opposite side of the pitcher, or in some cases an eagle; Herculaneum Pottery Liverpool, on front. This print is found on Washington pitchers.

38. Pitcher—Print. Battle Scene: Death of Montgomery.

39. Pitcher—Print. Battle Scene: Death of Warren.

40. Pitcher—Print. Liberty seated: legend, May Columbia Flourish.

41. Pitcher—Print. A Schooner. Legend, Commerce * * and Peace, All Nations' Joys Increase.

42. Plate—Print. A Ship with American flag: found sometimes colored over the print. This print also occurs on pitchers, and various other prints of ships with American flags.

43. Pitcher. On one side a print, THE FARMER'S ARMS, with legend, IN GOD WE TRUST: on the other side the legend, FOR AMERICA.

44. Pitcher. On one side a sort of shield, with two female figures as supporters. NEW YORK prominent at top of shield: names of other States, including BOSTON, on ribbon. Legend, PEACE PLENTY *and* INDEPENDENCE. On the other side shield, supported by an Eagle and an Indian. Legend, SUCCESS TO THE UNITED STATES of AMERICA, E PLURIBUS UNUM. In front, PEACE *and* PROSPERITY TO AMERICA. This appears to be an early specimen: printed in red and decorated with pink lustre; probably from a Shelton pottery.

45. Pitcher. The same print on each side, viz., names of eleven States on ribbons around stars, the whole encircling the words PEACE PLENTY AND INDEPENDENCE: among the eleven States are *Boston* and *Tenassee*. This forms a sort of shield, supported by a standing female figure on left, and seated female figure on right, each with a cornucopia: above, an eagle and flag. On the front of the pitcher, PEACE AND PROSPERITY TO AMERICA.

46. Pitcher. Black print, names of eleven States, including Boston, around the words PEACE PLENTY AND INDEPENDENCE: apparently an extract from the above print; but, as this description is communicated to me, I cannot affirm it.

47. Print: in which a U. S. soldier is standing with his foot on the head of the British Lion. Legend, *By virtue and valor we have freed our country, extended our commerce, and laid the foundation of a great empire.*

"After the last war with England," said Mr. Whitney, "which we sometimes call the War of 1812, the English manufacture of potteries having American decorations increased rapidly. The events of that war were not infrequently used for illustration. Sometimes pieces were made in obedience to American orders, and in other cases enterprising potters designed them for American sale. The latter was undoubtedly the case with the Castleford teapots and other tea wares, on which it is very common to see embossed figures of Liberty, or the Head of Liberty with a turban, copied from the United States gold coins of the last century.

These Castleford wares, both pottery and porcelain, are often very beautiful in shape, and charmingly ornamented with raised lines in patterns, sometimes colored blue. Other potters copied the patterns, and New England country houses formerly abounded in beautiful specimens of these fabrics. Collectors of Sèvres and Dresden affect to despise them; but beauty of form is never to be despised, and many an old English pottery teapot is as beautiful an object as Sèvres or Dresden ever produced. Tastes differ, however, and it is well they do.

"The heroes of the American navy, and their battles, formed frequent decorations of the printed potteries. Perhaps this indicates that sailors ordered these wares in English ports. It seems odd that English potters should have used so extensively, for trade purposes, the victories of their late enemies, and especially that on many pieces they should have placed legends insulting to their own pride. It is one of the curious illustrations of what the desire to make money will lead men to do. For many of these decorations occur on pieces evidently made for the general market, and not for special orders."

48. Plate. Portrait of Perry: over it, PERRY. Impressed mark of *Davenport*, Longport.

49. Pitcher. Same portrait of Perry on one side: on the other side, portrait of Jackson: under it, MAJOR GENL. ANDREW JACKSON. I have heard of a pitcher with a portrait of Perry, and a naval battle on the other side, but have no description of it.

50. Mug. Portrait of Perry: over it, O. H. PERRY, ESQ. Legend, on a ribbon, WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY, AND THEY ARE OURS: under this, HERO OF THE LAKE.

51. Mug. Portrait. Over it, COMMODORE DECATUR: below, on ribbon, FREE TRADE, SAILORS' RIGHTS.

52. Pitcher. Cream-ware, with copper lustre: on one side portrait, DECATOR: on the other, portrait of Lawrence. Legend, DON'T SURRENDER THE SHIP.

53. Mug. Portrait, COMMODORE BAINBRIDGE. Legend, AVAST BOYS, SHE'S STRUCK.

54. Pitcher. On one side portrait, CAPTAIN JONES OF THE MACEDONIAN: on the other side portrait, CAPTAIN HULL OF THE CONSTITUTION.

55. Pitcher. On one side portrait, CAPTAIN JONES OF THE MACEDONIAN. On the other side portrait of General Z. M. Pike: above it, PIKE; below, the legend, BE ALWAYS READY TO DIE FOR YOUR COUNTRY.

56. Pitcher. On one side portrait of Pike, and legend as on the last described; on the other side portrait, and legend, CAPTAIN HULL OF THE CONSTITUTION.

57. Pitcher. On one side portrait, signed D. Legend, COMMODORE PREBLE. On the other side oval print of ships engaging fortifications. Legend above, COMMODORE PREBLE'S SQUADRON ATTACKING THE CITY OF TRIPOLI, AUG. 3, 1804; legend below, a long account of the engagement. On the front, American eagle, and legend, HERCULANEUM POTTERY LIVERPOOL.

58. Pitcher. Two prints of naval battles. On one side, THE WASP AND REINDEER: on the other, THE WASP BOARDING THE FROLIC. Each print is signed *Bentley Wear & Bourne Engravers & printers Shelton Staffordshire.*

59. Pitcher. On one side, view of the bombardment of Stonington, entitled "THE GALLANT DEFENCE OF STONINGTON AUGUST 9 1814. On the other side, a ship; legend, UNITED STATES FRIGATE GUERRIERE COM. MACDONOUGH, BOUND TO RUSSIA JULY 1818.

60. Pitcher. A view near Gloucester, Mass. (I have mislaid an accurate note of this specimen, which was a very large sized cream-ware pitcher.)

61. Medallion containing embossed head of Liberty, being the peculiar head first used on the U. S. gold coins of 1795. This appears on teapots probably made at Castleford.

62. Medallion containing embossed figure of Liberty, seated: not necessarily American, but on pieces probably made for this market. Used at Castleford, and perhaps elsewhere.

63. Medallion containing embossed American Eagle and Shield; the reverse die adopted on American gold in 1797. This is found as an ornament on the same pieces with No. 61.

64. Tea-service, pottery, like cream-ware, but apparently a different paste,

decorated with prints in red. On the teapot, on one side a steamship or boat at sea, in the distance a mountainous land, with a fort. The steamer has one mast with American flag, and a smoke-stack nearly as high as the mast. On the other side a captured British ship, flying American flags over the British, approaching a rocky shore on which an anchor lies, and an American eagle stands holding a laurel branch which extends among stars over the entire print. The same prints appear on the teacup. On the saucer is a similar print, in which the steamer is coming out to meet the ship. (See Illustration 11.) The work resembles known prints by F. Morris at Shelton. This decoration may refer to some event in the Bay of New York when a captured ship arrived, or it may have relation to Fulton's war-ship.

Mr. Whitney here laid down his list from which he had been reading, and remarked that "in 1814 Robert Fulton was authorized by the U. S. Government to build a steamship of war. She was launched, and named Fulton the First. Can it be that this intermingling of a captured British vessel, the American eagle triumphant on the rocks, and an odd-looking steamship, have any allusion to this first American war-steamer? And did Enoch Wood possibly allude to the same idea on wares made later than this, but to which I shall come hereafter?

"Before proceeding with my list, let me say that between 1815 and 1830 it is evident that English potters had established tolerably regular commercial relations with American merchants. In some cases the wares were marked with the names of the American dealers. I find 'J. Greenfield, China, etc., New York,' and 'Peter Morton, importer, Connecticut,' on the backs of dinner-plates which date perhaps about 1825–30.

"Some English potters united the American Eagle and Shield with their trade-mark. Enoch Wood & Sons used a circular impressed mark with the eagle in the centre. Rogers, of Longport, often stamped the eagle alone in blue, having his name impressed,

or sometimes omitted entirely. Clews, of Cobridge, and others printed on the bottoms of articles the names of the prints which decorated them, the name appearing in a scroll or frame held by the American eagle.

"American dealers probably sent out prints of American scenery and events to be used. In some cases, perhaps, customers, such as steamboat companies on the Hudson River, hotel proprietors, and others, ordered or furnished drawings for prints. Series of American subjects were published by English potters, such as the Ridgways' "Beauties of America."

"After 1815, we find a good many American subjects on table and other wares. I have included in my list such of these as have come under my notice. Where not otherwise noted, these designs occur in dark-blue prints, mostly on table wares. Some of them are superb in color, and although once cheap crockery, they are now valuable specimens, whose worth consists in their great beauty of color as well as in their historical associations. I proceed with the list, generally naming only the prints, as they occur on a great variety of pieces in services.

65. Landscape: seaport in distance: a man in knee breeches and wig (Washington?) stands by an urn on which is WASHINGTON: he holds a scroll in his hand: trees, foliage, etc., cover the piece. This might be classed among Washington prints. I find it in dark-blue on various pieces of a breakfast service.
66. Washington Church, Philadelphia.
67. Harvard College.
68. Monte Video. (Now known as Wadsworth Tower, near Hartford, Conn.)
69. The State-house at Hartford, Conn.
70. Fairmount Water-works, Philadelphia.
71. The Dam and Water-works, Philadelphia.
72. Water-works, Philadelphia. (This is a view of a house with dome, like an observatory, among trees. An old Pennsylvania covered wagon in the foreground.) Marked R. S. W.

73. Upper Ferry Bridge over the Schuylkill.
74. Race Street Bridge, Philadelphia.
75. View at Hoboken, New Jersey. (The old Stevens mansion.)
76. View of Passaic Falls, New Jersey.
77. Print covering dinner-plate, and found on larger pieces. In centre the White House, with deer in front, is on a sort of shield supported by Liberty kneeling on right, Justice standing on left: Justice holds an oval portrait of Washington. Fruits and flowers above and below. Around all, names of fifteen States on connected arches with stars. On pedestals of the supporters, AMERICA AND INDEPENDENCE. Tureens and covered dishes with this decoration have the American eagle for the knob on the cover. Mark of *Clews*, Cobridge.
78. Print; a side-wheel steamship, bark rigged, under full sail at sea; American flag: dark-blue print on saucer, and same print, smaller size, on cup; impressed circular mark of E. Wood & Sons, semi-china, Burslem. What steamer can this be? The pottery is much older than 1838, when the *Sirius* and *Great Western* (British steamers) began the Atlantic ferry. Can it be the American steamship *Savannah*, which, in 1819, made the first steamer voyage ever made across the Atlantic, reaching Liverpool about July, and proceeding to St. Petersburg, whence she returned to America in 1820? If so, this is a very interesting ceramic and historic relic. The mark, E. WOOD & SONS, does not date earlier than 1818, and probably not earlier than 1819 or 1820. Wood & Caldwell was the firm name till 1818, when Caldwell retired, and Enoch Wood took his sons into partnership some time after that.
79. Table Rock, Niagara. *E. Wood & Sons.*
80. City of Albany, State of New York. *E. Wood & Sons.*
81. Steamboat on the Hudson River taking passengers from the shore with small boat. On wheel-house, CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL, TROY: on flag, TROY LINE: on other flags illegible words. Marked *E. Wood & Sons.*
82. Steamboat on the Hudson. Precise copy of last number, except that the name on the wheel-house is UNION LINE: on one flag the same: on other flags nothing. *E. Wood & Sons.*
83. Naval battle on Lake Champlain. On rock in foreground, COMMODORE MACDONNOUGH'S VICTORY. Impressed mark, WOOD. Possibly

this mark dates about 1818, when Enoch Wood was alone, having bought out his former partner, Caldwell, and not yet taken his sons into partnership.

84. Gilpin's Mills on Brandywine Creek. Marked *E. Wood & Sons.*
85. Octagon Church, Boston. Marked *J. & W. Ridgway.*
86. City Hall, New York. Marked *J. & W. Ridgway.*
87. State House, Boston. This is the same picture with the last, with a different name on the back of the plate. It is really the New York City Hall. Marked *J. & W. Ridgway.*
88. The Capitol at Washington. *J. & W. Ridgway.*
89. Exchange at Charleston. *J. & W. Ridgway.*
90. Bank at Savannah. *J. & W. Ridgway.*
91. Insane Hospital, Boston. *J. & W. Ridgway.*
92. Landscape view, MOUNT VERNON NR WASHINGTON. *J. & W. Ridgway.*
93. Pennsylvania Hospital. Marked *J. & W. Ridgway.*
94. Landing of Lafayette at Castle Garden, in 1824: view of the Battery, Castle Garden, steamers, etc.: this is on pitchers, and various pieces of breakfast, dinner, and tea services. Marked, *Clews Warranted Staffordshire.*
95. Pitcher. Medallion with head of Lafayette: legend above, in the medallion, WELCOME LAFAYETTE, THE NATION'S GUEST: the same print repeated on opposite side of the pitcher: in front another portrait of Lafayette in vignette, with legend above, "General La Fayette welcome to the land of liberty," and below, "He was born at Auvergne in France, 1757, joined the American struggle in 1777, and in 1824 returned to repose in the bosom of the land whose liberty he in part gave birth to." On the sides around the medallion heads a long biographical legend in five lines, the same on each side. No mark.
96. Plate. Medallion head of Lafayette. Around it, "*Welcome Lafayette the nation's guest and our country's glory.*" (This has been communicated to me.)
97. Print. VIEWS OF THE ERIE CANAL. This title, communicated to me as occurring on the back of a blue printed plate, indicates a series. The Erie Canal was finished and opened in 1825 with imposing ceremonies; about this time many prints relating to it appeared on English pottery.
98. Plate—Prints. In centre, a church, buildings, etc.: on border, por-

traits and an aqueduct, with legends, *Jefferson, President Washington, Welcome Lafayette the Nation's guest, General Clinton, View of the aqueduct bridge at Little Falls.*

99. Pitcher—Prints. A canal lock and aqueduct; American eagle; flowers, wreaths, etc.: legend, *Utica, a village in the State of New York, thirty years since a wilderness, now* (1824) *inferior to none in the western section of the State in population, wealth, commercial enterprise, active industry, and civil improvement.* Another legend, *The Grand Erie Canal*, etc. (as on No. 101 below).

100. Pitcher. Prints in black. Albany Theatre, 1824: A Head of Washington: View of the aqueduct bridge at Little Falls (a large print).

101. Print. Legend, *The Grand Erie Canal, a splendid monument of the enterprise and resources of the State of New York. Indebted for its early commencement and rapid completion to the active energies, pre-eminent talents, and enlightened policy of De Witt Clinton, Governor of the State.* Border of plate with this legend has canal, boats, etc.

102. Entrance of the Erie Canal into the Hudson at Albany. *Clews.*

103. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. This, I am informed, was one of the first railways, if not the very first, constructed in America. (See Ill. 12.)

104. Pittsfield, Mass. Winter view: marked *Clews.* In a newspaper paragraph which I cut from a journal in 1864, it was stated that there was a famous old elm-tree at Pittsfield, the trunk of which, when it fell, was sawed up and made into bowls, canes, and other relics; also that about 1825, Mr. Allen, a merchant of Pittsfield, "had a view of the Elm and Park, as they then appeared, taken and sent to England, where it was reproduced on blue crockery-ware, several specimens of which are still in the possession of the old families of Berkshire, and highly prized." (See Ill. 4.)

105. Park Theatre, New York. This view includes the lower end of the Park, with its ancient brick posts. In the distance is the spire of the Old Brick Church. It is on a dinner-plate. No maker's mark is on it, but the border pattern is identical with the specimen, No. 106.

106. City Hotel, New York. View looking down Broadway, and including old Trinity Church. A man is sawing a load of wood with an old-fashioned buck in the middle of Broadway in front of the hotel. No mark, but border pattern the same with the preceding specimens.

107. Marine Hospital, Louisville, Kentucky. Marked *E. Wood & Sons.*

108. Hospital, Boston. A one-horse "shay" in the foreground. Marked Stevenson, impressed.

109. Arms of Rhode Island: on a plate, dinner size.

110. Arms of South Carolina. It is said by the owner of a plate with this decoration that this is the last remaining of a set of thirteen different plates, each one having the arms of one of the original thirteen States. Perhaps services were made in this way, and the plate, dinner size, with arms of Rhode Island above named, may belong to such a service.

111. Tomb of Dr. Franklin.

112. View of New York City. On the back the title, on a tablet held by an eagle, is "NEW YORK from WEEHAWK, by *W. C. Wall, Esq.*" Marked *A. Stevenson Warranted Staffordshire*, in a circle impressed.

113. Landing of the Pilgrims. On a rock names, Carver, Bradford, Winslow, Brewster, Standish: on the borders of a plate with this design are four medallions enclosing prints. One of these is a reduced copy of the side-wheel steamer illustrated (Ill. No. 64); another has two ships, with names *Enterprise* and *Boxer* (?). Marked *Enoch Wood & Sons, Burslem*, in blue print on a scroll. This print is in a lighter shade of blue, and the work is late.

114. Views on the Hudson River. These are various views on dinner and other services, printed in brown. Specimens are marked Clews; but others, unmarked, may be by other makers.

"These Hudson River views are probably as late as 1830, or even 1835, and here the list may be suspended. Scenes in the Texas war with Mexico; extracts from the Constitution of the United States; ruins of New York fire in 1835, with Phœnix fire-engine, etc.—many other designs are found on the more modern wares. The 'darkly, deeply, beautifully blue' Staffordshire and Liverpool wares gave place about 1830 to prints in brown, pale blue, pink, mauve, and a variety of shades of color, which sufficiently mark the more recent character of pieces."

At the close of the session a lady, who had not spoken during

the discussion, produced a plate which she unwrapped from a paper with some hesitation.

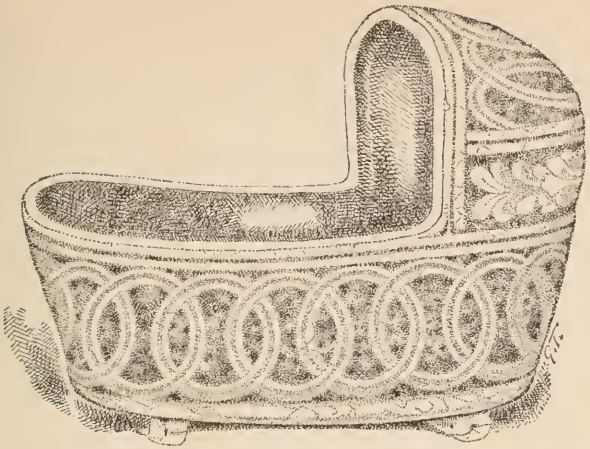
"I thought, perhaps—I didn't know—I wasn't sure—it's not very old—but I knew you were going to talk about American subjects, and I suppose it's an American subject—that is, it's—well you can see what it is."

She exhibited a heavy white stone-ware plate, with a blue line around the rim. In the centre was a device printed in a gray tint, two cannon crossed, an anchor in front of them, the letters C. S. N. below. This device was enclosed in a circle made by a cable, around which was a wreath of leaves and flowers. Under all were the words AIDE TOI ET DIEU T' AIDERA.

"Well, what is it?" said Mr. Whitney, glancing with some contempt at the very modern looking and far from beautiful specimen.

"I borrowed it of Mrs. Townsend. She said she found two or three in a shop down South last winter. The shopkeeper said they belonged to a blockade runner in the time of the Civil War. But Mrs. Townsend says that when she took them to the hotel she was showing one of them to a lady, when a friend of hers, who had been an officer on the *Alabama*, saw it and exclaimed, 'Where did you get that piece of our old crockery?' 'Whose old crockery?" said Mrs. Townsend. 'Our old crockery on the *Alabama*. That is a piece of the service made for us in England. That line, AIDE TOI ET DIEU T' AIDERA, was the *Alabama's* motto, and was painted on the wheel-house of the ship. There were three kinds—all the same design, but a different color on each set, and this was one of the officers' service.' When Mrs. Townsend told me that, I thought perhaps it was a plate relating to America, and so I brought it."

"Relate to America? I should think it does!" exclaimed Mr. Whitney: "those plates are probably the only ceramic relics of the Confederate States of America."



22. The Fairy's Cradle Mollie found: page 234.

[Old English pottery: brilliant green glaze: relief ornaments.]

23. The Rummiest Old Fellow: page 237.

[Pottery: Toby: colors from life: probably by Enoch Wood, Burslem.]

# IX.

## AUNT CHARRY'S BOARDER.

I SPENT a summer in the little village of Brayton, said Miss Forsythe. It was my mother's native place, and for that reason dear to all her children, who, year after year, sought its quiet shade, and found rest and refreshment there. I knew all the people for miles around, and was dear to many of their honest, kindly hearts, because I was "Lyddy Burton's darter," and a lineal descendant of "old Major Johnny."

Sitting one July afternoon in my favorite seat under the old "Perkins elm," I heard the rattle of wheels, and, looking up, saw Aunt Charity Burdick jogging down the road with her old gray mare, Dolly. Now "Aunt Charry," as she was called by all the villagers, was a very good friend of mine. She had known my mother when a "gal," and could tell many a tale of the doings and sayings of my grandfather, "Major Johnny Burton," whom, according to her, I "favored" remarkably. She was a fat, comfortable old soul, taking life easily herself, and certainly making it a less dreary road for those around her. As she saw me she gently communicated to Dolly her desire to stop, and I went to meet her. A hearty shake of the hand, a pat on the shoulder, the expressed opinion that I was "the old major over agin, only not so hard-featur'd nor dark-complected;" and then I asked, "Have the summer boarders come, Aunt Charry?"

"One on 'em has."

The answer was brief, and delivered in a tone which somehow gave me the impression that there was more to say about this one boarder.

"And who is it?" I asked.

"His *name*," said the old lady, dwelling upon the word as though to express the idea that there were other and more important facts than concerned his cognomen—"his *name* is Chester—Mister Winthrup Quincy Chester—an' he come from Bostin."

"Do you like him, Aunt Charry? Is he pleasant? Does he give you much trouble?"

The old lady was silent a minute, though her compressed lips, her half-closed eyes, and meaning smile all hinted at some dark mystery. Then, leaning toward me, she said, in a low, impressive voice,

"He's a loonytic!"

"Why, aunty," I exclaimed, "you are not in earnest? How could you take an insane person for boarder?"

"I never knowed it, not till he come. He looks like a real gentleman, an' he fetched a letter from Miss Jedge Gard'ner, who put up to Square Miner's las' summer; an' I wanted some boarders bad, for it's hard times, so I took this man. An' now this is how it's turned out!"

"But how, Aunt Charry? When was he taken? How does he act? Please tell me all about it," I cried, full of eager curiosity about this deranged Bostonian with the high-toned name.

"Well, jest put on your bunnet, deary, an' ride down to the house with me. I'll send ye home safe an' soun' bimeby."

My "bunnet" was soon donned, and I seated by the dear old woman, behind the deliberate but persevering Dolly, listening to a strange and thrilling history.

"Well, ye see, it's a pooty good stiffikit for Miss Jedge Gard-'ner to speak well of a body; an' then, when the man come, he

was pleasant-spoken, an' looked real well to do, an' I never conceited there was anythin' wrong. He come in the stage from Rockville, an' got here nigh on to five o'clock. I showed him up to his room myself. I'd fixed it up real tasty, with Grammer Fish's 'risin' sun' bed-quilt on the bed an' span-clean dimity-curt'ins, an', thinks I, it's good enough for anybody, let alone *who* he is. But Mister Chester he never said nary a word about it, an' so says I, 'Tea 'll be ready at six o'clock,' I says, an' I come away. Well, I went inter the kitchin to see to the sody biskits an' slice the ham, an' when I come back inter the settin'-room, there was that man a-stannin' by the tea-table, an' spyin' an' peekin' inter the vittles. There was a bowlful o' pie-plant, done up in brown sugar stid o' merlasses, for cump'ny; an' when I come in the door, if that Bostin feller warnt holdin' it up to his nose an' kinder sniffin' at it. He put it down quicker 'n you could say Jack Rob'nson, but I see him, an' it riled me. But, sudsy me! that was nothin' to what come arterwards. He wouldn't eat nothin' till he'd poked his nose inter his plate an' turned it over to see if 'twas clean enough on the bottom as well as top for Mister Winthrup Quincy Chester to eat off on. He smelt o' the butter, he turned all the slices o' ham over with his fork before he'd taste 'em—nice thin slices o' pink home-cured ham—an' he emptied the dough-nuts right off the platter onter the table, an' squinted at the dish to see if 'twas sticky or nothin'. You better b'lieve I was spunky. I didn't dream he was lackin' an' a leetle cracked, but I thought he was jest the stuckuppest feller I ever see in all my born days. He went out walkin' before dark, an' I run inter Miss Cross's to see how Malviny was gittin' along—she's got the yeller janders, ye know—an' when I come back, sure's you're alive, there was that Chester feller up on a chair, a-lookin' on my toppest pantry shelf. He scuttled down, I tell ye, when he see me, an' turned as red as a beet, an' mumbled suthin' about

'lookin' for matches.' Matches! when there was a hull card on 'em on the chimbley-piece in his sleepin'-room.

"Well, to make a long story short, I'll tell ye what I've found out—that man is a little cracked about *vittles!* He's allers arter 'em, but never eats much on 'em. He pries an' spies aroun' the kitchen an' pantry; he sneaks inter my north cubberd, where I keep my jells an' sweetmeats; he squints inter ev'ry dish he sees aroun', as if he was starvin' an' hankerin' arter a scrap o' suthin' to fill his stummick; but when I hand him a hunk of ging'bread or a piece o' rye-'n'-injun bread he won't look at it. Sometimes I conceit he's one o' them Libby pris'n men, who went hungry so long in war time, an' it kinder went to his head; an' agin I think mebbe he's lost money in the eatin'-house bisness; an' then agin I'm ail out, an' dunno *what* to make on him. He's got a kinder leetle spy-glass in his pocket, an' he outs with it ev'ry other minnit to look at his sarcer, or his plate, or the bowl o' berries, an' see if there's enough left for him, an' if it's good. An' another thing makes me think he's ben a pris'ner, he's got a *file* in his pant'loons pockit, an' he hauls it out kinder ste'lthy sometimes' an' goes to filin' suthin', don't make no matter what—a plate, or a cup, or the cream-pot, 's all the same to him. Sometimes he's a-settin' at the table an' I hand him suthin', an' he looks at it so wild and queer like, an' he jumps up an' runs up-stairs to his room for 'bout a minnit, and then he comes back a-mutterin' to hisself. I mind one time I parst him the cream-pot to put some cream on his strawb'ries, an' he took it in his hand, an' I see by the stary look in his eyes the fit was a-comin' on, an' he out with his file an' he filed, an' he out with his squinter an' he squinted, an' then he mumbled an' muttered suthin' about a gal he's allers a-talkin' on. 'No Careline there,' says he, 'sorft, sorft,' says he, an' sech jabber as that. He offen 'ludes to Careline, an' to some other gal named Toft—her given name's Lois.

An' he's profane, too, an' makes use o' pooty bad words. '*Hercu-lanyum!*' says he, one day, so loud an' feerce it give me a real start; an' there warnt nary a thing to get mad about, 'cept I shoved the big pitcher o' new milk over to him 'stead o' parsin' it perlite. I gin him a sarcer o' batter puddin' one time, an' he looked at it all over, an' then he mumbled suthin' about its bein' nothin' but sorft *paste*. Paste, indeed, and made by Miss Gen'-ral Phelps's own receipt! Las' night I fetched in some cherries jest off the tree—the Plunkit Reds, ye know—an' they looked real pooty on my best sprigged chiny cake dish, an' I set 'em down on the table. Mister Chester he up an' ketched 'em up 'an most spilt 'em on the floor, lookin' as if he was achin' for suthin' to eat; but he set 'em right down agin, an', says he, kinder silly, like an idjut, 'I thought,' says he, 'they were *cauli*-flowers, but they're jest that everlastin' Lois Toft's.' I could 'a slat 'em at his head I was that mad!"

Now I had listened to the first part of Aunt Charry's story with a little perplexity; but as she proceeded a light broke upon my comprehension, and grew brighter and brighter to the end, when, as this climax and the old lady's insulted offering of cherries were reached, I burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"Well, 'tis curus," said Aunt Charry. "I'd larf too if I warnt kinder scary about crazies. He might set the house afire, ye know, or jab at some un with his file."

I hugged the dear old woman impulsively in the middle of the road, assured her that I knew no harm would come to her through her erratic guest, and then added:

"Let me go home with you, aunty, and see this queer individual. But, for fear of frightening him in my character of a young lady from the city, let me be a village girl come in to 'help.' You shall lend me an apron, my cambric dress is no better than

many a waitress wears, and I'll play 'neat-handed Phillis' beautifully, as you shall see."

"Law, now, Miss Janey, what be you up to? You've got a real wicked look in your eyes, for all the world like old Major Johnny when he was goin' to cut up some dido. What is it, deary?"

"Nothing wicked, Aunt Charry. Just be good, and follow my lead, and we'll have a quiet laugh at Mr. W. Q. Chester, and he none the worse for it, I assure you." I was sincere in what I said, but a month of enforced quiet and of eager longings for an adventure to stir the calm monotony of my life in Brayton had somewhat demoralized me, and I forgot, for the moment, that it was scarcely courteous to plan a practical joke upon a stranger, even though he were, as I suspected, trespassing upon my own favorite hunting-ground.

"Well, well, have it your own way," said Aunt Charry. "You're your mar's own child, and when Lyddy Burton sot her mind on anythin', you couldn't budge her no more'n nothin'."

"Then don't try to 'budge' me, aunty, but do as I say, please. And, in the first place, you must not call me 'Miss Janey' again to-night, but 'Jane,' for I'm your 'hired help,' please, mum. And now just stop one minute at Dr. Harris's, for I have an errand there."

Mrs. Harris, wife of the village doctor, was a gentle, refined woman, who for weary months and years had lain a patient sufferer in her pleasant room. Every one loved her, and her chamber was filled with things of beauty meant to be joys forever to its dear occupant. Pictures, flowers, fruit, books, filled the apartment, and even some choice bits of pottery and porcelain adorned the shelves. I myself, when travelling with Uncle George in Europe a year before, had remembered the invalid, and picked up for her some bright little pieces of old Dresden, Wedgwood, and Worcester. Other journeying friends had also brought from

their pilgrimages similar ceramic souvenirs, so that now Mrs. Harris possessed a really creditable little "collection." Leaving Aunt Charry outside, I ran lightly up-stairs to the oft-visited room (somehow I never entered it without thinking of those words in the "Pilgrim's Progress:" "The Pilgrim they laid in a large, upper chamber, facing the sun-rising; the name of the chamber was Peace").

After greeting warmly the pale, sweet woman, whose smile was always like sunshine, I said, "Dear Mrs. Harris, I can stay but a minute. Will you lend me something without my explaining why I want it? I'll tell you the story to-morrow." I knew what the result of my appeal would be, and scarcely waiting for the ready response, I packed carefully in papers some precious articles, and ran down to Aunt Charry and Dolly.

Ten minutes more, and we were at our destination—a pleasant old place known for miles around as the "Burdick Farm." The boarder was invisible, and I fancied him in his own room, poring over a mysterious little book "full of scribble-scrabbles and criss-crosses and the outlandishest stuff," which his hostess told me he was addicted to the use of. I donned a white apron, and assisted in the preparation of the evening meal. I also gave Mrs. Burdick a few simple hints as to my plan of operations, that she might not be startled or taken unawares. Then I took my place with folded hands and demure countenance behind Aunt Charry's chair, and awaited the guest, who had been summoned by the shrill-toned bell.

He came promptly—a tall man of fifty or thereabouts, with a decided stoop, a bald head, and an excessively shy, nervous manner. He seated himself without seeming to notice the new waitress, which sign of abstraction did not prepossess me in his favor. Aunt Charry poured a cup of fragrant coffee, and I carried it to Mr. Chester. As I placed it on the table, he started, uttered an

exclamation, and then, hastily but carefully lifting the cup, he placed it on his plate, and reversed the saucer. Looking in a bewildered manner at the mark (Augustus Rex), his face flushed, and he muttered words which his hostess evidently thought meaningless ravings: "King's period — superb decoration." I had resumed my place near Aunt Charry, who now, without turning her head, said, in a hollow stage whisper, "It's comin' on; he'll be ravin' distracted in a minnit." Hot snowy biscuits and sweet newly made butter were offered and accepted silently, and then I sought to tempt our guest with some of Aunt Charry's delicious cottage cheese. This cheese in its creamy whiteness reposed upon a saucer-shaped dish, rich in red, gold, and blue, and somewhat Oriental in its style of decoration. The cheese was ignored, but Mr. Chester seized the dish almost rudely, and, lifting it high in air, looked upward at its under side. Now the mark upon this dish was intended for the fretted square of Worcester, but it was indistinct, and the short-sighted eyes of our maniac failed to make it out.

In an instant he placed it upon the table, and stammering confusedly that he would help himself, he drew out "kinder ste'lthy," as Aunt Charry would say, a small file, and drew it once or twice across the base of the dish. Then, still murmuring embarrassed apologies, he rose hurriedly and left the room. "Massy me!" cried aunty, "he's jest a-ravin' bedlamer, that's what he is!" I clapped my hands in delight. "Oh, it's *such* fun! I would not have missed it for worlds. And there's more to come." Mr. Chester re-entered the room, redder and more embarrassed than ever, and again took his place. As he raised the dish of cheeses again to look at that cabalistic sign, I said, taking it from his hand, "Is it sticky? Them servants do gorm things up so. I'll clean it in a jiffy, mister," and, unheeding his remonstrances, I rushed from the room with the precious vessel. In a minute

more the inmates of the "settin'-room" might have heard, and evidently did hear, a crash, and when I re-entered Mr. Chester was standing looking wildly toward the door and me. "Wha-wha-what *was* it, girl?" he demanded.

"Oh, Miss Burdick!" I exclaimed, "I'm awful sorry. I've ben an' gone an' broke your red plate all to smash!"

"Good heavens!" cried our guest, "and where are the pieces?"

"Well, I throwed the little ones down the sink, an' the big ones out the back-door."

A stifled groan was the only response, as he dropped into his chair.

"Be ye sick, mister?" I asked, anxiously. "Here, take a pickle; they're real hot an' pepp'ry, an' good for goneness an' seeh." So saying, I brought to the despondent man some pickled cucumbers, their bright greenness contrasting charmingly with the cream-ware dish, decorated with mauve flowers and green leaves, which held them. The "goneness an' seeh" seemed better at once as the patient seized the dish and looked eagerly at the mark ("Wedgwood" impressed clearly and sharply, and having the "comma marks" underneath).

"What, is that stuck up too? I want to know! Lemme give it a wipe," and I attempted to take it.

"No, no, no!" cried Mr. Chester, frantically. "You must not, you shall not."

"Highty-tighty!" exclaimed Aunt Charry, "what in airth is the matter? Stop, Miss—I mean Jane—don't work him up, don't reouse him!"

At that instant the roll of wheels was heard, and a sudden thought seizing me, I left the pickle-dish, and went out of the room. I did not return for some fifteen minutes, and when I went back into the supper-room it was to find the boarder sitting at the window, but with an eye upon the table, as if

he feared another accident, and meant to guard that cream-ware dish.

"Well, if I hain't had a season!" I said, panting with fatigue. "Job Peckham, the peddler, he came roun' for rags an' bottles an' things, an' I told him you said I might trade off the old crockery for tin-ware, an' I had to clime up to the toppest shelf an' git down all the old stuff, an' I'm all dust an' dirt. But I got two new dippers an' some mixin'-pans an' pie-plates an' a milk-pail, an' got red o' all them old bowls an' the pitchers with them horrid black picters on 'em, an' the blue plates an' platters, an' the big posy jars that took up so much room—" I paused, for our guest's aspect was really alarming. He had sprung to his feet, his face was flushed, the veins stood out upon his forehead, and he looked almost apoplectic.

"Where is that peddler?" he thundered, losing, in his horror and indignation, his natural nervous diffidence. "Quick, girl, tell me this instant: *where is that peddler?*"

I was a little frightened, I must confess, at the spirit I had invoked; but I answered, a little sulkily, "He's on the road to Wellfield now, and a good ways on, too, for he said he was late, an' he went like a streak o' lightnin'."

Out of the room, out of the hall, out of the front-door, hatless, with scanty locks flying in the evening breeze, dashed our guest. In vain, repentant and remorseful, I called to him to return. He was quickly out of sight and hearing. I turned to Aunt Charry. For the first time in all the years I had known her, the dear old woman looked at me severely and with disapproval. "Now you've done it, Jane Forsythe!" she said; "and you hadn't oughter. Jokes is jokes; but he's old enough to be your par, an' he'll run hisself into a sweat an' get his death o' cold."

"I'm sorry, Aunt Charry—oh, I am sorry! Don't be angry. I'll make it all right; I'll tell him the whole truth." At that

moment I spied Dr. Harris driving by in his gig, and, rushing to the door, I called him. He drew up, startled by my quick call and excited look.

"Why, what's this, Janey? Any one sick?"

"No, no. But please take me in; do, dear doctor, and drive down toward Wellfield." I sprang in even as I spoke, and as we drove rapidly down the road, I made, as well as I was able, a hurried confession of my sins. The doctor smiled grimly. "You ought to be scolded, child," he said; "but—I went to school with your mother, and played 'hookey' with her too many times to be very hard on her daughter for taking after her." I pressed closer to the good doctor's side, glad to be forgiven by somebody, and we rode on. It was not long before we saw our wanderer. He was surrounded by a group of children, who stared wonderingly at his bare head and red face as he questioned them eagerly. "Hain't seen no peddler," "Don't know no Job Peckham," they were saying, as we came up to the group.

Dr. Harris looked in a quick, surprised manner at the weary man, and then, springing from his seat, he cried, "Chester, is it possible? Where under the sun did you drop from?" The two men shook hands heartily, while I shrank abashed into the farthest corner of the gig. After a few words of greeting and explanation, which showed me that the two were old college friends, the doctor suddenly remembered me and my sins.

"Chester," he said, "do you remember pretty Lydia Burton, whom you met here one summer vacation more than twenty years ago?"

"Indeed I do! The loveliest little wild rose of a girl. What has become of her?"

"She has been up to a good many things since then, and, among other operations, has raised and spoiled this naughty girl here, Miss Janey Forsythe. She has been very discourteous, she

tells me, to her mother's old friend; but I am sure, for that mother's sake, you will forgive her." Mr. Chester looked bewildered, but I hastened to speak.

"Do forgive me, Mr. Chester; I was only in fun. Aunt Charry told me about the file and the glass, and what you said about soft paste, and Caughley, and Lowestoft, and I knew you must be a collector, and *I'm* one, and— Oh, I *borrowed* that Dresden and the Worcester and Wedgwood, and I did not break anything, and there is no peddler, and Aunt Charry has only a very, very few old things, and she won't let even *me* have them; so I'm sure you could not buy them, and— Oh, do forgive me, and I'll let you hunt all over Brayton, and not be a bit vexed."

I stopped, breathless and flushed. Mr. Chester had at first looked seriously annoyed, but by degrees a smile broke over his face, and at the conclusion of my incoherent confession he laughed outright.

We all went home together. Aunt Charry's mystification was enlightened, and she punished me in a way I felt deeply when she presented to Mr. Chester the large Liverpool pitcher marked "Herculaneum" so long coveted by myself.

I shall doubtless long remember the lesson this adventure taught me, for I am a frequent visitor in a delightful Boston home, where, in the choice company of many a ceramic gem, stands the stately pitcher I was the means of securing for Aunt Charry's boarder.

24. The Peasants' Dance Mug: page 250.

[Old English salt-glazed stone-ware; decorations in relief, and colored.]

# X.

## POTTERY AND RELIGION.

The clergymen of Littleville are busy men. The poor, the sick, the sorrowing, whether in or out of their parishes, are looked after, and there is work enough for them. They are seldom able to attend our club meetings, but both of them (the Congregational and Episcopalian—these are the only churches we have) are interested in pottery, and drop in, when they can, to get and give information. It was a fortunate meeting at which they were both present, for it had been agreed that we would devote a session to the relations of ceramic art with religion. The amount of information which they and other members contributed, in the course of a free conversation, without much order, justified the choice of a subject for that day's discussion and this chapter, which is far from being a perfect report of all that was said.

Collectors of pottery and porcelain have the excuse that the art not only illustrates the beautiful, but that it is connected in all periods, not only with history, romance, and poetry, but also with religion. A collection is thus full of associations and suggestions.

In the Bible we find frequent allusions to this subject. The first pottery which is mentioned there is that made by the ambitious builders of Babel, when they "said one to another, Go to, let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly."

The undertaking terminated disastrously; and one is sometimes reminded, when listening to the eager talk of a roomful of absorbed china collectors, with its mysterious allusions, and—to

the uninitiated—incomprehensible jargon, of that old tower and the confusion of tongues which fell upon its builders. Later, the captive Israelites, in Egypt, made brick and built treasure cities for Pharaoh; and it was the king's cruel mandate that, while the "tale of the bricks which they did make heretofore" was not to be diminished, yet the workmen were to gather their own straw for the work, which roused the oppressed people to resistance. (An irreverent young person suggested that it was the "last straw" which broke their backs! but I decline to incorporate the remark into my report.) The Egyptian bricks, however, were perhaps only sun-dried clay mixed with straw. Some royal pottery works are referred to in 1 Chron. iv., 23—"These were the potters, and those that dwelt among plants and hedges: there they dwelt with the king for his work." Jeremiah the prophet was sent to a pottery, there to learn a divine lesson: "Arise, and go down to the potter's house, and there I will cause thee to hear my words. Then I went down to the potter's house, and, behold, he wrought a work on the wheels. And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter; so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it." "Behold, as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in my hand, O house of Israel." And again the same prophet is commanded to take a "potter's ancient bottle" and break it before the people, as a sign of the destruction which was to come upon them.

"As the potter treadeth the clay;" "as clay in the potter's hands;" "as earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the potter;" "he shall break it as the breaking of a potter's vessel;" —these are all Scriptural allusions to the ceramic art. And in Proverbs we read of "a potsherd covered with silver dross," which is either pottery or earthen-ware covered with silver lustre such as is familiar to most of us.

"Possibly," said Rev. Dr. Wells, "the allusion in this case is

to a broken crucible, 'a fining-pot for silver,' such as is mentioned in Proverbs xvii.;" and thereupon the learned Doctor proceeded to talk at some length, and said so many things new and striking that I ventured the next day to ask him to write it out for me. He pleaded much work to do; but he is always kind, and a few days later sent me a sketch of some, but far from all, of the interesting things he said:

"Some passages of the Holy Scriptures may be read with new interest if the reader learn a little about pottery. For pottery must have been used in the Jewish families, although so little is said about it in the Sacred Writings. There are occasional allusions to it in the New Testament which are not without importance. The memorable interview at the well of Jacob, where the Lord talked with the woman of Samaria, furnishes one example. She had come to draw water, and when she went to the city to tell her friends the marvellous story, she forgot her special errand at the well and left her 'water-pot' standing there. If one but had that earthen jar, what a treasure it would seem! It would be such a constant reminder of so many of the wonderful words that were spoken, while it stood there by the well-side, of which it and its purpose were the suggestion. But as we cannot identify it or its fragments, it is worth noting that the modern Oriental custom is like the ancient, of using earthen water-pots to contain water, and women go to the river, the spring, or the well with large earthen jars, which, filled with water, they lift to the tops of their heads, and carry home, marching with a stately step that Western civilization may envy.

"The form of the water-pot of the Samaritan woman was probably the hydria of the Greeks, and in the account of St. John it is so called. The word is *udrian*, and is the same word used in describing the stone water-pots at the marriage-feast at Cana. The form is generally supposed to be an ovoid vase, with a mouth

somewhat large, and two handles, placed horizontally on the swell of the vase. But the word means simply what it is translated in our Bible, a water-pot, and its shape may have varied greatly. The ordinary earthen water-pot of the East, used by women to bring water to their houses, will hold four or five gallons. Usually when full it is so heavy that two others lift it to the head of the bearer, where it rests on a cushion. The stationary water-pots in houses were sometimes much larger.

"The Greek customs in this respect we know pretty well, and it seems likely that the same general customs prevailed through Eastern countries. The vases commonly used in houses for water, and for wine at large feasts, were what the Greeks called the *krater*. These were pottery vases, with wide mouths, into which it was very easy to dip a pitcher; for they used pitchers not unlike our most common forms. The command of the Divine Guest at the wedding was obeyed, probably, by dipping earthen pitchers into the open tops of the stone vases, and pouring the miraculous wine into earthen cups, for the governor of the feast first, and then for the guests. The stone water-pots at Cana were probably much like the kraters in Greek and Roman houses. Perhaps the use of pottery for household vases had given place in Palestine, as in Greece and other Roman possessions at this date, to vases of stone and metal. Possibly the stone vases are to be regarded as evidence of the wealth of the family.

"Although the great admiration of pottery, which was a Greek characteristic, had died out, and the Romans neglected the beautiful departments of the ceramic art, it was still true that earthenware was made for a thousand purposes of utility, and the poorer classes in all countries continued to use it, in undecorated styles, for household purposes. How extensively pottery was manufactured in Palestine at this time we have no means of knowing. The Potter's Field at Jerusalem has given a name to burial-places

for the poor in later ages, and it was probably a place where potteries had existed. This name may, indeed, have dated back to the period when there was that guild of potters in Jerusalem who worked for the king (1 Chron. iv., 23). The familiarity of the Israelites with potters and their work is evidenced by the use of this art in illustrations by their writers. The power of the potter over the clay can only be appreciated by one who has seen the potter exercise it. The wheel turns, the lump of clay is thrown on it, the potter's fingers touch it, and as if by magic it assumes form, to be an ornament of the house, a cup for the favored guest at the feast—a vessel of honor, or a slop-bowl, or a spittoon—a vessel of dishonor. The Hebrews must have been familiar with this work.

"St. Luke, in his account of one of the miracles of the Lord, describes men taking a sick man up to a house-top and letting him down 'through the tiling' (Luke v., 19). Did they roof houses with pottery tiles? There is no reason against believing it. Roman customs had invaded the East at this time, and no nation, ancient or modern, made more extensive use of pottery tiles than the Romans. So, too, not many centuries before this, returning from the Captivity, the Hebrews might have brought the use of pottery in architecture from the Euphrates valley. Nineveh and Babylon were great cities of pottery, with pottery tiles on walls and temples and palaces, glazed and colored. In the time of Ezekiel there seems to have been nothing mysterious in portraying a plan of a city on a tile, and representing a siege and its accompaniments (Ezek. iv., 1). St. Luke's use of the word translated 'tiling' leaves no doubt of a ceramic meaning. The Greek words are *dia tōn keramōn*, and the word *keramos* means a pottery object of some kind. If they built their houses like the modern Egyptians, with pottery jars in towers, for pigeon nests, we might imagine the word to mean 'jars;' and in Caper-

naum, where this occurred, they may have done so. St. Mark describes the same scene, and says they broke up the roof; and the simplest explanation would seem to be that the roof was made of tiles, of which they removed some to let the sick man down through the break.

"Long back in their history the Hebrews had been potters. The brickmaking in Egypt was, perhaps, only the making of sun-dried brick, strengthened with straw. Such bricks remain abundant in the ruins of ancient Egypt. Some may have been burned into pottery, but authorities are not agreed as to whether the Egyptians made any burned brick before Roman times. But the eighty-first Psalm, referring to the Egyptian captivity and deliverance, speaks of the relief of Israel, 'his shoulder from the burden, his hand from the pots.' So it seems probable that in Egypt they worked in potteries as slaves. Modern travellers tell us that Egyptian brickmakers tread the wet clay with their feet to mix it. Probably the captive Israelites did so in old times, and Isaiah uses the illustration of a potter treading clay (Isaiah xli., 25).

"In the desert of the Exodus they had earthen vessels, and as there is no probability that these were Egyptian fabrics, lasting through all their journeyings, it is to be supposed they found clay and founded potteries. The Levitical law makes mention of such vessels, and directs the priest in one ceremony always to use one (Numb. v., 17).

"But perhaps nowhere is there a better illustration of how much the Hebrews knew about pottery than in the wonderful book of the Wisdom of the Son of Sirach. In a single passage he sums up the whole art:

'So doth the potter, sitting at his work, and turning the wheel about with his feet, who is alway carefully set at his work: and maketh all his work by number. He fashioneth the clay with his arm, and boweth down his strength

before his feet; he applieth himself to lead it over; and he is diligent to make clean his furnace.'

"That is a text for a volume on ceramic art. One can see the ancient potter, his arm plunged deep in a mighty amphora on the turning-wheel, turned by the steady pressure of the strong foot, while, skilful and cautious, he literally bows down to use his arm for the form and his feet for the power. Then comes the glaze. There is no 'lead' in the Greek of Ben Sirach. Unfortunately, we have lost the original Hebrew, and have only the Greek of his grandson, some two centuries before our era. The expression 'to lead it over' is interesting as showing the notion of the English translators, about A.D. 1600, that lead glaze was the proper covering of an earthen vase. The Greek of Ben Sirach, however, may imply that shining lustre, which is the characteristic of Greek vases of the best time, a thin, varnish-like surface, probably a true glaze, but, as yet, defying analysis. The word used is *chrisma*, an ointment, perhaps a general word for a varnish, but here clearly intended to mean either a true glaze or a lustrous surface, applied with care. In all times, then, doubtless, as in our day, every potter was proud of his own peculiar glaze.

"It is remarkable that no ancient pottery of the Hebrews has been found. But then it is not so remarkable when we remember how few modern explorations have been made among the ruins of Hebrew cities. The excavations of the Palestine Exploration Society at Jerusalem have not been extensive, but were confined to searching for architectural remains and topographical indications. No one has opened the tombs of ancient Hebrews to see if they, like the Gentiles, buried home treasures with their dead. Down in the dust of the valley of Jehoshaphat perhaps some day will be found some of the pottery which they used, and then we may know a little of the household furniture and the table customs in such families as those of Lazarus and his

sisters, and of Simon the Pharisee, and, perhaps, even of men and women of the times of David. I will not discuss the so-called Moabite pottery. That is just now a subject of so much doubt, that we must wait awhile before determining whether it is old, or a modern fraud.

"With the religious history and religious customs of other ancient nations, pottery is closely allied. We can hardly estimate how much of our knowledge of Greek mythology we owe to Greek pottery. And perhaps it ought also to be said that we owe a great deal of our ignorance to the same cause. For the pottery is so rich in its picture illustration of the deeds of gods and heroes that men have gotten into a way of thinking it easy to read the unwritten stories thus pictured. Hence a considerable amount of error and confusion, and a sad muddle of history, heroism, and mythology. For the Homeric poems find such abundant illustration on the vases, that it is really difficult to think of the pictures as pure imaginations. And so gods and men are getting to be mixed up in some men's minds as alike historical persons.

"No one, however, can know well the religious ideas of the Greeks without having studied Greek vases. Of the literature of Greece we have a small reliquium, a very small remnant out of a vast amount once existing. Philosophy and Poetry in innumerable volumes have vanished. But the pictures of Greek artists we have by the thousand, and one cannot study these representations of the supernaturalism of the Greeks without thinking that, for knowledge of Greek religious sentiment, it would be better to lose all the writings than to lose the pictures.

"Rough estimates have been made of the numbers of Greek vases now in museums, but thousands of specimens have been added since the latest estimates. Probably there are over fifty thousand pictures, by Greek artists, now extant in European and

American museums of art. The large majority of these pictures have religious significance. All Greek pictorial art is strikingly realistic. A Greek painted vase tells a plain, distinct story. Hence the value of the Greek vases in teaching what the Greeks believed about their gods. These pictures, surrounding the daily life of the Hellenic families, were to them very far from being imaginations. They entered into the whole life of the young and old. They were perhaps as thoroughly truthful to the minds of children and the uneducated masses of the people as was the great body of painting, and wood and copper-plate illustration to the Italians of the 10th century. The personality, the adventures, the deeds of Mars, Minerva, Venus, Bacchus, were as intelligibly understood by the Athenians as the miracles of St. Nicholas, the life of Simon Magus, the wonders of the necromancer Virgilius, and other subjects of the cinque cento pencil.

"A tolerably correct conception of the religious ideas of the people of Italy in the years 1500–50 can be obtained from the vast mass of religious pictures of the period; more correct, probably, than from contemporary religious or historical literature. So of the Greek times and Greek people. The pictures made for people show what they liked, what they believed, while contemporary historians are rarely trustworthy."

Dr. Wells's notes here terminate abruptly.

The Romans looked upon pottery with veneration, and regarded some of their terra-cottas, especially the Quadriga of Veii, as safeguards to the city. Although admitting gold and silver vessels to their private entertainments, they considered earthen ones most proper for religious ceremonies.

The Chinese—who claim the invention of porcelain, and place it somewhere about B.C. 200. and who find also in their historical annals mention of pottery in the reign of Hoang-ti, guessed

to be 2698 before the Christian era—have enrolled among their deities a "potter-martyr."

Mr. Marryat says, "Every trade in China has its peculiar deity or idol. Pousa, who is the idol worshipped to this day by the fraternity of porcelain-makers, owes his honors to those kinds of designs which it was impossible for the workmen to execute. An emperor once ordered that some porcelain of a certain pattern should be made for him. The manufacturers represented to the mandarin charged with this commission that the execution of the order was impracticable: the only result was that the emperor enjoined the performance of the task the more strenuously, and gave the strictest orders for its completion. The manufacturers exerted all their energies, but their endeavors failed. The mandarins tried, by means of the bastinado, to excite them to new attempts. The workmen were in despair, and one of them, named Pousa, to escape further ill-usage, sprang into the glowing furnace, and was immediately consumed in the flames. When the firing was completed, the furnace was opened, and the porcelain was found perfect and beautiful, just what the emperor had desired, and Pousa, the martyr, received divine honors. The little corpulent figures so common in collections, and which the French call *magots*, are images of this divinity."

It would seem that this god won his honors rather undeservedly, and that the jumping "from the frying-pan into the fire"—so to speak—was a pusillanimous act on the part of Pousa, rather than a heroic immolation of himself as the necessary fuel for the completion of his master's work.

Chinese mythology is abundantly illustrated on Chinese porcelain, but it is remarkable how little we know about it from the books of travellers and missionaries. There must be an immense literature of the Chinese pantheon yet to be read. What the kylins, and dragons, and lions, and Dogs Fo, and sacred birds of

wonderful shapes mean, no one seems to understand. Porcelains are covered with pictures of them.

One of the members of the club, while visiting in a country village in Connecticut, inquired as usual about ceramic antiquities. "Do you care for idols?" asked the good lady whom she was visiting. Puzzled but persistent, she said she did care for idols if they were made of clay and baked, and thereupon the lady produced a Chinese figure, in ivory white porcelain (the rare old white), which is ordinarily called The Dog Fo. (See Ill. 13.) "That was old Parson Pierson's," said the lady. "Many a time I have seen him hold it up to the children in Sunday-school, and tell them it was a Chinese idol—one of the stocks and stones that the heathen worship. It has been known in this town for fifty years as Parson Pierson's idol." An honest and intelligent ceramic collector could not but regard it as a duty to prevent the renewal of such an error, which might happen though the good old parson was long since dead, and accordingly secured the specimen for her cabinet by a liberal offer. When it was exhibited at the club, Dr. Wells gave us a bit of information which may be placed on record. "An eminent Orientalist and Chinese scholar has informed me that the expression The Dog Fo is a misnomer. This object represents a lion, not a dog, and is the symbol of The God Fo, or Fuh. The proper name would be 'The Lion of Fuh.'" Some discussion ensued about the frequent occurrence on Chinese wares of lions playing with balls, and of animals much more like dogs than lions, and not much like either, and about the diagrams of Fuh-hi which appear among Chinese symbolic decorations, and about the mark Fuh-che, which the books all say means "happiness;" and at length we all got so confused that we came to the conclusion we knew as little about Chinese language and symbolism as most people, and dropped the subject.

Christian missions have had no small influence on the progress

of ceramic art in modern times. Some of the most valuable information in regard to Oriental porcelain and its early manufacture is derived from the writings of the Jesuit fathers who went as missionaries into China and Japan.

François Xavier d'Entrecolles, the Superior-General in China of the French Jesuits in the early part of the last century, took especial pains to inform himself upon this subject. He learned much from his Christian converts, among whom were several workers in porcelain, and assured himself of the reliability of his information by reading Chinese works on the same subject. In 1712 he wrote a letter containing detailed accounts of his discoveries, which he sent, together with specimens of the materials used in the manufacture (principally Kao-lin and Pe-tun-tse), to Father Orry at Paris. In this letter (published in "Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses écrites des Missions étrangères," Paris, 1781) he gives the following description of King-te-chin, the site for more than eight centuries of the Imperial porcelain manufactory, until its destruction a few years ago:

"King-te-chin wants only to be surrounded by walls to deserve the name of a city, and will bear comparison with the largest and most populous cities of China. There are eighteen thousand families, and more than a million of souls. It is situated on the banks of a fine river. The expense of procuring materials is very considerable, for everything consumed here has to be brought a great distance—even the wood for the furnaces has to be taken a hundred leagues; provisions also are very dear; yet numerous poor families find employment who could not subsist in the neighboring towns. The young and the old, the lame and the blind, all find work at which they can earn a livelihood, by grinding colors or otherwise."

He also states that, although so densely populated and abounding in wealth, the place, which was not surrounded by walls, was governed by only one mandarin, and without the least disorder. The police was excellent. Each street had an officer appointed

by the mandarin, and each officer ten subalterns. Few strangers, if any, were allowed to sleep in King-te-chin. They must retire to their vessels at night, unless they could find some well-known inhabitant who would be answerable for their honesty and good behavior. Père d'Entrecolles relates that the mandarin, who was one of his personal friends, made presents of *old* porcelain to his protector at court, manufactured by himself. He possessed the art of counterfeiting the ancient ware by means of a certain yellow earth, which, after passing through several processes, produced a porcelain closely resembling that of the Ming dynasty.

The arrival of Father d'Entrecolles's letter in France, with the accompanying specimens, was regarded as highly important; and it was probably from the experiments, of which this information and the materials were the basis, that the production of hard-paste porcelain at Sèvres resulted.

Another priest, Father Solis, a Portuguese missionary, resided forty years in China, and wrote a treatise on the frauds of the Chinese, and among them their imitations of old porcelain. In "The Treatise of China," by the Dominican friar, Gasper de Cruz, 1557, there are also directions for making porcelain.

The Portuguese began trade with Japan as early as 1534, and soon succeeded in establishing themselves there on a firm footing. Under their influence many of the Japanese embraced Christianity; and at the death of St. Francis Xavier, in 1598, the converts amounted to a million and a half. In 1641, however, they were expelled from the country, and some 40,000 of their Christian converts were proscribed and massacred. Marryat says, "What is supposed to have contributed more immediately to this catastrophe was the circumstance of the Portuguese missionaries having interfered with the porcelain manufactories, and, by means of their converts, caused the ware to be ornamented with subjects copied from prints of Scripture histories and legends of saints,

instead of adhering to the ancient orthodox native patterns." Specimens with Christian decorations are often found.

The Cavalier Cyprian Piccolpassi was a potter at Castel Durante, in the Duchy of Urbino, in the 16th century, and wrote a treatise on the art of making majolica. It is a practical work, giving minute details how to mix pastes, how to build furnaces, how to place the wares in the furnace—in short, every part of the potter's art. Those were pious days, and he gives pious advice. After directions for the glaze, he says, "This being done, with the name of God, have the glaze baked," etc. In the final baking he regards the work as critical, for he begins his directions thus: "In this let one address prayers to God with all his heart, thanking him for what he has given us; then take fire—considering always the state of the moon, for this is of the utmost consequence; * * * consider, above all, the signs of rain, which is a great danger, * * * remembering always to do all these things as directed, with the name of Christ. Then light the fire," etc. In another place, when giving instructions for the first baking, he says: "All being finished, with the sacred, holy name of God, take a wisp of straw, and, with the sign of the cross, light the fire."

The dust on the floor of the "Holy House of Loretto" was formerly swept up and mixed with clay, out of which cups and vases were made and sold to the faithful as relics.

The conversation ran on a great variety of subjects, showing the relations of pottery to religion, religious works, and history. We talked of Bernard Palissy, whose history, under the name of "Palissy, the Potter," used to be in our Sunday-school libraries, and who died in the dungeons of the Bastille, where, the Sunday-school books tell us, he was confined for his religious opinions, but where other authorities say the king kept him for safety; and of Arnandus, bishop of Fulda, who established a porcelain

manufactory in a building adjoining his episcopal palace, and brought the art to great perfection. The "Apostle Mugs" of ancient times; the "Pilgrim Bottles;" the dome of the church at Ravenna, composed of earthen vessels inserted into each other; the Dutch tiles, decorated with Scripture scenes, still sometimes found in our oldest houses; the Moorish plates, or *bacini*, incrusted in the walls of old churches in Pisa; a Roman lamp in the Cesnola Collection, with a relief representation of the golden candlestick of the Temple at Jerusalem; other Roman lamps with Christian emblems and inscriptions, found in ancient tombs near the dead who died in the faith many centuries ago — these all were discussed, for all belong to the religious history as well as the art history of the race.

A curious use of pottery in religious architecture was spoken of as discovered in old churches in England and in France, which has given rise to considerable discussion. Empty earthen-ware jars have been found, embedded in the masonry, especially about the choirs, and generally underneath the stalls. A writer in *Notes and Queries* (III. v. 25) refers to these, describing several which he saw in an old church in Norwich. It seems settled that they were designed for acoustic effect, to increase the sound of the singing. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (Nov., 1863) quotes from the Chronicle of the Order of the Celestines at Metz for 1432: "It was ordered that pots should be made for the choir of the church of Ceans, he (Br. Odo) stating that he had seen such in another church, and thinking that they made the chanting resound more strongly." It is said some churches in France have them, with the open mouths projecting in the choir. Here is a hint for churches, built as many are now without reference to acoustic principles. Sounding-boards might possibly be done away with, and a judicious arrangement of earthen jars substituted.

Specimens in cabinets are often interesting for associations with religious ceremonies or customs. Old English jugs are known, rude pottery of the 17th century, which were specially made for "church-ale festivals" common at Whitsuntide. One of these, for instance, is described as of white pottery, with an inscription in blue, WHIT 1649. (*Notes and Queries*, I. vi. 45.)

In a well-known American collection is a large dish, or bowl, of rude red pottery, 16 inches in diameter, the inside enamelled white, on which is a rough picture in dark-blue slip, representing apparently a Communion-service. Men and women are around a table, a clergyman standing at the end. Underneath is this inscription:

"wir wollen essen, Gott den herren
wollen wir nicht vergessen.
1780."

Dishes, bowls, or cups, made for presentation at baptisms, with the name of the child and date of the ceremony, are sometimes found. In fine, as pottery is the art most closely associated with the domestic life of men and women, so its history is closely related to their religious lives in all ages and countries.

25. Where do they put the Pepper in? page 238.

[Staffordshire white and blue pottery.]

26. Bow Creamer: page 252.

[Porcelain: embossed leaves: flowers in relief, and painted: Bow.]

# XI.

## MORE DAISY FARM LETTERS.

### I.

No "banquet-hall deserted" did we find Daisy Farm, even in May, when Bess and I left the city, weary of these first hot, scorching days, and fled thither. No great, empty, desolate hotel received us, but the door stood wide open, and under the vine-wreathed porch stood dear old Aunt Thusy, with wrinkled face alight with welcoming smiles. Uncle Seth swung back the wide gate for our entrance; Cynthy, all blushes and smiles, stood half hidden behind her father, while Jase leaned against the apple-tree, and gazed up into its branches with a proud diffidence we well understood.

I will not tell you of all the words of hearty greeting, the warm hand-clasps, the motherly hug of Aunt Thusy, and the wild dance of triumph executed by Iry. I will not be uselessly aggravating, nor make too "odorous" comparisons. Ah, how good it is to be here again! Every nook and corner of the farm is crammed with memories; even the cows seem familiar friends, and I am sure my favorite one, old White Face, wore a look of recognition in her soft brown eyes as I greeted her. We miss some favorite chickens; and our two pet turkeys, Gobble and Hobble, are no more here. We ask no questions touching their fate, but Bess says energetically, as she looks at a certain branch of the old quince-tree, the favorite roosting-place of our lost friends, "I always did hate Thanksgiving-day!"

The weather has been charming, never too warm; and if the evenings are chilly it is only an added charm, for the wood fire is lighted in the "keepin'-room," and we gather around it for quiet, pleasant chat.

Cherries are ripe, and the Daisy Farm cherries are delicious. One variety, which Uncle Seth calls the "Talcott black," is rich, juicy, and sweet beyond compare. We have cherry pies and cherry puddings, and a certain cherry short-cake which is indescribable. Aunt Thusy herself concocts it from a recipe given her years ago by "Mis' Kernel Bates's sister-in-law; she 'twas Nancy Stillman," and we welcome it and its accompanying history gladly whenever it appears.

"Have some more short-cake, Miss Ethelburty? It's good, if I did make it myself. No credit to me, howsomever, for I jest follered the receipt, word for word, as Mis' Good'n gin it to me (Mis' Kernel Bates's sister-in-law, ye know; she 'twas Nancy Stillman). Don't seem more'n las' night I happen'd into 'Lisher Good'n's nigh on to supper-time in cherry seas'n. 'Miry Jane, she was a settin' the table, an' pooty soon she fetched in a big dish o' suthin', all light an' white an' riz up; an' says I, 'What's that, Miry Jane?' an' says she, 'One o' mar's cherry short-cakes,' says she. 'Well,' says I, 'that's suthin' new to me,' though I s'pose I've made as many strawb'ry short-cakes as the nex' man. An' Mis' Good'n, she says, 'Ye don't tell me so.' Says she, 'Why over to Gosh'n we don't know it's summer till we've had our cherry short-cake. Now set up, Thusy,' says she, 'an' see 'f ye like it.' An' she wouldn't hear to my not stayin', so I sot up, an' if I was help'd once I was help'd I dunno *how* offen. I jest stuffed; an' ye better b'lieve I was sick that night, sicker'n a hoss, with collery-morbers, till Seth, he thought every minnit would be my nex'. An' I sent over an' got the receipt nex' day, an' I hain't missed ary summer havin' cherry short-cake sence. O massy *sakes*, how

it did stir me up that night! Do take another plateful, Miss Ethelburty. Ye don't eat no mor'n a chippin' bird."

The flowers are very plentiful this year, and we come home from the woods and meadows and swamps laden with lovely blossoms. Bess amused herself the other day by making a large bouquet entirely of yellow flowers of different shades and varieties, and it looked like a city milliner's window in this present season of "tilleul," "old gold," and "saffron:" vivid coreopsis, with dark velvet centres; "butter-and-eggs," with spires of palest straw color and orange mingled; barberry blossoms in drooping sprays, buttercups with gold enamelled blossoms, "yellow daises," a few late dandelions, the little "five-finger," and some yellow pond-lilies (they call them "cow-lilies" here).

It was really dazzling, and made me think of some golden sunsets I have seen; but, as I was about to say so, Uncle Seth remarked, dryly, that "them posies was pooty *bilyus* lookin'," and I accepted his criticism. Had it been earlier in the month, Bess might have added to her bouquet the adder's-tongue with drooping flowers, and the delicate bellworts or straw-lilies (uvularias), and later the golden-rod would have added its rich tints and feathery grace.

The wild azalea, or honeysuckle, is with us now, but the laurel has not yet come.

The birds are more numerous than ever before, and tamer too. A pair of purple finches have built in a tree just outside my window, two orioles or "fiery hang-birds" have hung their hammock in the old willow, and a "chippy" has set up housekeeping with his little brown wife in the lilac-bush by the well. My cow-bunting of last summer is dead; but I have an indigo bird, a pretty creature, with a sweet, silvery song, and already so tame as to take seed from my hand.

Cynthy is plump and rosy and happy. No shadow rests upon

her brow, and I trust the Boston school-teacher, with the "dark myst'ry all 'roun' him," has faded from her memory. Indeed, she seems no longer to scorn the attentions—awkwardly as they are paid—of Benaje Gladden, a stalwart young farmer "up Cedar Mounting way." He brought her a head of crisp, tender lettuce the other day, as she sat peeling potatoes in the back door-way. Tossing it into her lap, he said, gruffly, "My hull gard'n 's run to lettice this year. The pigs 'll hev to eat it if somebody don't help me git red on it." And, without waiting for a response from the pleased and blushing maiden, he strode away, whistling to conceal his agitation.

"Benaje 's a stiddy, smart feller," says Aunt Thusy, "but he aint ekal to his par at his age. I knowed his par, an' there was folks as said I might a ben Mis' Sim Gladden without winkin'. But I don't tell no tales. Taint for me to say who might or mightent a made up to me when a gal. Sim married Lucy Charl'tte States, a good, hard workin', helthy gal, if she warn't as pooty to look at as some folks!" And the dear old woman blushed the faint, pink blush which I so love to see steal over her soft, wrinkled cheek.

I must tell you of a ceramic treasure which has lately come to light here. It is a cauliflower teapot! (See Ill. 14.) Did you ever see one? It is a perfect representation of that succulent vegetable, and the dearest, quaintest little thing. I am sure Whieldon made it at Little Fenton. You know he was always doing such things. He made cabbage-leaf spouts for teapots, and crabstock handles for knives, and pickle leaves. Perhaps Josiah Spode had a hand in the making of this cute little thing, for he was apprenticed to Whieldon, as was also Aaron Wood. I did not find this at the farm. It belonged to Uncle Seth's sister, Miss Drusilla Bartlett, known in the family as Aunt Dru, and she has given it to me for my very own!

I should like a picture of Aunt Dru. She is a spinster, ta , thin, and angular. Her iron-gray hair is drawn tightly back and twisted into a firm, small knob behind; her eyes are small, but black and piercing, her features sharp, and wearing a look of severity and firmness, a not-to-be-trifled-with expression rather alarming to a stranger. Her voice, too, is oddly disagreeable, having a deep bass tone of very masculine gruffness. But underneath this rather unprepossessing exterior lies the kindliest of natures, and a heart full of charity for all mankind.

"Poor Dru!" said Uncle Seth to me the other day, as he and I stood at the gate together, watching his sister as she strode down the road, a tall, ungainly figure—"Poor Dru! her looks was allers agin her. She was a lanky, scrawny gal when I fust rec'lect her, with the snappinest eyes, an' the growlinest v'ice; all the fellers was 'fraid on her. She never had nary beau; all the folks thought she was a spitfire, an' fought shy on her. But our folks knowed what she was. We knowed, if ennythin' went wrong, if mother got tuckered out with work, or father got into a tantrum over some dido of we young 'uns; if us boys had a stun-bruise when we went barefoot, or was licked by a bigger feller; we knowed, ev'ry one on us, where to go to get cossited an' coddled, an' have ev'rythin' sot right—we went to Druey. Ye'd scurcely b'leve how soft an' good her big, bony fingers 'nd feel, a strokin' a body's head, an' how nice an' musicky she could make that growlin' v'ice o' her'n when ther' was trouble 'roun'. Why, I've heern her say, 'Sethy,' when I was a boy, in a v'ice like a croupy crow, an' I swanny if it didn't soun' to me then like some angil or other a toonin' up his very best. But no one knowed her but our folks, an' she's had a lonesome life on it. S'pose they'll see through her up there, Miss Ethelburty?" and he jerked his head up toward the blue June sky over us. "S'pose they'll let her in, bones an' growl an' all, an' set her down with the rest on 'em,

singin' an' praisin' an' all that, even—" with a comical twist of his mouth, though his eyes were wet—"even if she has ter sing bass!"

But Uncle Seth's step is heard below, and I see from the window Jason's approaching form. He has his red silk "hankercher" full of something which my prophetic soul tells me is for me. Some rare wood plant, a quaint nest, a brightly tinted fungus, or—I know not what. I must leave my writing and go down. Supper will soon be on the table, and I think—yes, I am sure, my senses do not deceive me—there is an odor stealing upward from the kitchen which can only proceed from a hot and delicious cherry short-cake, made by the recipe of "Mis' Kernel Bates's sister-in-law, she 'twas Nancy Stillman."

## II.

I wish you could have seen Aunt Thusy when I read to her your flattering letter of inquiry concerning the cherry short-cake.

She was mending a jacket of Iry's when I began, but her work soon dropped neglected into her lap, the spool of black thread rolled away to be eagerly chased by the two kittens, and the lump of beeswax fell to the floor. This last article was picked up by Bess, who turned it over and over, and looked curiously at it while I read, as though trying to make out a story on the dingy yellow surface, upon which the threads of life had left such strangely crossed and mingled lines. And a story it could tell, I doubt not, of wedding garments, funeral shrouds, tiny frocks, roundabouts, week-day and go-to-meetin' clothes!

"Well, I never!" said Aunt Thusy, when I had finished, her sweet old face all aglow. "That does beat all! Don't he know how ter write pooty? Soun's jest like a book, and he a livin' in

the woods too! Wants to know how to make cherry short-cake, does he? Dear, dear, dear! Well, I'll tell him as near 's I know how, an' you can write it out."

Of course I gladly promised my services as amanuensis, and I now give for your benefit and for all "inquiring friends" the genuine recipe as I took it down from Aunt Thusy's lips.

"Well, in the fust place you pick your cherries, an' rec'lect they *must be* the Plunkit reds. Can't make cherry short-cake out o' any other sort. You want 'bout a quart, or mebbe two or three if your fam'ly 's sizable. Then you wash 'em, an' stem 'em, an' stun 'em, an' put 'em one side till you've made your crust. An' that's the biggest job o' the hull. It's all *knack*, that's what pie-crust is. People's born to it. There was Cousin Jabez Pond's wife, she made pie-crust all her born days, an' ev'ry time she made it 'twas wuss than afore. It growed heftier an' doughyer, an' tougher, an' clammyer to the day she died. An' then there's—well, *me*, though mebbe it's not for me to say so. I made a batch o' pies when I was no more'n ten year old, an' small for my age too, an' the crust was so light an' crumly that mar sent one to the minister (ole Mister Cook, you know, that preached in the red meetin'-house 'fore it burnt up), an' I wouldn't be 'shamed o' that pie now. But I'll tell you 's near 's I can how I go to work to make the crust for cherry short-cake: I take some sweet, good butter. How much? Well, you must use your jedgment 'bout that; if you've got plenty in the house handy, you can take a bowlful, but if butter 's scurce, why don't use so much, an' put a little lard in; then I sift my flour. How much o' that? Well, you must think a body don't know much 'bout cookin'! why, 's much flour as you want crust; use your jedgment. An' you rub your butter inter your flour till it's real short, an' then you git some water jest cold from the well, an' you wet the dough till you can roll it out. Then you flour your rollin'-pin

an' roll. An' be sure you roll *way from you*, not up to you. There's a great deal in allers rollin' way from you. I dunno why 'tis, enny more'n I know why things allers go skewy if you put on your left-hand stockin' fust, but that's the way 't is, you know, an' 'taint for us poor creeturs to ask questions an' be too curns. When you've rolled your dough out thin, you take sum more butter an' stick leetle dabs of it all over the dough, an' a leetle mite more flour, an' then you roll agin, an' you keep on doin' that way, rollin' kind o' quick an' hasty an' light handed till it's all right. Then you take your brown crock'ry puddin'-dish, your deep one, an' you line it with your crust, then you put in some cherries an' sprinkle sugar on 'em. Sakes alive! you don't want to know jest how much sugar? Well, I let Cynthy scatter in the sweetnin', 'cause my hands are kind o' sticky an' doughy, an' I tell her to keep puttin' it in till I say stop. That's my rule, but you needn't be p'tickler. Then you shake in some cinnymun, jest a mite, an' a teenty bit o' cloves. Now you spread another piece o' crust all over them cherries, an' put a dab o' butter in the middle on it, then your cherries agin, an' the sweetnin' an' flavorin' like you did afore, an' so on till your dish is full. Now cover over the hull with crust, stick dabs o' butter all over it, trim the edge off pooty, an' pinch it in nice with your fingers, prick it with a three-tined fork, to let the cold git out an' the heat git in, an' there's your cherry short-cake.

"Now read it out, deary, for I want to be sure you've made it strong about the Plunkit reds, an' the brown crock'ry puddin'-dish; for, arter all, them's the main pints, the *has-to-be's*, as Gran'-mer Merrit used to say. An' be sure you lay it down about rollin' the dough way from you, an' not up to you, for if a body does that once, she might's well gin up; her crust 'll be leader than lead, an' past chewin'. You must bake in a good hot oven, an' be certin not to take it out till it's done. Then run to the

table with it, an' dish it out bilin' hot, with plenty o' cream poured over it; an' if he don't find it flav'ry an' wuth eatin', he aint what I take him for. I on'y hope it won't stir him up same 's it did me that night I et supper over to Mis' Good'n's. P'raps he better be on the safe side an' wash it down with a dose o' spearmint tea, hot, with a leetle sugar. But bless his dear heart, to think o' his wantin' to send his love to me! He's a real pooty-spoken man, an' you jest tell him if he ever comes this way he must put up at Daisy Farm: we'll gin him a hearty welcome, an' good country vittles, an' he can make himself to hum."

So saying, the old lady resumed her neglected sewing, rescuing her spool from the kitties and her ball of wax from Bess's fingers, and proceeding to put on a very blue patch on a very brown jacket which was already "decorated in polychrome," as the pottery books have it.

Of course I looked up the "brown crock'ry puddin'-dish," and found it to be a good specimen of Wedgwood cream-ware, very deep in tint, and reminding me of the note Miss Meteyard quotes as received by Josiah Wedgwood from an old housekeeper, "The yallow pye-dyshes aint likes the last, sur—they are more yallower."

I have had a ceramic gift from Jase! He came sauntering in the other day with a labored carelessness and attempt at indifference, and placing a large parcel before me, said:

"Didn't know but ye might like this old dish. Got a checker-board bowl in yer c'lection?"

I removed the brown paper wrappings and found a pottery bowl, old Staffordshire, decorated in blue and white alternate squares. (See Ill. 15.) "That's a checker-board bowl," said Jase, "an' b'longed to Sam Hall'm (wobblin' Sam, ye know, to d'stinguish him from t'other two Sam Hall'ms—Sam peanuts, an' timber-lot Sam. This one's a little onsartin in his walk, which 'counts for the name o' wobblin' Sam). He says he's hed it

'bout sixty year; but I tell'd him—he's a man you've got ter keep deown, Miss Ethelburty, an' I dew my duty by him—I tell'd him checker-boards an' checkers warn't invented more'n fifty year ago, an' so he took off ten year, an' I bought the bowl."

## III.

What has become of you, O lone fisherman? Why this ominous silence? Are your gay, deceitful flies so beguiling, the pretty, speckled trout so credulous, your stroke so sure, your rod so reliable, that you have never a minute to spare for the quiet inmates of Daisy Farm? As for Bess and me, we cling eagerly to the dear old place as the summer closes. It will be so hard to go away. The golden-rod and asters are lovely, but they tell too plainly of good-byes soon to be spoken to be very welcome. Bess follows Aunt Thusy like a kitten, and I am never very far away from the precious old woman. We treasure every word that falls from Uncle Seth's comically twisted mouth, and listen with grave interest to Jason's brief and oracular remarks. And Cynthy—oh, I must tell you about Cynthy. I was sitting in my room the other day, arranging some pressed ferns and flowers, when there was a gentle tap at my door, and Cynthy entered. There was an unusual air of constraint and shyness about the girl, and as she stood beside me twisting a corner of her white apron in her plump fingers, her round face was like a "red, red rose."

"Well, Cynthia?" I said, inquiringly.

"Well, Miss Ethelburty."

Then there was a pause, a long one, and I began to feel "in my bones" that there was a disclosure coming. Pretty soon it came.

"Miss Ethelburty, ye know Benaje Gladd'n? Well, he keeps a askin' an' askin' me ter-ter-ter marry him."

"And what do you keep answering?"

"Well, I aint give him a answer yit; that's ter say, I aint said I would, an' I aint said I wouldn't; but—Miss Ethelburty, d' ye rec'lect what I told ye 'bout—Mister Oliver?"

"Yes, Cynthia," and I touched her fingers softly, just to show my sympathy with the old sorrow. She caught my hand and pressed it hard as she went on,

"Ye know how much store I set by him, an' how hard I took it when he went away—*had* ter go, ye know, 'cause of his rank an' sech. I felt awful bad for a spell. I cried—well I guess I cried hand-basins' full o' tears along o' that man, an' it seemed 's if I never should git red o' thinkin' o' those black, black eyes, an' his long hair, his little hands, an' his gentlemanly clo'es. And when Benaje, he begun ter come round, an' kind o' make up ter me, I was mad as fire. He seemed so common like. His hands was big an' brown, an' his clo'es was coarse, an' his talk was—Oh, 'twas jest as different from *his'n* as ye could never tell! I could understand every word Benaje said, an' there was lots *he* talked about that I coulden' make head or tail on, coulden' see thru nohow, sum o' his speechifyin' was so splendid an' mysteerous. But Benaje he kep' a comin' an' comin', an' he was allers doin' little jobs for me, an' helpin' par an' mar. An' let me be as cross as two sticks, it diden' make no diffunce to him, he was jest as pleasant spok'n.

"He'd weed my posy-bed 'fore I was up in the mornin', an' he'd tie up my mornin'-glories an' 'sturtiums, an' pick the peas for dinner. An' if he heerd me say I wanted suthin', he'd git it for me sure, even if 'twas a slip off o' Mis' Gen'ral Stevenses' g'raniums she sets so much by, or a early apple from the big tree at the P'int. I never see such a feller for gittin' what he wanted.

It makes me feel somehow 's if he'd soon'r or later git—me! Well, I begun to git so used ter Benaje that I kind o' missed him when he warn't round. It looked nat'ral to see him comin' down the road, an' I got to know his whis'le from all the others. Jever take notice o' his whis'le, Miss Ethelburty? It's so kind o' sweet an' yit far-goin', an' it's got a little shake an' trem'le in it that goes right inter your heart an' makes you feel so queer, kind o' good an' yit a little *cryey*, like the brown thrasher's singin', ye know. I'd feel jest as lonesome when he stayed away; an' once when he went over to Greenville an' diden' come back for nigh on to a week, I was that humsick an' chokey I coulden' swaller my victuals.

"An' I got ter forgittin' for hull days ter look at *his* picter, an' ter read his verses, an' ter dust his collar-box an' pie-plate, an' I stopped dreamin' about him. I felt sorry to do that; so one night I took his photygraph an' I looked at it a long spell, an' then I put it under the bolster an' went ter sleep. I thought I should dream o' *him* then, certain sure; but, if you'll b'leve it, I only dreamt that Benaje's ox team was a runnin' away, an' I come a flyin' out o' the back-door to stop it; an' when I got inter the road I found I haden' any shoes or stockin's on, an' I was that ashamed I hid behind a laylock bush, an' never so much as said 'whoa.'

"An' Benaje he's kep' right straight on for more'n six months: I never knew such a feller for *stickin'*. If he's asked me once he's asked twenty times, an' ev'ry single time he puts the question he puts it 's if he never put it afore, an' 's if he'd no idee but what I'd say 'yis.' So—well the fac' is I'm about tired out resistin', an' it seems 's if 'twould be real good to say 'yis' once for all, an' then settle down an' rest." She paused with a satisfied smile and an absent look in her pale-blue eyes, as though she saw before her now a pleasant home with Benaje, in which to "settle down an' rest."

"And why do you not give him the answer he wants, Cynthia? He's a fine, honest, brave man, and will make a good, faithful husband, I am sure."

"No mistake about that, ma'am, he's good as they make 'em, I know that, but—O, Miss Ethelburty, s'pose *he* should ever come back after me? S'pose he should git tired o' them rich, 'risto-cratic folks, sick o' the rank, an' power, an' fame, an' sech, an' he should pine for his 'rustic nimp,' his 'lowly vi'let,' his 'untewtered maid' (he used ter call me names like that), an' he should pick up his things an' come down here an' ask me to share his pallice, to wear ('s he was acustomed ter say) 'a curry net upon my brow.' Oh, if he should, if he should, an' I to go an' break his heart—his 'blasted heart,' he called it!"

"But, Cynthia, do you wish him to come? Would it make you very happy?"

"Happy!" she cried, looking almost frightened. "Oh, no, no, no! I don't want ter see him, never, never! I don't want a curry net on my forrid, I shoulden't feel ter hum in a pallice, I don't want ter be called a nimp an' a vi'let. I'd ruther ten thousan' times settle down on the old Gladd'n farm (it's comin' to Benaje, ye know), an' make butter an' cheese, an' take care o' the fowls. An' I don't want nothin' better in this world than to hear Benaje say, 's he does sometimes, 'You're jest the boss girl, Cynthy! You beat 'em all holler. I'd ruther call you "Mis' Gladd'n" than ter own all Gen'ral Stevenses' medder-land, with his tobaccer crop throwed inter the bargain.' O Miss Ethelburty, when he talks like that, the water comes right up in my eyes, an' I'm as proud as a peacock."

I knew all I cared to now, and Cynthy's fluttering heart was soon at rest, her scruples scattered. It was only the next day that Aunt Thusy drew Bess and me into the pantry and told us with a gratified air that "Cynthy and Benaje Gladd'n had made

it up together, and she was right down glad on it." Cynthy's face is like a peony, her light-yellow lashes droop bashfully over her pale-blue eyes, but the broad smile upon her rather capacious mouth testifies to her happiness. Only one more allusion has she made to the buried past, and to her high-toned lover "of nobil blud." As she brought the lamp to my room last evening, she lingered a moment to adjust the wick, and said, softly, "Miss Ethelburty, would ye jest as lieve as not call me Cynthy, like Benaje does? It's real good of ye to put an ur on, but it makes me think o' *him*, an' my Benaje is worth a hundred sich white, slinky, stuck-up fellers as that teacher, if he *don't* say 'Cynthy-ur.'"

Jason approves of his sister's choice, and observed solemnly at the tea-table last night, "Marridge 's a good thing. I aint nothin' ter say 'gainst marridge. It's a sound Americ'n institootion. Benaje's a good, square feller, an' there's wuss girls than Cynthy. Maple sirrup, Miss Betsey?" Uncle Seth is pleased too. "I don't like losin' my darter," he said to me, "but we're old folks, ma an' me, an' hadn't orter be selfish. Benaje 's of a good stock, though I used ter run his father down, 'cause he was sweet on Thusy when she was a gal. An' I don't want Cynthy ter be a old maid like Druey. It's a lonesome life. A body can make it o' use if she tries hard, but it's onnat'ral. Makes me think o' half a pair o' scissors. You can use it for sum things, you can pick up the wick o' yer lamp with it, or git out butternut meats, or clean out yer tobaccer pipe when it's stopped up; it's better than nothin'. But put it alongside of a hull pair o' shears, with the two halves a workin' together smooth, to cut, an' to shape, an' to trim, an' who'd think o' swappin' even?"

# XII.

## HUNTING ALONG THE ROADS.

Mrs. Chase read one evening two letters from a lady friend, which went on file among the club papers, because they described "china-hunting" in a correct spirit.

### I.

Home at last, after my lovely journey! I cannot begin to tell you how charming it has been. I have gone through the very heart of Vermont, and a peaceful, warm, calm heart it is, never throbbing with the tumultuous life of the city I left behind me. Oh, the green, green mountains, the sunny valleys, the clear, crystal streams, the picturesque villages of that verdant State! I could tell you such a story of it all, and draw such pictures; but—I know you so well, Charlotte, my dear—you would skip my elaborated descriptions of scenery, my most graphic word-pictures, my wonderful reproduction of charming views, and, passing all these with a contemptuously careless glance, hasten on to—the china! So with but a sigh over another "might have been" in my life—for I know I should have succeeded admirably in the guide-book line—I will drop down to your humble capacity, and tell you of my china hunt.

And here let me premise that Victoria does not approve of that particular kind of ceramic research in which you and I—and a few other enthusiastic souls—indulge. Victoria is fond of old china; she boasts a choice collection of gems; her house is full

of bric-a-brac; her walls are gay with Delft and Oriental plates; but—she has an unfortunately tender conscience. And, Charlotte, you know that however important at times a tender conscience may be in this vale of tears, it is—of course it is—wholly out of place in the breast of an ardent, earnest, china hunter! Victoria goes, with well-filled purse, to the bric-a-brac shops of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. She buys Chinese vases, warranted a thousand years old, yet fresh and bright as any modern reproduction; Dresden with the King's period and Marcolini marks, exquisitely decorated, and charmingly like the pretty work of some of the skilful Thuringian imitators: some of the Dresden sold her by blandly smiling dealers is especially rare, for experts say that the paste is soft, yet Chaffers, Jacquemart, Prime, and other writers say that Meissen porcelain was always hard; she has a lovely plate of jewelled Sèvres, genuinely old, of course, though its mark is of a period many years earlier than 1780, when, as you and I have—very lately!—learned, jewelled ware was first made at Sèvres. But as for entering an ancient farm-house, forcing one's way into pantry or garret, coaxing, threatening, wheedling, dazing the inmates into disposing of quaint old crockeries, which they don't know they own till you discover them in pantries—why—well, you should hear her talk of it; I cannot do her views justice.

Such being Victoria's opinions, you can see my difficulties. For it was Victoria's comfortable carriage in which I travelled, behind Victoria's sleek horses I sat, yea, and her pampered guest I surely was. But Victoria is fond of me, and so, though always protesting, as in duty bound, she often waited patiently by the hour while I pursued my sinful way, and cajoled the simple country folk; sometimes she even deigned to take an interest in my "finds," and to laugh over my interviews with the rustics.

It was in the tiny village of Whitehill (called by the inhabitants "Wite'll") that I found one of my best "bits." At the quiet tavern where we spent the night I made friends with a dear old woman, the landlord's sister, and before her I laid my cherished desires. She listened patiently, entered warmly into my wishes, regretted that her own pantry held nothing ancient—"boarders do break so," she explained, "and tavern-keepin' is jist death on crock'ry"—and then ransacked her brain to remember what relics the town held.

"There's the Ellis girls," she said, musingly, "they're gittin' on in years, an' might have somethin'; Mary 'Liza's more 'n fifty, an' Lucreshy aint no chickin. Ye might go there. Then old Mis' Joslyn she's a great han' for savin' up; should'n wonder if she's got some o' her fust husban's old things, old Cap'n Bates *he* was, a dreadful old catamount, they say, drinked an' cussed an' knocked things 'round; went off in a fit one day, an' I bet I know where *he's* boardin' now! His widder she took on jist 's though she cared, but bimeby she chirked up an' married Deac'n Joslyn, the softest, slickest, easiest-goin' man in all Wite'll. You go there, an' tell her I sent ye; the fust house b'low the store, gate off the hinges, an' button-wood tree in front. Then you might try Susan Camp; she's poor, an' if she's got anything she'll sell it. And there! what on airth was I thinkin' on! why I know jist the place to go to. Well, I *am* smart! Why, I've seen it myself, I guess ev'rybody in town 's seen it. Jist to think of my forgettin' that! well I do b'leve I'm agein'. Why, there's a dish up to Mis' Gould's—north end, you know—that's ev'ry bit a hundred year old; two hundred, fortino."

I eagerly made further inquiries, and drew out the additional information that it was a "meat-dish," that it was "hull," that it was "'bout 's big as a cheese," and that it had "posies an' all kin's o' scriggles on it." So to "Mis' Gould's, north end," I

wended my solitary way, leaving Victoria by the cheerful wood fire in the tavern parlor.

It was a small brown house, with a blacksmith's shop at its side. I knocked, and the door was promptly opened by a mild, gentle, timid-looking woman. I unfolded my errand and was most kindly received. "Walk right in, deary; set down, don't be afraid. Want to see my old dish? Yes, yes, yes, so you shall. I'll git it, deary; you shall see it, yes, yes. Heerd o' my old meat-dish, did ye? Mis' Hart telled ye—nice woman, aint she? Be ye cold? Jest set up to the fire, an' I'll git the dish, deary." So she purred on, like a comfortable old pussy-cat, while she brought me a chair, put another stick on the fire, took off a very ragged apron, and smoothed down her calico dress. Then opening the door of a small cupboard, she took from an upper shelf the famous "meat-dish." (See Ill. 18.) It proved to be a very handsome old Delft plate, some fifteen inches in diameter, and gay with flowers in red, yellow, and blue. Of course I wanted it, and soon let the owner know that I did.

"Sell it to ye?" she gently purred; "well I d'no, deary; don't like ter dis'pint ye, don't care no great for the dish myself, but I d'no's Rufy'd like it. Better ask him, hadn't I, don't ye think?"

"Your husband?" I inquired.

"Oh, no! *he* don't trouble hisself, it's my boy, Rufy. He's all the boy I got, an' he's a good boy. Guess I better ask him." So, going to the door, she called in softest accents, "Rufy, Rufy, dear, ma wants ye a minnit."

Expecting to see a prattling child respond to these tender words, I was astounded at the sight of a stalwart youth, full six feet high, who, fresh from the forge, as his smoke-stained face and sooty hands showed, came awkwardly and bashfully into the room.

"This is my Rufy, ma'am. Speak to the lady, Rufy."

Rufy acknowledged my friendly greeting with a sulky nod, and seating himself in a chair, tilted it up on two legs against the wall, and awaited further developments.

"This lady wants ma's old platter, Rufy; she likes old crock'ry an' things, an' she's willin' to pay for 'em; ye don't mind lettin' it go, dò ye, Rufy?"

Rufy looked sullenly on the floor, kicked his heels against the chair legs, and muttered, "I aint got nothin' to say; I never do have nothin' to say in this 'ere house. Nobody minds *me*. Sell yer old plate 'f ye want ter; don't put yerself out for *me*."

"Why, Rufy, boy," said his mother in gentle reproach, "don't talk that-a-way! ma wouldn't go agin yer feelin's for nothin'. Don't ye want to let the old dish go? I never knowed ye sot by it. It's ben up on that shelf, an' never ben dusted, for two year or more. *Do* ye want it, Rufy?"

"What's the use o' askin' me," growled the big boy, "jist 'cause comp'ny's here? Ye never let me have my own way when ther' aint nobody by. Course ye'll sell the old thing if ye want ter. But—well—I don't mind sayin' I might want it myself 'fore long."

"Ah," I cried, in my sweetest tones, and in what I intended for an arch manner, "you are thinking of a house of your own, Mr. Gould, and a *somebody* who will care for the old plate because it belonged to your ancestors. Isn't that so?" Rufy's face reddened; he turned his head bashfully away, and tried to look displeased, but a grin would come as he mumbled:

"I don't say 'taint so, I don't say 'tis. I don't name no names, an' it's nothin' to nobody; but I can think of cucc'mstances when I might wish I'd a kep' the old plate."

"Then, really, Mrs. Gould," I said, "I shall not say another word. I would not for worlds interfere with Mr. Rufus's plans;

let him keep the old relic for the little wife;" and I beamed upon the sulky youth.

"I didn't say nothin' 'bout a—a—wife," and he stammered over the suggestive word, while his face was scarlet, and his smile —mild word for that wide-mouthed contortion—more intensified. "Beg yer pard'n, ma'am, I don't want the darned old thing. She—I mean nobody wants it. Yer welcome to it 'f ma wants ter sell it. Guess she'd ruther have the money than that old-fash'ned thing. I like new things myself, an' I know other folks that does, too."

So the bargain was struck; and as I held the dish and looked at its quaint decoration, Mrs. Gould kept on her soothing, rambling talk: "Ye was sayin' how it b'longed to Rufy's aunt's sisters. Well, it didn't. It cum from the Arnolds. 'Taint no wuss for that, I s'pose, even if they was Ben's folks. They warn't ter blame, ye know, an' Ben he went on his own hook. He warn't very high-minded, warn't Ben; but some folks *is* that way, ye know."

"Are you speaking of some Whitehill man?" I asked, doubtfully.

"I was talkin' 'bout Ben Arnold. Heerd on him, aint ye? Kind o' oncertin feller; lived in war-times."

"Why, you surely do not mean Benedict Arnold!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, that's his given name. He come from down this way, an' some o' his folks used to live here. I s'pose ye've heerd people talk agin him. I have myself, but then I never b'leve half I hear 'bout folks, an' I guess there's as bad men goin' round loose now as ever Benny Arnold was. Any way, I guess he never eat off that plate; an' if he did, it's ben washed sence."

As I left the house with my precious purchase, Rufy joined me. "Where's it goin'?" he asked, jerking both head and thumb toward the "meat-dish" as he spoke.

"To New York," I answered, "where I shall hang it upon the wall of my room, and so be often reminded of pleasant Whitehill and my visit here."

"Well," said the cautious Rufus, "I don't name no names, an' it's nothin' to nobody; but I can think o' cucc'mstances when I might go to York 'fore long—not 'xactly alone neither. An' if I do, darned if we don't come ter see ye an' take a squint at the old platter."

I hastened to assure him of the pleasure such a visit would give me; and so I passed away from the little brown house, the smithy, and the cooing old lady. Dear old body! To think of a creature so kindly that she called the archtraitor Arnold *Benny*, and found no harsher term for his very questionable conduct than "kind o' oncertin!"

I found nothing else in Whitehill. I sought Mis' Joslyn, but only received the aggravating information that she "did have a old mug Cap'n Bates used ter take his rum-an'-water out on—awful queer old thing, with picturs an' verses; but Mister Joslyn (my last)," she added, parenthetically, "broke it shavin', an' the pieces was throwed away."

I visited poor Susan Camp, but she had nothing but a broken teapot, of pink-printed pottery. Then I called upon the "Ellis girls," but found the ancient maidens what Gordon, that indefatigable china hunter, calls "too high-toned." Their father had been Judge Ellis; they were educated in Boston, and a faint flavor of the Hub still lingered around them. But the "better days" which they had seen were long gone by, and they had a pinched, poor look, under all their dignity of manner. Did they quite understand me? Was I indeed asking them to part with their family relics, their souvenirs of the past, their heirlooms, so to speak, and *for money!* They had read in the journals of the day that the present growing interest in ceramic art had led its votaries

into strange liberties; they regretted it. "No, madam, never while life lasts shall we part with our few poor but precious pieces of mamma's old egg-shell tea-set, our venerated papa's punch-bowl, or our lamented Aunt Maria's Wedgwood plates. Good-morning, madam." And I came away, trying to soothe my lacerated feelings by muttering to myself, "Hateful old maids! I don't believe they possess as much as a potsherd of anything old. I have no faith in 'papa's punch-bowl,' and the lamented Aunt Maria and her Wedgwood plates are myths." But—O Charlotte, I *was* glad that Victoria did not hear the dignified response of the Ellis girls!

In driving from Shelton to Riverbank, a distance of some twenty miles, we were a little uncertain as to the route, and frequently stopped to make inquiries. Passing at length through a picturesque little village, we drew up before a long, low, brown house, evidently the tavern. A tall, lank man lounged toward us — the New England landlord always endeavors to impress upon new-comers his utter indifference as to their patronage— and Victoria addressed to him a few questions. His replies were lazily but good-naturedly made, and were to this effect: This was Greenridge village; it was about eight miles to Riverbank, and a straight road. (Here let me say that, in the New England vernacular, a "straight road" is the road with which the speaker is familiar, which he is accustomed to follow, howe'er so crooked it may be, and though its twists and turns are numerous and perplexing. This we learned through bitter experience.) Why it was called Greenridge he didn't rightly know; it warn't on a ridge, and it warn't partiklerly green, not as he knew on. No, there warn't no tavern between here and Riverbank.

Then came his turn to question. Where did we hail from? Had we got business in Riverbank? Mebbe we was goin' to Square Raymond's, or agin we might be somethin' to Judge Mer-

rit's folks, they come from York way, etc., etc. Being satisfied on these points, Mr. Gates—we learned his name from the sign over the door—looked at the horses, felt their mouths, patted their sides, and talked a little of their weight, height, and value with Jacob, the coachman. True to our glorious cause, I ventured to remark, "What a nice old house this is. There must be many ancient things in it."

"Wall, not much o' any account; ye see it's changed hands good deal, an' the old things is broke or lost. I've got a old ancient relict, if ye like that sort;" and, fumbling in his pocket, he produced a dingy coin. "Thar, I dug that up back o' the house t'other day. It's more 'n five hundred year old; 's got the figgers ye see, 1305." I took the piece, and found it to be a Spanish pistareen of 1805.

While I held it in my hand there appeared upon the scene a new character. How I wish I could do him justice by any description. A thin, spare, wiry man of some sixty years, with sharp features, keen blue eyes, and thin lips working and twitching as though a hundred questions were at once crowding their way out; a typical "brother Jonathan," the very personification of eager inquisitiveness. And yet his face was a kindly one, and I liked it at once. "Old piece o' money, hey," said he, putting his head directly between Mr. Gates and me, and peering at the coin. "I had a hull bagful once; guess I could find 'em now, if ye're lookin' for such things."

"Thank you," I said, "we are not particularly interested in coins; but if you knew of any old-fashioned crockery—"

"Crockery? ye don't say! Lookin' for old dishes an' things, air ye? What might ye be agoin' to do with 'em?"

I made a brief explanation.

"Ye don't tell me so! Wall, wall, that beats me! Neow, 'f you wos goin' to put up here fur a spell, I d'no but I could nose

aroun' an' fin' suthin' for ye. Lookin' for old dishes an' things, air ye? Wall, I *am* beat!"

"If I thought you could find anything of interest," I said, eagerly, after a whispered colloquy with Victoria, "I would stay a little while, and go on later in the day."

"Wall, I don't mind 'f I try. Wos just spec'latin' whether I'd go to work to-day or not; don't feel 'xactly up to laborin'; guess 'twould do me good to laze round a little; allers glad to help folks, partic'lar wimmin folks. Mind ter git out? I'll take ye over to Sister Lanes's fust."

Did you ever read Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtown Stories," and do you remember Sam Lawson? Well, this was Sam himself. I am sure of it. I could scarcely refrain from addressing him as "Mr. Lawson;" and when he said, with a half-frightened glance toward a certain small red house, that there was "no kind o' use in goin' thare, my wife haint got nothin' to spare," I looked up at the window for Hepsy, and listened for her sharp, complaining tones. To "Sister Lanes's" we went, my guide (his name was M'Kay, as he at once informed me, and all the neighbors called him Billy M'Kay) telling me as we went that Mis' Lane was a poor needy widder, an' he hoped she'd got suthin' I wanted. She proved to be a shy, nervous body, and very deaf; and when her brother rushed in upon her, accompanied by a stranger, and shouted into her ear that we wanted "all her crock'ry dishes right off," she looked dazed and frightened. I managed to make her understand matters, and she brought down from her pantry shelves two or three "old ancient" pieces of earthen-ware, which I purchased for more than their value, Billy M'Kay all the time shouting at her that he'd told me she was a poor needy widder, "An' you air, Susan, you know you air."

We went from house to house through the village, Billy entering so thoroughly into the spirit of the thing that he actually

skipped with delight when some new treasure was unearthed, his shambling antics sending me off into fits of laughter, which he never resented. He would run into a house, actually dragging me after him, throw open closets with scarcely a word of explanation, pull down dishes, and pile them up around me; and when he saw that I was pleased with some of his treasure-trove, he would take me by one shoulder, give me a gentle shove, and say, with a chuckling laugh, "Oh, you old thing!" That performance he went through at least twenty times. I picked up some very nice bits, some New Hall porcelain, with bright, gay flowers, some dark-blue English plates with American subjects, a teapot of Bristol pottery, hexagonal, with swan upon the lid (see Ill. 17), and a Davenport plate of pottery, the edge blue, and centre decorated with black print, representing Commodore Perry with trophies, etc., etc. (See Ill. 19.)

As I glance back over what I have written, I feel that I have given you no sort of idea of Billy M'Kay. If I could only picture him just as he was. But you would think I was drawing a caricature. His clothes were a marvel of patching and matching, his shoes all holes, his gait an awkward trot, indescribably funny, and his talk—which flowed steadily on all day—inimitable.

"Oh, I'm so glad I didn't go to work to-day!" he kept saying. "Somehow I felt 's if suthin' was in the air; I didn't seem to hanker arter labor a mite this mornin'. Oh, aint I glad!" Then an ambling skip, a chuckle, and I was gently pushed, with the old refrain, "Oh-h-h, you old thing!" He asked me a hundred questions, very personal ones too. Was I married? Then, mebbe I might be single? Where did I live? Was my folks livin'? Was I pretty well-to-do? Was the other woman single, or mebbe a widder? Was the team ourn? And, above all, what were our names? This latter query I answered many times, and at last took a card with my address from my case and gave it to

him. I am in mourning, you know, and my cards are bordered with black. This was a source of much wonder and admiration. "Had it framed, aint ye?" he said. "Wall, if that aint pooty!" He wrapped it in paper and put it in his pocket, declaring that it should hang up in his own parlor.

We returned at last to the tavern, where Victoria had passed the weary hours, and I packed my new possessions carefully away in large baskets.

Billy accepted, under protest, a remunerative fee for his services, saying that he wouldn't take it for nothin', only mebbe 'twould smooth his wife down if she was put out 'bout his leavin' his work all day. Soon we were all in the carriage, our baskets safely arranged, and ourselves ready for a start. We had shaken hands with Billy, and said warm good-bye words. Jacob, Victoria's extremely proper coachman, sat waiting our orders to drive on, his face wearing its usual composed expression as he looked straight before him. Suddenly Billy M'Kay's sharp, twangy voice was heard, and his long, lean arm was extended toward the unconscious John.

"Mister!" No response. "Jedge!" No answer. "*Kernul!*" Silence, save for our smothered laughter. "GIN'RUL!!"

Jacob turned his head slowly, as might one of Mrs. Jarley's "figgers;" Billy seized his resisting hand, shook it heartily, said "Good-bye, old feller!" then, with a touch on my arm, a last "*Oh*, you old thing!" he turned away.

Oh, Billy M'Kay, Billy M'Kay, I shall never forget you, never cease to try vainly, hopelessly, to paint you to my friends.

## II.

I am glad that you enjoyed my account of ceramic adventures, and gladly relate a few more. I think I did not tell you of the young man at Ferryville who described so graphically a fictile relic. We had stopped for luncheon, and to rest the horses, at a small, dingy tavern. I was sitting upon the piazza, after a miserable meal of fried salt-pork swimming in grease, hard-boiled potatoes, and dried-apple-pie, when a rustic youth approached me. He was an awkward, tall, lanky young man, and seemed at first too frightened and bashful to speak; but as I beamed upon him with an encouraging smile, he at last stammered out, "Heerd ye talkin' at dinner 'bout crock'ry an' old chiney-ware."

"Yes," I replied, at once interested, "I am collecting such things; do you know of anything of the kind?"

"Wall," drawled the youth, "I don't know as I do, jest round here; but down Kingstun way, 'bout ten miles back the road ye come, there's suthin' queer enough to suit anybody. Queer! Wall, you better b'leve it's the queerest, curusest thing y'ever see in all *your* born days."

"Oh, what is it?" I asked eagerly; "a piece of old china?"

"Old chiney! You bet! Old chiney! why it's the oldest, chineyest thing this side o' kingdom come. I never see it's beater, never 'xpect to in this world, I tell you!" and off he went into fits of laughter, in which I found it impossible to help joining, although I had not the faintest idea what the joke was.

"But what was this china?" I asked, as soon as I could speak; "was it a plate, or a pitcher, or what?"

"Plate—pitcher? I rather guess not. 'Twas a creamer—least they said it was; but of all the darndest, curusest, out-an-outest lookin' things *I* ever see! I was takin' supper there one night, an' I was real hungry when I set down, but they fetched in that

creamer, an' I garry! I never eat no more that meal. Couldn't swoller a darned thing, I laffed so. I thought I'd bust."

"But what was there about it so singular?" I ventured to ask.

"What was there 'bout it singular? Why, everythin'. There warn't nothin' 'bout it t'warn't singular. 'Twas jest the singularest thing y'ever see in yer life."

"And very old?"

"Old! It was the blastedest, thund'rinest old thing. Jerusalem! I never see a piece o' crock'ry so allfired, rippin', bustin' old as that thing; seems 's if I shall go off when I think on it." And again he shook with laughter, and leaned for support against the side of the house.

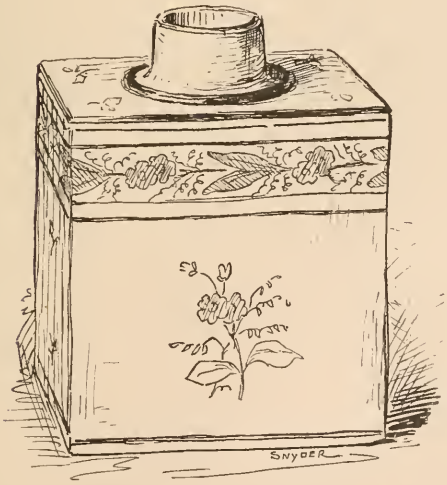
"Was it china or pottery?" I mildly inquired, vainly hoping to draw some information from this aggravating youth.

"Both on' em, both; an' everythin' else ye ever heerd on. Why, I tell you, Miss, I've seen a good deal in my day, but—true as I live an' breathe, hope I may die 'f I aint tellin' you the truth—I never see sech a darned, blasted, thund'rin', smashin', curus old thing this side o' Jord'n. Oh, I *shell* give up! Old chiney! well, I don't want to see no more old chiney. I've seed enough for one man." And so he went on.

Will you believe me, Charlotte Elliot Chase, when I tell you that you know just as much now about that ancient creamer as I do? With all my questions, with all his flood of replies, his glowing adjectives—some of them far more intense and profane than I dare introduce into this epistle—I absolutely learned nothing. Although I gathered that the relic was the "curusest, outlandishest, sing'lerest, darndest, hifalutinest, blastedest" ceramic ever seen, I did not learn if it was pottery or porcelain, hard or soft paste, decorated or undecorated, marked or unmarked. And to this day I indulge in the wildest imaginings concerning this

27. WEDGWOOD PLATE: page 244.

[Cream-ware: border and decorations in blue and gold: impressed mark.]




28. TEA-CADDY: page 251.

[Porcelain: decoration, flowers in colors: mark, a shield: Vienna.]

antique creamer, which had power so to stir the placid breast of my rustic swain of Ferryville.

At Millbridge I found a Jackfield teapot, something which I have long desired to possess. You remember Dr. Hall's, do you not? It is of that highly glazed, glassy-looking black ware which, we read, was called locally at the time of its manufacture "black decanter." My specimen is so quaint and pretty, with its elaborate raised ornamentation, that I have had it mounted in silver for my collection. (See Ill. 16.) I am particularly interested in this ware because I have lately read that Maurice Thursfield, its manufacturer, came to America in the latter part of the 18th century, and died here. I have no doubt he lived in Millbridge, and that my teapot was his own little "black decanter," brought over as a souvenir of his native Shropshire.

Here, too, I found some good dark-blue printed plates, marked *Stubbs & Kent, Longport.* I do not find the name of this firm in any of my text-books. I have also seen several *Clews* marks which are new to me. One, especially, has over the *Clews Warranted Staffordshire* in a circle, a crown with G. R. Davenport ware often turns up, generally pottery, sometimes very prettily decorated, and occasionally bits of his porcelain. The latter is often as beautiful as Chelsea or Derby, and almost always has in its border decoration a peculiar pale yellow mingled with a rich dark-blue. I found several marked pieces of New Hall porcelain, though I see that English writers speak of such specimens as rare.

At Galesville I found a Chinese plate with odd and pretty decoration. (See Ill. 20.) There is a delightful crab upon it, and another marine creature—a shrimp, I think—with protruding eyes and a lovely smile. The colors are red, and rich dark blue, with some touches of gold. The woman of whom I bought it said that it had been in her family two hundred years (I have found

few specimens which had been a briefer season than this in the owners' possession!), and that it was brought from "Injy" by her husband's great, great, etc. (I forget how many greats) grandfather, Eben Wilcox, who "follered the sea." From a picture of Eben, I should judge that neither the sea nor any other created thing would ever have "follered" *him;* for a more cantankerous-looking old fellow I never saw.

"Hard-feetur'd, aint he?" said the wife of his great, great, etc., grandson; "all the Wilcoxes is, you know. *I'm* a Hewitt myself; you've heerd of the Reedstown Hewitts—the 'handsome Hewitts,' some call 'em, but I never speak on 'em that way. Handsome is as handsome does, *I* say. I try to do my duty, an' take care o' myself, an' treat my fellow-bein's fair an' honest, an' don't never worry 'bout my looks. Can't you give me a quarter more for that plate? I know old Cap'n Eben—if he's lookin' down at us—thinks I aint askin' enough for what he resked his life for on the great waters, 'reelin' to and fro like a drunken man,' the Bible says, you know." I paid the "quarter more" to soothe "Cap'n Eben's" troubled spirit, and bore away the plate in triumph.

Such queer questions were asked me about the object of my researches! Several persons inquired if I melted up the old chiney to make new. One woman appeared so interested in me and my collecting that I exerted myself to reply at length to her questions as to what I was going to do with these old things. After explaining the matter most fully, I was rewarded by an incredulous sniff from the unbeliever, and the remark "That means 't aint none o' my bisness. Well, keep it to yerself then."

And how many things were offered for my inspection, entirely devoid of interest or value! How weary I grew of old samplers, faded paintings on silk or satin, ancient embroidery, coarse and without beauty, powder-horns, feather flowers, coins, high-heeled

slippers of a by-gone fashion, worn and time-stained, old tuning-forks, guns, warming-pans, snuff-boxes! What have I not had brought me as worthy of purchase, when I asked for pottery and porcelain? Once an ivory or bone ring was produced, and I was informed that all the family for generations had "teethed on" it!

"Yes, marm," said the grandma of the family, whose sunken mouth and mumbling speech showed that she had "teethed on" nothing for many a day, "I've seed ev'ry sing'l young one in this fam'ly chewin' an' suckin' that ring, from 'Lishy down to Mary Ann. Sam'l, he 's lawyerin' over to Simsbrook, he gummed away at that for six months, an' I thought he never *would* git any teeth. But they come at last, an' you'd think he'd got teeth enough if you see him in green-corn time." I did not make a bid for the ancient relic, on whose surface Time—which might most pertinently here be called *edax rerum*—had left many a dint and stain.

It does seem strange to us who value family relics that people will part with them for money. The feeling of the "Ellis girls," of which I have told you, is natural, and one must always respect it. Many a piece of old china I have seen that would be a beauty in my cabinet, but which, finding that its owner cherished it for family reasons, I would not dream of trying to get. But there are hundreds of nice old pieces which the owners do not value, which will soon disappear, like the quantities of which they are rare relics, unless they are gathered in collections. I think china-hunting on this account a good service to art and education. I wish more people in towns and villages would hunt up the old specimens in families and put them together where they will be preserved.

But I confess, Charlotte, that I am a little bit ashamed of any collector who finds a good and valuable specimen belonging to

a person who does not know what it is worth, and buys it for a song. Many a poor woman in these hard times has told me she wanted money so much she was willing to sell anything in her house. Could you take advantage of such a woman and give her a quarter of a dollar for a Wedgwood plate with a charming border? I will not say what I do, but I will tell you what I saw my father do one day, when we were riding together. He stopped to ask for a drink of water, and a man brought it out from a cottage in a very pretty little pitcher. "Do you want to sell this?" said father. "Yes, and anything else I've got," said the man. "What will you take for it?" "Wall, I s'pose it's worth a dollar if it's worth anything. If that's too much, name your price."

Father looked at it a minute or two and said: "I think it's worth more. If it is what I suspect, it is worth twenty dollars; if it's not that, it is not worth a cent. I'll take the risk and give you ten, but I tell you frankly it may be worth twice that."

He got the pitcher for ten dollars, and gave me the reins while he examined it; and that evening he made up his mind, with the advice of two or three friends, that it was not worth a cent. But I know he felt better about it than he would if he had given a dollar, and thought for a few hours that he had made a bargain out of a poor family.

I can assure you of this, as a result of our hunting along the roads of New England, that there is a great deal of money value in old crockery which lies idle in pantries, and that collectors who have money to spend do a great deal of good in a small way by giving the money for the crockery. And, strange as you may think it, it is very rare to find an owner of old pottery in the country, whatever be the family associations, who would not rather have the money.

# XIII.

## WHAT THE CHILDREN FOUND.

"Do you know," asked Mrs. Allison, one evening, "how widespread is the influence of our club? Why, even the children are affected by it, have their own little collections, and save their pocket-money for the purchase of rare 'specimens.' My Mollie is quite enthusiastic in the matter. She has attended some of our meetings, and thus picked up a little knowledge, and now considers herself quite a ceramic authority among the juveniles. She has been spending a few weeks with her grandmother in Laketown, and while there has corresponded with Benny Hall. I am sure you would all be amused with the letters that have passed between these youthful enthusiasts, and so Mrs. Hall and I have brought them for your benefit. Here is Mollie's first, written soon after her arrival."

"Laketown, July —.

"Dear Benny,—I promised to write first, so I will send you a letter to-day, and then you can answer it real quick. I want to hear how your collection comes on. I have had great fun china hunting here, but have not got a great deal.

"Grandma had given everything away out of her pantry and parlor-cupboard. Cousin Mary collects, and she had teased grandma out of everything; so it was no use hunting there. But one day I went with Sam—he's grandma's black boy—to Woodruff, the next village. We rode in the buggy, with Nan the old

mare, and I thought I would stop along the way and see what I could find.

"So by-and-by we came to a real old-looking house, and I said to Sam, 'Who lives there?' and he said, 'Old Mis' Lane.' Then I asked him some questions, and found she was a pleasant old woman, and there wasn't any men-folks around the place, and so I wasn't a bit afraid to go there. So I told Sam to stop, and I got out and went up to the door. There was a little dog who barked, but when I spoke to him he wagged his tail, and I wasn't scared. I knocked at the door, and a real nice old woman opened it, with such a pleasant face, and a clean white cap, and she said, 'What ye want, little gal?' and I said very politely, 'Will you please give me a drink of water.' You know that's the best way to get into a house; I heard Miss Graves say so. And she said, 'To be sure I will; come right in, little gal.' So I went into a real nice, old-fashioned room, and she went to the cupboard in the corner to get a glass, and I watched her, and got a peep into the closet, and was sure I saw some old things. So while I was drinking the water I said to the old woman, 'Have you got any old dishes?'

"She looked rather surprised, and she said, 'What kind o' old dishes, deary?' And I said, 'Salt-glazed wares of the last century' (I heard that at the club, you see); and she looked as if she thought I was crazy: so I saw that she hadn't had my advantages, and I explained to her that I wanted old crockery dishes, plates, and bowls, and such things. And she said, 'I 'spose ye want 'em to play tea with!' You see she didn't know I was a collector.

"And she went to her closet and looked and looked. And then she brought me the cunningest little thing, though it isn't a dish, and I don't know whether it is good for a collection. It's a little green cradle, such as a fairy might lie in. (See Ill. 22.)

It's very shiny, and the green is different shades, and there's raised rings on it—you can feel them raised with your finger—and it has little rockers. The woman said she had it when she was a little girl; but when I asked her if it came from Staffordshire, she laughed, and said, 'No, I guess it come from the store over to Ta'nton; pa done most o' his shoppin' there.' She was a very ignorant woman.

"Then I asked her how much she would take for the cradle; and she laughed till she shook all over—she was real fat—and she said, 'I'll take a good hug an' a kiss an' nothin' more, you dear little poppet.' And she wouldn't take anything, though I offered her a bright ten-cent piece. And she kissed me, and gave me a piece of cake when I came away. I went to two or three other places, and I drank so much water that I felt quite sick at my stomach. But I didn't get anything more that day, only a broken blue plate, marked *E. Wood & Sons.* But when Sam saw that I was looking for such things, he told me he knew a man who had some old dishes, and he would try to get them for me.

"And he did find me something splendid, Benny. I'm in such a hurry to show it to you! It's a tall blue teapot—or maybe it's a coffee-pot, I don't know—but what do you think it's got on it—a picture of the Hartford State-house! (See Ill. 21.) Don't you remember when I went to Hartford with papa, and I told you how we went to the State-house, and saw the Legislature? Well this is the very same building, only there are some tall poplar-trees around this, and I don't think I saw any there—just such trees, you know, as Baby has in his toy village. I'm so glad to get it, and I gave *ever* so much money for it! But you mustn't be mad if I don't tell you the price. We collectors never tell such things. I'm going to look for more things pretty soon, and then I'll write you again. Do send me a letter right away, and

tell me if you have found anything more. And don't make fun, as you do sometimes, and treat our collections as a kind of game or play. It's a very serious matter, Benny Hall; the greatest minds is engaged in kramics.

"Your aff't friend, MOLLIE ALLISON."

Here is Benny's reply:

"DEAR MOLLIE,—Bully for you! I'm glad you got the cradle and the teapot. I haven't had much luck. I did ask old Uncle Sim—the man who brings roots and wild things to sell—if he'd got any old dishes at home, and he said he had. I waited a whole week, and then he fetched me a half a saucer, white, with nothing on it at all! I was awful mad, and wanted to punch his head. But Mary Jane, the woman who comes in to help iron on Tuesdays, she told me of a house, down toward Glenville, where there was some things. And I walked there last Saturday, five miles, and an awful hot day. You bet I was tired when I got there! There was a chap about as big as me standing in the yard, tossing a ball, and I asked him if I should catch for him, and we got acquainted that way; and pretty soon I asked him about dishes and things, and he said he lived with his Aunt Hannah, and he'd ask her, but she was a stingy old thing, and he didn't believe she'd let me have anything. But he went and asked her, and she came out. Jerusalem crickets! didn't she pitch into me! I tell you, she went for me! She called me all kinds of names, and told me to get right out of her yard or she'd give me something I didn't like. 'What did I mean,' she said, 'coming into honest people's houses, and taking up their time with my stuff and nonsense? If she was my mother'— and all that kind of talk, you know. I didn't say a word—couldn't get a chance, you see. The other chap he was making faces all the time she kept up her chin-music, winking one eye at me, and

sticking his tongue out, and I had to run, just to keep from laughing in the old thing's face. I had half a mind to shy a stone at her head, the mean old catamaran!

"I did get one thing, though, the other day. A fellow—his name is Sid Norris; you've seen him, I guess, with the Baker boys, a short, fat chap, with reddish hair—he told me he knew a man on the Chatfield road, near the quarries, you know, who had a queer old crockery pitcher, shaped like a man. So I went over there with Sid, and I bought the old thing for—never mind how much money, 'we collectors never tell such things.' Oh my, aint we grand or nothing!

"It was awful queer. The rummiest old fellow, made out of pottery, with a three-cornered hat, and knee-breeches on, and a mug of foaming beer in one hand and a pipe in the other. (See Ill. 23.) He's all hollow, to hold beer—he looks as if he was full of it now—and you can drink right out of his cocked hat. There's a handle in the middle of his back. I felt hunky-dory, I tell you, when I got him, and carried him home just as carefully as I could. Papa said he was an old English Toby—something like *Toper*, I suppose, and he looks it! Papa said it was not just the kind of thing for a collection like mine, and he would take it off my hands; so he gave me a Lowestoft custard-cup for it, only cracked a little, and that don't show when it stands on the shelf of my cabinet. Papa says that Lowestoft china is a bully thing to have, because there's so much *discussion* about it, whatever that is—I haven't noticed it on my cup.

"Ned Stevenson is collecting too. He's got a Millennium plate, and a plate with the willow pattern—it's broke a little—and two or three other things. He found a pepper-box made out of crockery, the funniest thing. There's no top to take off, and where do you think they put in the pepper? Give it up? Why, there's a hole in the bottom, and they put the pepper in

there, and then stop it up with a cork. (See Ill. 25.) Ned gave a boy out at the mills his best ball for it, and then Mrs. Stevenson went and took it for her collection, and didn't give him anything but a mended saucer with kind of raised purple spriggles on it. She told him it was the celebrated Lavender-spot China, but mamma says it's quite modern.

"I can't think of any more to write. Answer this *double-quick*. Your friend, BENJAMIN WELLS HALL.

"P.S.—I wouldn't talk so big about a thing, if I was you, and then spell it wrong. It's c-e-r-a-m-i-c-s, goosey!"

Mollie wrote again:

"DEAR BENNY,—Cousin Mary is here. She says my little green cradle is old English, probably made in Whieldon's time. (She told me how to spell him.) She says she has a sugar-bowl of the same stuff, and just as green and shiny. It's in the shape of a *house*, with doors and windows, and there's a little *woman* on top for the knob! Cousin Spencer said she was a nobby little woman, and then they all laughed, but I don't know what he meant. Cousin Mary bought the cradle of me, and gave me a pink printed plate for it. Isn't she good?

"I told her about your Toby, and she says she's got one just like it, and she thinks they were made by one of the Woods in Staffordshire. What lots of things they made in Staffordshire! Cousin Mary thinks she will give me a tile that she painted herself in exchange for my coffee-pot with the Hartford State-house. She's too nice for anything. Tell Edith Pond I have got some things for her. You know she collects plain white china. Her father told her it was a good plan, and she's got a whole shelf full. She says it's the only collection of the kind in America, but I don't think it makes much of a show. Gerty Dillingham is going to collect *mended* china, and I've got a blue saucer for

her that's mended real funny with putty. I can't afford to *give* it to her, but I'll sell it reasonable.

"I went with grandma to take tea at Mrs. Tripp's the other day, and Miss Vinie Tripp gave me a little doll's pitcher. Part of it looks as if it was made of copper, but it's all crockery, and the middle of it is all like gravel, little teenty bits of stones stuck on all over it. Miss Vinie says it's real old, and I guess it is, for the handle is gone, and the nose is chipped. No mark. She says she will look up something else for me; it's a little red earthen porringer. It was made at Norwalk, in Connecticut, more than seventy years ago; Miss Vinie says she gave a bag of rags for it when she was a little girl. There was a vessel came there, loaded with milk-pans and jugs and jars and flower-pots from Norwalk, and the children used to buy them with rags, and paper, and old iron.

"I never saw a porringer, but I've read about it in 'We're Seven.'

'I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.'

"Good-bye, Benny. Write me some more, but please don't say 'bully,' and such words. They're not proper in writing to a young lady. Your true friend, Mollie Allison.

"P.S.—Mrs. Leavitt says 'kramic.'"

And here is Benny's reply:

"Dear Mollie,—Seems to me you're putting on airs. What's the matter with '*bully?*' I think it's a bang-up word. You're getting slathers of things for your collection, aint you? Mother says your little pitcher is 'coppelluster'—whatever that is. She's got one, but there aint any gravel on it. The middle—where it swells out, you know—is blue, with raised people on it; and it's marked *Wood & Caldwell.* Ned Stevenson took a blue pie-plate

out of his Aunt Lydia's pantry without asking, and he got an awful thrashing from his father. He came round to tell me about it. He said no living collector could have helped taking it, for it was marked. Poor Ned! he's pretty well *marked* himself, for he got a thundering licking.

"You needn't bring anything for Edith Pond. She's going to sell her collection of white china, and buy a Scrap-album. Don't you tell, Mollie; but I *may* have to sell my collection. I'm awfully hard up, and in debt, too. I owe Sid Norris ten cents for a fish-pole, and there's eight for candy at Miss Green's. Do you know any one who wants to buy? I'd sell cheap, for cash, for I'm just about bust. Yours truly, BENNY HALL."

29. The Helmet Creamer: page 245.

[Porcelain: hard-paste: blue and white: mark, a cross and indistinct letter: Bristol.]

30. A Duck of a Sauce-Boat: page 253.

[English pottery, painted in colors.]

# XIV.

## WHAT WE ALL FOUND.

When the club was founded, certain wiseacres laughed at us. They said we might study books as much as we pleased, but we could never find old specimens of ceramic art in this country to illustrate our studies. Nor had we ourselves any great confidence in the success of our hunting. But when we began to appreciate the fact that, after all, the history of domestic pottery in Old England does not extend back of the family history of New England, we took courage, and determined to learn what we could of the kinds of pottery our ancestors used.

It was really remarkable how many treasures our club unearthed. We were none of us very rich, so that the tremendous prices we occasionally hear of as paid for rare specimens were quite out of the question among us. We were not great travellers; some of our members never went five miles from home, and not a single one visited Europe during the club's existence. But we were indefatigable in our narrow sphere, and were rewarded by great successes. Of course we began with very moderate expectations, and our ambitions scarcely reached beyond the dark-blue printed ware of Clews, Wood, and others.

I remember how perfectly delighted I was when Aunt Ellen gave me a plate with a print of "Dr. Syntax painting a Portrait." These blue prints of the adventures of Dr. Syntax are not rare, but are none the less bright and charming. The name was the pseudonym assumed by William Combe, who published in Lon-

don, in 1812, a poem, "Dr. Syntax's Tour in search of the Picturesque." It was illustrated with colored plates, after Thomas Rowlandson, in his day the most celebrated English designer of humorous and amusing subjects. A second tour, "In search of Consolation," illustrated by Rowlandson, was published in 1820; and a third, the Doctor's tour "In search of a Wife," appeared in 1821. The colored pictures in the books fade, but the potter's pictures are lasting in gorgeous blue, and whoever preserves these will have permanent memorials of a style of art and an artist excessively popular for a long time in England.

"Pittsfield" dishes were in great demand, especially by two or three of our number who had graduated at Maplewood. Even the later works of Wood and Ridgway, in pink, dark brown, and pale blue, were prized. But by-and-by we were more fastidious. I think it was Sophy Graves who first found a piece of marked Wedgwood. Poor Sophy! she had palpitation of the heart and nervous headache for two days after. The piece was a plate, with pretty blue-and-gold ribbon border, and in the centre a shield of arms. (See Ill. 27.) Across the back in black, baked in, is the name *W. Bloxam, Esq^r. Oct. 27th*, 1802; and beneath this, under the glaze, in a yellow color, the words *Not a pattern*, in a careless handwriting. This curious legend seems to have been written with a lead-pencil on the paste before it was glazed, and unintentionally appears after the baking. Then Mr. Leavitt found some old Staffordshire (three or four pieces) with gay, rudely painted flowers, and Mrs. Chase had a silver-lustre pitcher sent her; and so our sphere widened and our desires enlarged. I shall never forget the night that Mr. Stevenson brought in his Bristol creamer. He had seen it in a kitchen window as he drove through Baytown, and, supposing it to be old blue-and-white Canton or Nankin, had stopped and offered its owner fifty cents for it. She gladly consented to the purchase; and it was not until the buyer

was again on the road that, in turning over the piece, he discovered upon the bottom the Bristol cross and a number. It was of the helmet shape, and decorated in blue, in imitation of Chinese, a style common to Bristol china. (See Ill. 29.)

Oh, how envious some of us were! Mrs. Allison said she had intended to go into Baytown that very day, and of course should have looked into that kitchen window; but Mollie had the mumps, and she could not leave her. That same evening a black basalt sugar-bowl was brought in—I forget to whom it belonged—marked "Riley," and we had to look up the name and find out all about John and Richard Riley, of Burslem, who worked in the latter part of the last century and beginning of this.

Another piece, somewhat similar, marked Turner, was afterward found. This was doubtless by John Turner, of Longton, one of the best imitators of Wedgwood, and his contemporary. A good deal of earthen-ware, decorated with pink metallic lustre, came to light, and at first we attributed all this to Newcastle and Sunderland. But Charlie Baker came across a sugar-bowl of this style, marked *Clews* (the Cobridge potter); and afterward I found at Lee a similar piece, marked *Wood*, which was Enoch Wood's mark at one time—probably about 1819. Subsequently we found many pieces ornamented with more or less pink lustre, which had also prints, some of which were signed *Bentley Wear & Bourne, Engravers and Printers, Shelton, Staffordshire.* The frequent occurrence of rather good prints of the same class, associated with pink-lustre borders and ornaments, led us to assign such specimens to Shelton, without attempting to name the potter who made them. It must be borne in mind that printing on pottery was a distinct business, and many potters sent their wares to the printing establishments to receive prints, and took them home to be baked. Wedgwood sent his wares thus all the way from Burslem to Liverpool, when Sadler, at the latter place, possessed the

secret of the transfer art. Probably the engravers named above did work for many potters at and near Shelton; but I suppose they engraved and used particular prints only for particular makers.

An interesting specimen was a pitcher, pottery, decorated simply with a ship painted in colors. On the bottom of this were the words *Bristol Pottery*, written rather coarsely in dark brown or black. Several teapots and other articles of table-ware have turned up marked with the cross of Bristol. The pottery works of Bristol were wholly distinct from the porcelain factory of Champion, whose products are so highly esteemed. But the authorities agree that the cross mark was used by both. The teapots belonged always to a class of ware which is very interesting, because so much of it is found in America. I have seen a great many such teapots, and some that look like them, and yet not like them. I have learned this much for myself, that they are a kind of ware somewhat like Wedgwood's cream or queen's ware, but not so good or fine.

I think the teapots in old houses in New England illustrate the entire history of the growth of the pottery art in Old England. Many are the old patterns made as copies of silver services. These are generally thin, strong ware, quaint shapes, mostly angular, with flutings and relief decorations of leafage, the reliefs sometimes colored bright green or yellow, and once in a while flowers are painted on them, quite simply. It is common to find the knob of a cover in the form of a swan, and, almost as common, a dolphin. Some of these specimens have the orange-peel surface of salt-glazed wares. Others were coated with a white clay before they were glazed. All these seem to be examples of the potter's art before it reached the perfection to which Wedgwood's influence brought it. They may have been of later date than Wedgwood's time: some are so, I know. But these show

the old style of work still surviving among modern improvements.

We found some New Hall porcelain, marked. Mr. Jewett says it is rare in England. We have not found it rare here. The porcelain is generally very pure and beautifully translucent, and the decorations either in pink lustre, or in red or black prints. We have found a few specimens with painted flowers. Some very pretty cream-ware dishes were discovered, painted with lovely landscapes, and stamped "*Wilson.*" Wilson was the successor at Hanley of the firm of Neale & Palmer, who were Wedgwood's most skilful rivals and imitators.

Oriental specimens were rare, but were occasionally found. Dr. Hall secured a charming little Chinese teapot, decorated in red and blue, picked out with gold. Some plates with flowers and queer birds were picked up, and two lovely punch-bowls with Chinese landscapes and figures. And one evening Mrs. Allison came in with some tiny cups and saucers, almost egg-shells as to delicacy, white ground with bright flowers. She found them at the sea-side, in the family of a retired sea-captain.

Mr. Brooks—who is at Harvard—found near Boston two or three Liverpool pitchers with ships, and such things. They were the first we had gathered, but soon after several others came in, and we lost our keen interest in them. I found myself, while spending a day and night in Helmsley, a cream-ware fruit-basket and tray, having open-work borders, and painted with a graceful drop-pattern in red. It was marked with the impressed *Herculaneum*, and I was charmed with it. But Miss Lee, the very same evening on which I exhibited this treasure, brought the dearest old salt-glazed pitcher—genuine Crouch-ware, I suppose. It has a heart-shaped medallion on the side, and on it, raised and colored, are two quaint children, playing. The scene is entitled "Sportive

Innocence." I would have exchanged my fruit-basket for it, I think, but had no opportunity.

There were several very nice tortoise-shell or marble plates found. These are good specimens of the first attempts of English potters to make ornamental table wares, and are interesting when you remember that Josiah Wedgwood began his life-work by improving the character of these wares as made by Whieldon. Some of them are really beautiful pieces, especially those which show iridescence in the glaze, almost equalling Italian lustres.

I must not forget the Delft, the old wares of Holland, or those made in England, when the English potters began to learn from the Dutch. These were frequently found, especially in old farm-houses. Of course, no one can affirm how old such pieces are, as the styles were continued in common potteries down to the latter part of the last century. But there is little reason to doubt that these thick crockery plates, white, with a few decorations in color, usually blue, are among the earliest table wares used in New England houses. There were certainly twenty varieties of Delft plates secured by members of the club in one year.

Several pieces of Wedgwood came into our possession after the finding of the plate before alluded to. I myself found, in a garret where I was rummaging, the remains of some cups and saucers of yellow ware, unglazed outside, which may perhaps be a variety of the jasper-ware. I have seen specimens of the same ware with relief vines and fruits in deep brown color.

Some pickle-leaves, white, veined with blue, marked *Wedgwood*, were also found. And I saw at the house of a lady in Deerford a lovely pitcher of black basaltes, with reliefs of children at play; a fine specimen of its kind, with the mark. The reliefs are sharp and exquisite, the whole work characteristic of an early time. This treasure is an heirloom much valued by its owner, and, of

course, did not come into the possession of our club. But many of us saw it, studied it, and admired its beauty.

A few tiles were found, blue and white generally, though Mr. Brooks found some with other colors.

Specimens of Caughley porcelain rewarded our researches. Some marked S; some with the filled crescent; and one piece, a small bowl on a plate, had a numeral in Japanese style, such as is given in the text-books. This last was the willow-pattern, printed in blue.

Several unmarked pieces, pronounced by good judges to be Worcester porcelain, were brought in. One such was procured by Miss Norton from a poor Cuban woman whom she was befriending, who called the piece Spanish. It is a bowl decorated in vermilion and gold, very rich and beautiful; the paste is decidedly Worcester — so say experts; and I have seen specimens, with precisely similar decoration, in the Museum of Art in New York, classed as Worcester.

Jane Forsythe worked hard for three weeks to secure one piece of pottery. She saw it while hunting, a few miles from Littleville, and offered a large sum for it. Her offer was refused. Then she came home, cried her eyes nearly out, and wrote a pathetic letter to the obdurate owner, begging him to part with his treasure for a higher price. He declined. She took to her bed. After a time she sent a box to the household where the desire of her eyes dwelt. The box contained gifts for the whole family — dresses for the children, caps for the mother, pipes and tobacco for the old man, etc., etc., and so by slow degrees the goal was won. She brought the long-sought treasure in one evening, the happiest creature you ever saw. It was a mug, of Gres-ware, on which was a relief group, men and women chasing a fox, who held in his mouth a stolen goose. It belongs to the period of art about the close of the seventeenth or beginning of the eighteenth cent-

ury, and in searching the books for information we found that Brongniart classed it as *Faience historique*, and thought it Dutch; but more modern authorities regard it as English salt-glazed stone-ware. (See Ill. 24.) The peculiar interest which attaches to such specimens is in the fact that they illustrate the very beginning of beautiful pottery in England in times of Dwight and the Elers, and their immediate successors, before the days of Wedgwood.

When this mug was exhibited at the club, it excited considerable interest. Dr. Wells, on looking at the decoration, exclaimed, "Why, this is Holbeinish;" and being called on to explain his expression, remarked that "in the early part of the sixteenth century the German book-publishers had a fancy, among other odd subjects of book ornamentation in borders and head and tail pieces, for scenes of peasant life. It was said that Holbein once paid a tavern bill by painting on the wall of the inn a dance of peasants. No one knows whether this is true, but a dance of peasants was engraved as a page ornament, and used by the Basle book-publishers, and an ornamental Alphabet of the same kind appeared.

"At the same time, say about 1528, was engraved this scene—the fox stealing a goose, and chased by the peasant's family, with flails, rakes, and all kinds of weapons seized for the chase. I remember the picture used as an ornamental page border in a collection of medical treatises, which I have in my library, entitled *De Re Medica*, which was published by Cratander, at Basle, in 1528. Dibdin speaks of it as found in an edition of Polidore Virgil, some years later. I have seen it in other books. It must have been some favorite story of the early times. All these designs are called Peasant Dances by modern writers, as they call the grim scenes of Death 'Dances of Death;' and many of them are ascribed to Holbein as the designer. You will find this fox-

chase described, and the original wood-cut reproduced in fac-simile, in several modern books, such as Woltmann's 'Life of Holbein,' and one of Dibdin's books, I can't remember which. It is odd to find the old story produced on crockery, and more odd still if this is indeed an English specimen. I have a dim recollection of seeing the picture in an English book of the last century."

In all the hunting done by our club, but one piece bearing the mark of any Continental manufacture, except Delft, has ever been found. This is a tea-caddy, very prettily decorated, and bearing the Vienna mark. (See Ill. 28.) Mrs. Allison found it, and gave a grand tea-party in its honor. She obtained it from a poor English woman, who had brought it with her across the ocean many years ago. No Sèvres, Dresden, Berlin, or any longed-for treasures of France, Germany, and Italy, did we ever pick up. This seems to me a fact worthy of being recorded; for it shows how entirely our ancestors were dependent on England in their commercial relations. The Dutch plates we found may be as old as Dutch times in New York, or may have come through England.

There was another interesting fact which we noticed. The old potteries, whether of Bristol or Staffordshire, which abound mostly in country houses, have occasionally certain class resemblances to one another which collectors soon recognize, even though the decorations vary. All along the line of the Connecticut Valley, even up to the northern part of Vermont and New Hampshire, we found kinds of pottery which were not found elsewhere. This seemed to show that New Haven was the port to which these were brought first, and the supplies went to country places up the Connecticut River in boats. Persons who are familiar with country crockery in New York and around Boston tell us that these kinds are not found there.

A specimen which greatly puzzled us all was discovered in an old farm-house, where it had been used by two or three genera-

tions of the family. It was a small bowl of hard-paste porcelain, decorated with arabesque patterns in blue. It did not look like a Chinese paste, or decoration, and the queer mark on the bottom was in none of our books. Professor —— astonished the owner by declaring this mark to be plain Persian letters.

Perhaps the most wonderful discovery any of us ever made was Mrs. Johnston's Bow sauce-boat. It may not be the most valuable thing we have, but it certainly made the greatest sensation among us. And she found it in the oddest way. She had gone to New York for a little spring shopping, and was staying at a private boarding-house up-town. One morning, as she passed through the front hall to go out of the door, she saw a poorly-dressed, but respectable-looking, man waiting there. He addressed her, said he was an Englishman, out of work and in great need of money. His wife had formerly been a servant in a wealthy family in England. When she left her situation to marry, her mistress had given her some odd pieces of a china dinner-service. One of these he had with him, and would like to dispose of, he having heard that old china was now in demand. Mrs. Johnston looked at the piece, saw that it was very pretty, and undoubtedly old; and finding that his price was very reasonable, paid it, and secured the specimen. On taking it to the best authorities in New York, she was assured that she had a piece of undoubted Bow porcelain; and even in our club of rather envious collectors no shadow of suspicion rests upon its genuineness. It is a sauce-boat formed of leaves embossed on leaves, and the handle is a great leaf-stem turned over. There are raised flowers near the handle, and little painted flowers on the embossed leaves, and the whole is delicately painted. (See Ill. 26.)

Cream-ware plates, with black prints, turned up. Some of these were probably Wedgwood; some Liverpool. Different "tea-party prints" appear on these, and these tea-party prints

are very interesting. They must have been a favorite decoration in the last century, for they are found on Worcester and Caughley porcelain, and on Liverpool and Staffordshire potteries. One of them, perhaps engraved by Sadler, appears on a Liverpool plate, which was the last remaining piece of a service once belonging to the grandmother of one of the members of the club. (See Ill. 31.)

Other early printed wares were discovered in mugs and pitchers, and later specimens in table services in great variety. The whole history of transfer-printing on pottery was illustrated pretty thoroughly by what was found. Mr. Whitney's list of American pieces was largely made up of our discoveries, and the club claimed, with right, his entire catalogue as a result of their labor.

Mr. Brooks found a little cream-ware pitcher with Jane Taylor's (?) poem, "My Mother," printed upon it in black; and the same lines were found upon a bowl, accompanying a black print of a mother and child, very nicely engraved. Some earthen-ware was marked *Cyples;* and we found the name as that of a potter at Lane End, in 1786. How delighted Jane Norton was with a sauce-boat she found in an old house at Welbury! It belonged to a widower, and had come to him through his wife. It seems dreadful, but Jane finally secured it by *crying* at his story of his dear departed. She says it was no sin; for she was told, on good authority, that he had offered himself to every marriageable girl in the village since his loss. "But how did you succeed in actually shedding tears?" asked some one.

"Oh, I thought as hard as I could of losing the treasure and going home empty-handed, and the tears came in a minute."

It is in the shape of a duck, and is old English, I suppose. Charlie Baker calls it a "duck of a sauce-boat." The neck and head of the duck form the handle of the boat. (See Ill. 30.)

The oldest specimen discovered was the Fulham jug, illus-

trated at page 61; or the Peasant's Dance, at page 179. It is impossible to say which of these is the earlier. From these specimens our discoveries formed quite a continuous illustration of the manufacture and decoration of potteries in England down to modern days. We thus proved that New England could, with its domestic potteries, furnish very fair illustrative collections of the history of ceramic art in Old England.

In reviewing the discoveries of the club, I have not mentioned again the specimens which are described, and some of which are illustrated elsewhere in this book.

On the whole, we did not think the time given to the subject thrown away. Every specimen found was a subject of long or short discussion and examination; and so it came about that we could all of us understand, after a while, how the old china and crockery of our own country was a sort of index to the history of families and their ways of living; and the history of families makes up the history of a country like ours; for the rulers here are the people of the country, and the life of a sensible, well-to-do, hard-working New England farmer in the last century, if it were written in full, would be as interesting a book as the life of a king in Europe.

"You see," said Mrs. Leavitt one day, "the life of an American citizen is not half written unless you know how he voted at every election, and what were the motives of his vote. We all know in these days how much depends on one vote in public affairs, and I don't think any influences are greater on a man's conduct in the day than the influences of his breakfast, dinner, and tea-table."

There was a great deal to think of in what Mrs. Leavitt said. I am sure that the old crockeries we found in old houses prove a great deal of taste and refinement among the wives of the forefathers, which they had no opportunity of showing until such

wares began to be made in the last century. The country home had almost always bright and beautiful table furniture, and the family must have enjoyed it and lingered around it. Probably, on that account, domestic influences, home thoughts, and family thoughts, had more influence on men in those days. There cannot be any force exerted on a man's or a woman's mind by a lot of white crockery set out to eat from. But a woman may be expected to retain and increase the womanly characteristics of gentleness, kindness, and all kinds of loveliness, who has a pretty tea-service to preside over every day, however cheap and homely it may seem to the more wealthy. And men under the influence of such women, and such cheerful home associations, are always better citizens. In fine, my experience in The China Hunters Club has made me almost ready to believe that the crockery a people use is as powerful an influence as the ballads they sing.

# XV.

## HOW THE CLUB ENDED.

I SHRINK from the task now before me, and wish that I could escape the dreaded duty. It is heart-breaking to tell you how our club ended. We never speak of it in Littleville. It is yet too fresh and sharp a grief and shame. But it must be written, and I will try to tell the story as briefly and simply as possible.

We met one winter's evening at Mrs. Chase's. How well I remember the cheery look of the library, with its blazing fire of Liverpool coal, as we gathered there! We had chosen no particular topic for the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt had just returned from Boston, and we knew that they had brought some specimens from there, and hoped to hear of or see them. We had heard, too, that Sophy Graves had come into possession of some lovely Spode china, and that Mary Dillingham had picked up some nice pieces of Caughley porcelain, so we were anticipating a real treat. But before we had heard a word of these new acquisitions, Mr. Stevenson entered, looking pleased and excited, and exclaimed, "I have made a wonderful 'find'—a charming set of three old Chinese vases, a centre vase of one shape, and two side vases of another, as perfect as when they left the potter's hands. They came from the Bentley family, who were all, you know, in the India trade. I have brought one of the side vases."

So saying, he proceeded to unwrap his treasure, a cylindrical vase, flaring at the top, decorated with flowers, and bearing the

31. Tea-Party Plate: page 253.

[Cream-ware: black print: Liverpool.]

32. Lowestoft, or China (?): page 259.

[Porcelain: hard-paste: the disputed class.]

initials of the owner on an ermined shield, exquisitely painted. (See Ill. 32.)

All gathered around the table, and for a few moments nothing was said audibly, though it might have been observed that two or three members, after looking at the specimen, exchanged glances, and their lips were visible in singular unanimity of motion, as if each were whispering to herself or himself the same word.

Mr. Chase, who had taken up the vase and examined it carefully, was one of these.

Mr. Stevenson saw the motion of his lips, and recognized the unuttered word.

"'Low what,' did you say, Mr. Chase?"

"I didn't say anything. But why do you call it Oriental. Isn't it somewhat doubtful?"

"You thought Lowestoft, if you didn't say it," said Mr. Stevenson, somewhat tartly.

"Well, I did think so; and if there ever was a Lowestoft specimen, that is one. Don't you see how many of the well-known characteristics it has?"

"What do you mean by well known?" said Mr. Stevenson. "I was not aware that the production of hard-paste porcelain, or, indeed, any porcelain at Lowestoft, could be considered well known."

A chorus of indignant exclamations arose. "Oh, Mr. Stevenson! how can you say so? Why, I have more Lowestoft china in my collection than anything else."

"All my mother's best porcelain was made at Lowestoft."

"Why, when I have been china-hunting in Connecticut and Massachusetts, I am sure I have often wished there was no Lowestoft china, such heaps of it has turned up when I wanted Spode, Bristol, and Chelsea."

"Oh, Mr. Stevenson! what will you doubt next? Why, your

own wife has the prettiest Lowestoft in the village—that lovely set with her grandfather's initials, and the brown-and-gold border."

Mr. Stevenson bore these attacks bravely. With a contemptuous smile upon his face, he stood motionless and silent, till the voices ceased, then said:

"I was perfectly aware, when I made my remark, that I should bring upon myself a storm of reproach. Nevertheless, I repeat my opinion that the production of hard-paste porcelain at Lowestoft is a fact yet to be proved to *my* satisfaction."

"If any hard-paste porcelain was made at Lowestoft, I should like to know the date of such manufacture," said Mary Dillingham.

"Oh," said Mrs. Chase, "I can tell you that. I have Chaffers in my hand. He says it was in 1775."

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Stevenson—"I beg your pardon; but I think Mr. Chaffers does not seem very decided himself on that point."

"Oh yes, he is. I will read it. Here it is, on page 814. He says:

'It was about the year 1775 that hard-paste was introduced at Lowestoft, in close imitation of Oriental.'"

"Will you allow me to take the book?" said Mrs. Stevenson; and opening it, added, "I read on page 817:

'The question about hard-paste porcelain having been made at Lowestoft is placed beyond dispute upon the best authority. It was introduced about 1777.'"

"Is there any other authority about the date?" asked Mrs. Leavitt.

The library of the club was at once distributed, and, while

members searched, the discussion between Mr. Chase and Mr. Stevenson waxed hotter.

"Here is an authority," said some one. "The Bazaar Office book on English Pottery and Porcelain says it was in 1775."

"That is only a repetition of Mr. Chaffers," said Mrs. Stevenson; "that writer acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Chaffers for his information."

"Mr. Owen," said Mr. Stevenson, "is an independent authority. In his work entitled 'Two Centuries of Ceramic Art in Bristol,' which I have here, he says, at page 389:

'There cannot be any doubt that hard porcelain, vitrified and translucent, was never manufactured from the raw materials, native kaolin and petunse, at any other locality in England than Plymouth and Bristol. The tradition that such ware was made at Lowestoft in 1775 * * * rests upon evidence too slight to be worthy of argument. The East India Company imported into England large quantities of porcelain for sale; and in the provincial journals of the last century advertisements of sales by auction of East India china occur frequently. This particular ware, which is very plentiful, even at the present day, and which has of late acquired the reputation of having been made at Lowestoft, was simply, in form and ornamentation, only a reproduction by the Chinese of English earthen-ware models. The Chinese do not use saucers, butter-boats, and numbers of other articles after the European fashion, and the agents in China were compelled to furnish a model for every piece of ware ordered. These models the Asiatic workmen have copied only too faithfully. The ill-drawn roses, the coarsely-painted baskets of flowers, the rude borders of lines and dots, are literally copied from the inartistic painting on the English earthen-ware of by-gone days. There is a tradition that Oriental ware was imported in the white state, to be painted in England. Before giving belief to this speculation, it will be necessary to consider how singular, nay, how impossible, a circumstance it is, that if this unpainted china was imported in quantities sufficient to constitute a trade, none of it should have escaped into private custody free from that miserable defacement which has been miscalled decoration.'"

"That is absurd and ridiculous," said Sophy Graves. "Who

ever saw or heard of English or any other earthen-ware that looked like Lowestoft paintings. I don't care whether they are Lowestoft or Chinese; but none of them look any more like old English pottery than they look like the Cyprus vases in General Cesnola's collection."

"Yes," said Miss Lee; "and it's nonsense to say the Chinese had to get patterns of saucers from Europe. Why, everybody knows they made saucers before Bristol was taken by the English. And the idea of saying these disputed decorations, whatever they are, are coarsely painted, ill-drawn, and all that kind of talk! I know a dozen pieces of Lowestoft, so-called, any one of which is prettier than any piece of Bristol porcelain in Mr. Owen's book."

"That's what's the matter of Mr. Owen, I guess," said Charlie Baker. "He writes about a particular factory, and I've observed that men who write up one factory often write down another."

"Sharp for your years, Charlie," said Dr. Hall. "The fact is, a good many Englishmen don't seem to want any factories of hard-paste in England discovered to be rivals to their wretched stuff from Plymouth and Bristol."

"I think," said Mr. Chase, "that some respect is due to the accurate account of the peculiarities of Lowestoft china which Mr. Chaffers gives us, and which define a class of porcelain which must have been made somewhere. Other writers accept the evidence as satisfactory that hard-paste was made at Lowestoft. Marryat says, in his edition of 1868, and perhaps in earlier editions, that, after many fruitless inquiries, he ascertained that the Lowestoft china manufactory continued in operation till within forty years. The earlier porcelain was white and blue. He says, too, that he has a specimen tea-cup, with a floral pattern in French style."

"If the works were in existence within forty years of 1868, or

any other edition of Marryat," said Mr. Stevenson, "what do you make of Mr. Chaffers's statement that they were closed about 1803? Authorities about both the beginning and ending of the mythical Lowestoft are somewhat at loggerheads. All that is known and written about it may be summed up in a few words. There is a well-known class of Chinese porcelains. Some one took the notion that some of these were made in England. Everybody admits that you can't tell which were made in England, and which in China. No one can tell one paste from the other. Then some one tried to compromise the dispute by admitting that some of them were *painted* in England, but insisting that all were *made* in China. But the trouble is, no one can tell which is which, by paste or painting. They were all made in China, and all painted in China."

"I think you represent that too strongly, Mr. Stevenson," said the Rev. Dr. Wells, in a mild voice. "All the writers seem to unite in believing that there are some specimens whose pastes are unquestionably not Chinese. My friend, Mrs. ——, took a piece from her dinner-service, known as Lowestoft, to the Chinese department of the Centennial Exhibition, and showed it to one of the experts in porcelains. She had made his acquaintance before, and he spoke a few words of English. When she handed it to him she said, 'Here is a piece of china;' and was about to ask him to examine it, when he interrupted her, saying, 'No, no, not China — not China — don't know — maybe Europe — not China;' and, on further examination, he said decidedly it was not a Chinese paste. Now Mr. Chaffers says—will you let me take the book a moment, Mr. Stevenson?—Here it is:

'On some of the Lowestoft porcelain, especially upon the very thick or large-shaped pieces, may be observed an irregular or uneven surface, as if the outside of the vessel had been patted or beaten into shape by the hand, or made in a mould, and not turned by the lathe like the smaller examples.

This peculiarity is found on the tureens and larger dishes of a dinner-service, which, being more solid, have this superficial irregularity, while the plates and minor pieces, being thinner, are perfectly smooth.'

"I am sure we are all familiar with this peculiarity of some specimens. It is very common even on helmet-shaped creamers, and on plenty of pieces which we have had here."

"Yes, and on plenty of undoubted old Chinese blue-and-white wares that we have had here," said Mr. Stevenson. This was a strong remark, for every one knew its truth. He continued: "I don't myself believe that any of the decorations ever were painted at Lowestoft; but if they were, they were painted on porcelains brought out from China."

"My—dear—sir," said Mr. Chase, "that idea is wholly untenable. It has been disproved by Mr. Chaffers. Read the statement which Mr. Chaffers publishes, signed by Abel Bly, dated November 2d, 1865, who says he is eighty-four years old, born and always resided in Lowestoft, and that his father, Abel Bly, a workman in the Lowestoft factory, died when he was eleven years old. That he 'was in the habit of going daily to the premises, and can most positively affirm that no manufactured articles were brought there to be painted, but that every article painted in the factory had been previously made there.'"

"And read what Mr. Jewitt says about that in his 'Ceramic Art in Great Britain,'" said Mr. Stevenson. "He says if Abel Bly's statement of his own age is true, he could only have been four years old when hard-paste was made first at Lowestoft, and his recollections are, of course, confined to the next seven years; and a boy from four to eleven, carrying his father's dinner to a factory, is not the best evidence about ceramic art and importations of porcelain into England. Besides, Mr. Jewitt says that Mr. Chaffers is 'indebted to him for nearly every scrap of information' (about Lowestoft) 'he has embodied in his work.' And

Mr. Jewitt says the bowls called Lowestoft 'are mostly painted at Lowestoft on Oriental body.'"

"I am aware that he says so, but he also says, 'Some of the productions of the Lowestoft works are apparently painted on Oriental body;' and he continues: 'but there are many good examples in existence where the body is of Lowestoft make which are of very fine quality.' And Mr. Chaffers replies to him that the Oriental body he talks about is exactly the body made at Lowestoft. Mr. Chaffers well says:

'There is such a peculiarity in the form and quality of the Lowestoft porcelain that we are surprised any one at all conversant with or accustomed to see collections of china could ever mistake it for Oriental. We are now speaking of the body only; of course the decoration is still more conclusive.'"

"I don't know anything about bodies and pastes," said Mrs. Smith; "but I always think it queer anybody should have any trouble in picking out Lowestoft decorations. Now let me have Chaffers, and see what he says about some of the paintings. Here it is. He says it was made—

'with every variety of decoration; dinner and tea services, punch-bowls, mugs, etc.: the borders of these are sometimes a rich cobalt blue, with small gold stars. A raised pattern of vine-leaves, grapes, squirrels, and flowers, is very characteristic of the Lowestoft hard porcelain on jars and beakers, enclosing Chinese figures and landscapes, which are evidently painted by European artists; the enamel colors are not so brilliant as the Chinese: vases of flowers in red, marone, purple, and gold, with red and gold dragon handles. The mugs have frequently double-twisted handles.

'Any one who has paid attention to the ornamentation on the Lowestoft china cannot fail to have observed the peculiar touch of an artist who painted the flowers upon it, especially the rose, which we so frequently find. These flowers were painted by Rose; and one striking peculiarity in his mode of representing this flower is the appearance of its having been plucked from the stalk and dropped upon the surface, the stalk being seldom represented,

or, if at all, only a slight thread-like line to denote it. The leaves and other flowers are similarly disjointed.

'The most frequent (Lowestoft) is of hard-paste ornamented with pink roses large in the centre of the piece, with minute highly-finished roses in festoons, and borders intermixed with ruby or claret color and green leaves. But we have also seen some of very fine quality in soft-paste, as both were made simultaneously. The ornamental borders are exceedingly rich on some of the latter specimens, diapered with gold and colors, and the marone trellis or scale pattern, like that of Dresden, frequently introduced, and the patterns in very good taste: the more highly finished specimens usually have the initials of the persons for whom they were made in medallions supported by Cupids, emblems, etc., or their coats of arms.'"

"Now, my dear Mrs. Smith, let me read to you what Mr. Owen says on that last point," said Mr. Stevenson.

'It is painful to see in public and private collections examples of Oriental ware labelled Lowestoft, simply because, though hard porcelain, they bear English armorial coats and initials. Many porcelain punch-bowls are to be found in seaport towns, with names and portraits of ships, and very early dates. These bowls are often attributed to the works at Liverpool and Lowestoft. The officers of the East India Company's ships were accustomed to take out English Delft bowls and get them reproduced in common porcelain in China for their merchant friends, and many a relic now prized as of home manufacture was procured in this manner.'"

"Mr. Stevenson, I want to ask you if you ever heard anything yourself more ridiculous than that idea that Englishmen took crockery bowls out to China to get them copied? If he had said they took pictures out to be painted on bowls it would be credible, for that they did. But who ever saw an old English Delft bowl and a Chinese reproduction of it, or who ever saw a Chinese or a Lowestoft bowl that looked like any old Delft bowl in its decoration? I think you can always recognize the peculiar decorations which Mr. Chaffers describes."

"But, Mrs. Smith, just hear what Mr. Prime writes about some of them. He says:

'There is a large class of porcelains decorated with beautiful but generally stiff bouquets, and with vine borders in high relief, sometimes with small animals, also in high relief, which are Oriental, and are classed by some collectors as "Porcelain of the Indies." These are supposed to have been made on special patterns furnished to the Oriental factories by the East India Companies. They resemble European work in the decoration, and many of the Lowestoft paintings seem to be imitations of these. It is therefore necessary to be very cautious in classifying wares as of Lowestoft fabric.'

"And then, again, he says:

'The presence of a simple decoration like a flower or sprig of flowers in European style on a porcelain, apparently Oriental, is not a sufficient reason for classing the porcelain as European. Many such pieces were painted in Japan and in China. And others are possibly the work of decorators in Holland.'

"And see, too, what Mr. Elliott says in his 'Pottery and Porcelain:'

'Some persons in this country think that many or most of the dinner and tea services ordered in the United States during the last century, and which it was supposed were made in China, really came from Lowestoft, through Liverpool or Bristol; among them those sets which bore initials in a sort of shield, and were finished on the edges with a deep-blue band, studded with gold stars. It seems certain that this kind of decoration was done at Lowestoft; it is equally certain that it was also done in China, from designs sent out there. I have myself some pieces so decorated, which were imported direct from China to New Haven about the end of the last century.'

"And again:

'Some of the forms and decorations made at Lowestoft are so like those made in China that it has been almost impossible to distinguish them.'

"Besides, Mr. Prime says it is possible that Delft painters did get white Chinese porcelain and paint it there; and Mr. Marryat says, 'Many Chinese pieces of porcelain imported into Holland were painted or "doctored" at Delft, whence arose the mistake of porcelain having been made there from materials imported from China.'"

"Have you seen the Catalogue of Mr. A. W. Franks's collection, lent for exhibition at the Bethnal Green Museum in London?"

"Yes, I have."

"Mr. Franks says, 'There can be no doubt that there was a considerable manufactory of porcelain at Lowestoft, but this was of the usual English soft-paste. The evidence of hard paste having been made there is of the most slender kind.' Mr. Franks also says it is possible, though he thinks it not probable, that a few specimens of white Oriental porcelain may have been decorated at Lowestoft. He thinks all the stuff attributed to Lowestoft is 'India china,' that is, china made for the East India Companies for European trade, which Jacquemart calls *porcelaine des Indes;* and he says that 'while the "India china" has on one hand been attributed to Japan, it has, on the other, and by a still more singular hallucination, been ascribed to Lowestoft.'"

"Mr. Franks is very high authority, but I am not quite sure that the strong prejudices which collectors and students sometimes have in favor of special schools of art and localities of manufacture may not affect his judgment in this matter. He describes a great many pieces of Oriental body decorated in Europe, and even goes so far as to suggest a doubt as to all the Worcester specimens with the old square mark. Speaking of that, he says, 'This is the mark often found on Worcester porcelain. Possibly the specimens on which it occurs are Japanese.' This mark is on a large class of soft-paste porcelains, always heretofore supposed to have been made at Worcester, and the lovers of old Worcester will probably think Mr. Franks quite too Oriental in his ideas of pastes."

"But," said Mrs. Davison, "Mr. Franks says white porcelain was imported from China and Japan to be decorated in Europe, and he shows two undecorated specimens in his collection."

"Mr. Franks speaks cautiously on this subject, my dear Mrs. Davison. He says it was only imported on special orders for painters. But while he condemns the 'slender evidence' of Mr. Chaffers that hard-paste was made at Lowestoft, he gives more slender evidence still in support of his assertion that it was imported white for European painting. In fact, the only evidence is one little saucer, the solitary specimen in his large collection, which he says is Oriental, and which must, of course, somehow or other have come out of an Oriental factory and been imported into England. This solitary specimen, by its lonesomeness, in modern collections rather stands as an exception to show that such importations were practically unknown. His other specimen is decorated in blue, leaving blanks to be filled up. The wonder remains unexplained that white Chinese or Japanese wares, without some color decoration, are unknown. Mr. Franks's position on the Lowestoft subject is, however, a sensible one, since he repudiates all idea that any hard paste was made there, and does not think it probable that any was painted there. It is safer to take a stand like that than to admit any connection whatever between Lowestoft and hard-paste."

"Why, don't you know the twisted handle on that Lowestoft mug of mine?" said Jane Forsythe.

"Yes, dear, but it's exactly like the handle of that Chinese mug of mine, you know," said Miss Norton.

"Yours is not Chinese, my dear; it is Lowestoft, I have often told you."

"I am sure, Mrs. Johnston, you cannot doubt that that cylindrical teapot of mine with blue bands and gold stars, and my grandfather's initials between two blue crescents, is English."

"Dear Mrs. Lee, I am sure it is not English. It's exactly like our old set that has been in the family a hundred and forty years, and was brought from China long before the Revolutionary War."

"Mrs. Johnston, it's impossible! No one had china in this country before the Revolutionary War. It was not known in America a hundred and fifty years ago."

"Mrs. Lee, you have no reason to doubt our family traditions."

The hubbub increased, and individual discussions merged into larger discussions, two, three, four talking at once on each side, until the entire club was arranged on opposite sides of the question, and practically on opposite sides of the room, while all were talking vociferously. Suddenly Mr. Chase's voice rang out, addressing Mr. Stevenson.

"What have you to say to the evidence which Mr. Chaffers furnishes from a distinguished gentleman? Hear what he says:

'Mr. King, of the Herald's College, writing to a friend, says, "as to there not being Lowestoft china, you and I know, as subjects of the king of the East Angles, that *ex-cathedra* antiquaries are fools in that respect. I have known and seen specimens from my earliest days, when I was a Yarmouthian."

I am afraid Mr. Chase read the word "fools" a little louder than the other words.

"Calling people fools is not argument," said Rev. Dr. Wells.

"It's the easiest sort of argument with those who have no sense," said Mr. Stevenson.

By this time the excitement was intense. I cannot even now understand why it was so. We had often had differences of opinion among our members, and warm discussions had many times taken place, but—oh, not like this! Mr. Stevenson was pale with anger, and Mr. Chase almost purple. Dear old Mrs. Manning, who had never taken part in our talks, but was always placidly interested in the topics before us, grew dreadfully nervous and frightened. "Oh, don't let them, don't let them!" she kept saying to those nearest her, as voices grew loud and angry. "Oh, do give up, all of you! You are all right, I dare say. Yes,

indeed, Mr. Stevenson, your vases were made in China, everything was made in China. Dear Mr. Chase, you are quite right, all our specimens are Lowestoft; they made everything there. Oh, do stop, do stop!"

Mrs. Hall did not say one word on either side, but looked—oh, so very, very angry, her lips tightly set, and foot tapping the floor impatiently. But when any one asked her which view she accepted, she only said through her teeth, "Oh, I'm too indignant to talk! I *never* thought I should listen to such opinions!"

Only that, over and over again, and she was really trembling with excitement. But I have no idea whether she was for or against the Lowestoft theory. Sometimes I think she did not herself know.

Charlie Baker talked on both sides—he has not a bit of true earnestness—and I think he did a good deal to stir up matters, and prevent a reconciliation. "I always thought," said he, confidentially, to Mrs. Leavitt, "that your punch-bowl was English, and I was surprised to hear from Miss Dillingham that it was Chinese, and comparatively modern."

Mrs. Leavitt was speechless with horror. She is of English descent, and has always said that her grandfather, who lived in Yarmouth, brought this bowl from there to this country. She has never spoken to Mary Dillingham since that night. Then Charlie turned to Miss Lee, and whispered, "I hope Mrs. Johnston will learn a few facts to-night. She is always laughing at your faith in that 'old Oriental' teapot of yours, and saying that it never saw China, 'as any sensible person ought to know.'"

"Mrs. Johnston's acquaintance with sensible persons is very limited!" exclaimed Miss Lee, excitedly; "my teapot was brought from Canton by my great-uncle in 1815, and presented to his sister, my grandmother Terry. It is purely Chinese, both in paste

and decoration, as any one with the very slightest knowledge of such things could tell at a glance."

"No Lowestoft, no Lowestoft!" quavered Mrs. Banks, almost weeping. "How dreadful for them to say such things! But what could we expect? Dr. Smith says there's no place of endless punishment for the wicked—I heard him say it in my dear old father's pulpit—and now doubt is thrown upon my blessed mother's cups and saucers, labelled *Lowestoft, England, about* 1780, by Judge Wilson himself, one of the best authorities in America! No Lowestoft! oh, the scepticism of this age!"

Loud voices were now heard from the corner where Mollie Allison and Benny Hall had been amicably chatting, and soon Mollie was sobbing audibly, while Benny's red face and angry tones showed that his young blood was up. "Just talk of something you know, Mollie Allison!" he cried, "my cup *is* Lowestoft, as any one but *a girl* would know. Keep to your dolls and patchwork, and dry up about *kramics*, as you call them!" "You're a hateful, impolite boy!" sobbed Mollie, "and your cup is nothing but a horrid, common, cheap, Chinese thing, and it's cracked too, and I'm—I'm—gla-a-ad—of it!"

Just here occurred the most unfortunate accident—for that it was an accident I shall ever maintain — others to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. Chase, while loudly expatiating upon the peculiarly English character of the decorations upon Mr. Stevenson's vase, took it from the table. I suppose his hand was a little unsteady—for he was greatly excited—at any rate, it slipped from his hold, fell upon the floor, and was shattered into a score of pieces.

Now I am sure that Mr. Stevenson in a calmer moment would never have been so unjust as to have thought this a piece of childish spite, but he was so stirred up that he was scarcely responsible for his words.

"A manly way to clinch your arguments!" he cried, sneeringly. "Destroying in anger that beautiful Chinese vase, treasured so many years!"

"Do you accuse me of *intentionally* breaking your miserable English stuff?" asked Mr. Chase, fiercely, as he strode over toward his enemy.

His hand was raised—I own it—but only in an emphatic gesture, expressive of surprise and just indignation; but Mrs. Stevenson sprang between him and her husband.

"Do you dare to lay your hands upon him, you—you—! Oh dear, dear—!" She burst into tears, and sank sobbing upon the sofa. Mrs. Chase laughed! It was not a nice thing to do, but she was a little hysterical, I think.

"'Mistress of herself, tho' china fall"—she quoted; "a terrible fuss, truly, over a Lowestoft vase, such as is found in nearly every New England cottage. Mr. Chase shall give you a dozen, my dear Mrs. Stevenson, quite as Oriental looking as this he has accidentally broken."

"'Twas *not* an accident!" almost shrieked the sobbing woman upon the sofa; "he meant it, and I will never, never, *never* enter this house again!"

"Come, my dear," said Mr. Stevenson, taking his wife by the hand, "we had better be going," and they left the room. Others followed, and the host and hostess were soon left alone. Charlie Baker only lingering to whisper to me,

> "You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
> But it *was* made in China, I'll hang to it still."

Well, we never met again. The charm seemed broken, the old harmony destroyed. I sometimes think that when another winter comes the dear old club may revive, but we never speak of it.

The only one of our members so lost to all sense of propriety

as to jest upon the painful subject is Charlie Baker. He has gathered a cabinet full of such doubtful specimens as were discussed at our last meeting, and—to be strictly impartial, as he says—has labelled them thus: one piece he marks "Cantonlowestoft;" the next, "Oriental body, decorated at Lowestoft;" and yet another, "Lowestoft body, painted in China."

THE END.

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